

MARJORIE GOLD

by

Erin Leigh Peck

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Erin Leigh Peck
ErinLeighPeck@gmail.com
917-673-8111

Representation:
Mark Sendroff
Sendroff & Baruch, LLP
1500 Broadway
Suite 2001
New York, NY 10036
(212) 840-6400

1 Act I, Scene 1

A window of light reveals a door. It is closed. We hear a baby hysterically crying but the sound is muted behind the door.

After a moment, the door opens a bit. We catch a glimpse of a bathroom on the other side. We can hear water running. The crying is louder. An arm in a bathrobe sleeve juts out and places a baby-carrier in the hallway. Then the door slams.

The baby in the carrier continues to cry in the hallway, unattended, in front of the closed door. On the other side of the door, we hear that the water is still running and then we hear a woman begin to scream.

END.

ACT I, SCENE 2

Distant city sounds can be heard
through a window.

MARJORIE GOLD, JACK GOLD, and STEVENSON
SULLIVAN are standing in the living
room of a new apartment, surrounded by
boxes. In the center of the room is a
monstrous, tangled pile of furniture.

JACK is dressed in a suit. MARJORIE
and STEVENSON are dressed for
unpacking, but in MARJORIE's world,
that means a perfect ponytail and
designer sweatpants with cute sneakers.

JACK
It's like an episode of hoarders...but just in this part of
the room.

MARJORIE
It's fine.

STEVENSON
I think Raymour and Flannigan threw up in your living room.

MARJORIE
It's no big deal.

JACK
I don't understand why we hired movers.

STEVENSON
You paid someone to do this?

MARJORIE
I didn't know where I'd want everything to go.

JACK
(to MARJORIE)
You just told them to dump everything and leave, didn't you.

STEVENSON
(to JACK)
And you're going to work now?

JACK
In about ten minutes but...

STEVENSON

(to MARJORIE)

And we're gonna move all this ourselves? Even the couch?

JACK

Marjorie, you can't move that couch.

STEVENSON

I have a bad back.

MARJORIE

I'll move the couch.

JACK

(taking out his phone)

We gotta get the movers back....

MARJORIE

Stevenson, open that box over there and start unpacking the towels. Jack, go to work. I'll see you tonight.

JACK

But the furniture....

MARJORIE

I'll do it.

JACK

Honey, we can hire people who'll come in and unpack for us.

MARJORIE

That's expensive. And they'll put everything in the wrong place.

STEVENSON

(reading side of box)

"Linen closet off master bathroom, third shelf..."

MARJORIE

(to JACK)

I'm not married to anything I wrote on those boxes.

STEVENSON

"...greens in front, greys in back."

JACK

I'm calling them.

MARJORIE

(grabbing his phone away)

Jack, don't call....

JACK

Then I'm staying.

MARJORIE

Listen, it's about to get real Martha Stewart up in here and we both know you don't want to stick around for it.

STEVENSON

While you're at work, elves will arrange the apartment for you.

JACK

You sure I shouldn't stay?

MARJORIE

We can handle it. Stevenson is here to help me.

STEVENSON

I owe her a move.

JACK

You moved furniture for this guy?

MARJORIE

Before we married you.

STEVENSON

Before we married you.

JACK (cont'd)

Just don't move that couch by yourself, Margie.

MARJORIE

I promise not to move the couch myself. Either Stevenson will help or it will be here when you get back.

STEVENSON

Got the spine of an eighty year old woman....

JACK

I'll be back before five, OK?

MARJORIE

You don't need to cut your day...

JACK

Oh, I got you something. Housewarming.

He produces a bag from Duane Reade.

MARJORIE

You got me a housewarming gift at Duane Reade? What is it, Windex?

He pulls out a bottle of champagne.

JACK

Thank you for finding us this place and for basically doing all the work. I promise, this weekend, I'll be your house slave. Anything you don't get to, just make me a list, OK?

MARJORIE

You want to be my slave?

STEVENSON

Can I help you write that list?

JACK

(gesturing)

Take care of our new baby.

MARJORIE

(kisses him)

Bye, honey.

JACK exits.

STEVENSON

OK, where does everything go?

MARJORIE produces a tiny piece of paper out of her pocket. It unfolds into a full-sized floor plan, which she lays down on the floor for STEVENSON to see.

MARJORIE

Couldn't sleep. Made a floor plan.

STEVENSON

It's OK. Jack's gone. You can let it all hang out. The ugly, hyper-organized truth.

MARJORIE

Why do you think I sent him to the work?

STEVENSON

Let's get started.

Marjorie effortlessly moves the couch.

STEVENSON (cont'd)

Jack said you shouldn't...Wow...OK...Hey can you unlock my gmail? I forgot the password again.

MARJORIE

Steve, you gotta get a system.

STEVENSON

You're my system.

An alarm on MARJORIE's phone goes off. She checks it.

MARJORIE

Oh, shit! Steve, we need to unpack the bedroom...where's the box with the candles in it?

STEVENSON

Did you change your sex day to Wednesday? What happened to every Saturday night whether you need it or not?

MARJORIE

That's just a guideline. We can still do it any time we want.

STEVENSON

Well that's sightly less Stepford.

MARJORIE

Ready to see something cool?

She shows him the phone.

STEVENSON

"Lady Biz?"

MARJORIE

It's an ovulation calculator. I'm actually ovulating. Right now.

STEVENSON

Shut the fuck up. There's an app for that?

MARJORIE

(porno theme music)

Bow-chica-bow-wow.....The iPhone has spoken. It's baby night.

STEVENSON

Oh my God, Marjorie. You're gonna have unprotected sex tonight! Should we open the champagne?

MARJORIE

At eight in the morning? Um, YES!

He takes the bottle and starts to peel the wrapping off.

STEVENSON

Do you really think we're ready for a baby?

MARJORIE

I don't have to be ready-ready. It takes like six months to get pregnant the first time.

STEVENSON

But you were supposed to write the next great urban adventure!

MARJORIE
I like grant writing.

He pops the champagne.

MARJORIE (cont'd)
Steve, do you like it?

STEVENSON
Grant writing?

MARJORIE
No, the apartment!

STEVENSON
Marjorie, YES! It's a fabulous place. You and Jack and your little Margie-Jacklings will be very happy here.

They each take a swig.

MARJORIE's text alert sounds.

MARJORIE
Aw, it's from your mom.

STEVENSON
Brenda's texting again.

MARJORIE
"Mazel Tivo on your new olive! I would love to take you and my fun out to gunner. My twat."

STEVENSON
Sweet Jesus.

MARJORIE
Translation?

STEVENSON
"Mazel Tov on your new home, I would love to take you and my son out to dinner, my treat."

The alert sounds again.

MARJORIE
(reading)
"I wish *he* would fecal down and get martyred like you."

STEVENSON
Can you teach me how to turn off her auto-correct?

MARJORIE

She just wants to see you happy.

STEVENSON

Fucking marriage equality. Worst thing that ever happened to me.

MARJORIE

Steve!

STEVENSON

Your mother never pressures you like that.

MARJORIE

Oh please. can you imagine my mom with a grandchild? She's gonna have so much unwelcome advice to impose her head'll explode.

STEVENSON

(holding up bottle)

Hey...to shtupping!

He drinks, passes the bottle to
MARJORIE.

MARJORIE

To shtupping! May it be fruitful.

She takes a swig.

End.

Act I, SCENE 3

Lighter city sounds waft through the windows of JACK and MARJORIE's bedroom. It is night time and the room is completely unpacked and decorated with all the finishing touches. Candles are lit.

MARJORIE, wearing a silk robe with her hair blown out, is making the bed, arranging a zillion decorative pillows with into a precision design.

JACK is hanging up his suit, wearing pajamas.

JACK

I can't believe you did this in one day. You should work for one of those home makeover shows.

MARJORIE

I don't think they have many grant writers on staff.

JACK

I mean you should be doing the make-overs. This room is amazing.

MARJORIE

Well don't open any closet doors. We just sort of shoved everything in.

JACK

Tomorrow I'm calling the movers back.

MARJORIE

Oh, stop. It'll be done in a week.

JACK

It's a lot of stuff for one person to sort through.

MARJORIE

Steve's gonna help me.

JACK

I should have taken off work too.

MARJORIE

You can't miss a whole week. We're fine.

JACK

Yeah but with Steve, you know.

MARJORIE

What?

JACK

Well, it's a lot of work. You have to manage him.

MARJORIE

Uh-huh.

JACK

Tell him what to do.

MARJORIE

I like missing you during the day. Makes my heart flutter when you get home.

JACK

How did we accumulate so much crap in five years?

MARJORIE

Well the bed is new.

JACK

(approaching her)

New apartment, new bed....makes me wish it were Saturday.

MARJORIE

Oh really?

She takes off her robe.

JACK

Saturday pajamas?

MARJORIE

(seductively)

Uh-huh.

JACK

But it's Wednesday.

MARJORIE

(getting closer to him)

Uh-huh.

JACK

We're not switching nights, right? I also get Saturday?

MARJORIE

I thought we could start trying tonight.

JACK

Trying what?

MARJORIE gives him a look.

JACK (cont'd)
Oh shit! You mean baby trying?

MARJORIE
Baby trying.

JACK
On a Wednesday?

MARJORIE
You know me. Always spontaneous.

JACK gives her a look.

MARJORIE (cont'd)
(an admission)
My iPhone says I'm ovulating.

JACK
Ah-ha. Very sexy.

He starts to kiss her. Then stops.

JACK (cont'd)
Margie, why did you make the bed?

MARJORIE
(mischievously)
So I could do THIS!

She rips the covers back and throws herself onto the bed, trying to assume a seductive position. Pillows fly everywhere. Hopefully, one hits Jack in the face.

MARJORIE (cont'd)
Get over here.

During the following, Jack takes off his shirt, her shirt, etc.

JACK
So you're not gonna put in the thing?

MARJORIE
Right, without. What do you think?

JACK
You sure you're ready?

MARJORIE

Yes I'm sure. Besides, it takes like six months to get pregnant the first time.

He stops.

JACK

Where did you learn that? Teen Mom?

MARJORIE

Jack, it's time. This is the plan.

JACK

You're the boss.

They resume making out. MARJORIE stops.

MARJORIE

Jack? Do you like it? The apartment?

JACK

Margie, It's amazing. You're amazing. You're doing a great job.

MARJORIE kisses him.

JACK (cont'd)

And down the rabbit hole we go....

END.

2 ACT I, SCENE 4

It is early Sunday evening and the sounds of city traffic are faint. JACK is in the bedroom, lying on the bed and talking on his iPhone while checking messages on his Blackberry. MARJORIE is in the bathroom, unpacking a box of toiletries and also talking on the phone. As usual, MARJORIE looks great in her "casual Sunday at home" outfit.

The apartment is organized and immaculate. There is a box of pizza, two glasses and a bottle of red wine on the table in the living room.

JACK

We're good, Mom. The apartment's all finished. Lot of work but we're settled in...

MARJORIE

(whispering)

Mom, I did the whole thing myself. I love this man, but he doesn't do a thing until you ask him five times and then you have to fix what he did.

JACK

We make a good team.

MARJORIE

Why do I need to have a baby? I'm already raising a husband.

JACK

I promise, you'll be the first to know.

MARJORIE

I'm just really tired lately.....No, not yet....Because, It takes like six months. Sometimes longer. Nobody gets pregnant just like that.

JACK

Just like that, huh? Wow...

She unpacks a pregnancy test from the box. Examines it.

MARJORIE

Mom, I gotta go.

JACK

Mom, I gotta go.

Love to Dad.

MARJORIE

She hangs up and disappears behind a door with the pregnancy test.

JACK
Mom, I gotta go. Mom, I gotta go. Mom, mom, mom, mom, I gotta go....He did? Wow. Uh-huh, uh-huh...

MARJORIE sticks her head out of the bathroom.

MARJORIE
(excited)
Jack! Get off the phone!

JACK
(Giving the "one minute" sign)
Mom, I gotta....uh-huh....

MARJORIE
(whispering)
Honey, seriously! Come here!

JACK
Uh-huh....Ma....Ma....

MARJORIE
Jack Andrew Gold you need to come to come in here!

JACK
Mom, Marjorie is calling me. Uh-huh...OK....

MARJORIE hangs up the phone for him.

JACK (cont'd)
Margie! You just hung up on my mother!

MARJORIE
(Dragging him into the bathroom)
It was the only way to end the conversation. Jack, LOOK!

Jack looks at the stick. He picks up the box from the counter and does a cross-check.

JACK
Oh, my God!

MARJORIE
I know!

JACK
Honey!

MARJORIE
I know!

JACK
I thought it was supposed to be hard to read these things.

MARJORIE
Me too!

JACK
Maybe it's broken.

MARJORIE
(laughing)
I don't think so.

JACK
Do we have another one?

She pulls another test out from under
the bathroom sink.

MARJORIE
I buy everything in two's. This bathroom is the Noah's Arc
of toiletries.

She disappears behind the door again.

JACK
(reading the directions)
Wait a second, honey. It says you're supposed to use the
first urine of the day...It might not even work.

MARJORIE emerges again, hands JACK the
new stick.

JACK (cont'd)
Well how about that...

MARJORIE
I know!

JACK
In the movies it's always hard to read those things.

MARJORIE
I know!

JACK
That was really clear.

MARJORIE

REALLY clear.

JACK

On a Wednesday!

MARJORIE

A Wednesday! Jack, that was really fast.

JACK

I know, right?

MARJORIE

I mean....that was fast.

JACK

Crazy fast.

MARJORIE

Oh my God, Jack. We're having a baby!

JACK

Come here!

JACK goes to kiss her but she heads out of the bathroom on a mission.

MARJORIE

Where's my calendar? I gotta figure out work and furniture and is this place really big enough? Oh, Jack do we have to call our parents yet? Let's wait three months. Wait, where's my calendar...

JACK

You know what? I think we should do another one. I'm gonna just run out and pick up another one.

He starts to get his keys, shoes, etc.

MARJORIE

I just did two.

JACK

It's a piece of plastic you bought from Duane Reade. We can't trust it.

MARJORIE

They're 99.9% accurate, Jack.

JACK

You bought it at Duane Reade! The people behind the counter all have attitudes.

MARJORIE

That doesn't mean it doesn't work.

JACK

(grabbing his keys and wallet)

It's right across the street.

MARJORIE

But....you're going back to Duane Reade?

JACK

(walking out the door)

I'll pick a different brand!

He exits.

MARJORIE pauses, looking at the space where JACK was just standing. The background noise has stopped and the apartment is strangely quiet.

MARJORIE goes to the couch and sits for a moment. She picks up her phone and looks at it, but can't decide who to call. She looks at the door where JACK just exited.

She gets up and pours herself a glass of wine from the table, starts to take a sip and suddenly, with her mouth full, remembers she shouldn't be drinking. She looks around for a place to spit it and finally settles on spitting it back into the glass. She goes to the fridge, takes out the orange juice and milk containers and stands there for a moment, looking at the cartons in each hand. The weight of her future beverage choices becomes too much and she slams them back into the fridge. MARJORIE marches over to the table defiantly and takes a gulp of spit-up wine, trying hard not to snarf it back up her nose. It is remarkably un-ladylike.

JACK returns with a large Duane Reade bag. He is out of breath.

JACK (cont'd)

I got three different kinds of tests.

MARJORIE

What else you got in that bag?

JACK

A socket wrench and some sushi.

He puts the tests on the table.

JACK (cont'd)

We can eat and pee.

MARJORIE

You mean you eat, I pee. I'm already making sacrifices for my children.

She picks up the three boxes and starts to leave, then stops.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

Can I just say, I find it disturbing that you're so distrustful of their pregnancy tests yet you have no problem eating their sushi.

MARJORIE exits to the bathroom. JACK checks his e-mail on his phone as he starts to eat the pizza. JACK finishes his pizza and starts on the sushi as MARJORIE returns and sticks three positive test sticks right in the center of his sushi roll before he can take a bite.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

NOW can I have my calendar?

JACK

What happened to six months?

MARJORIE

I've always been a little advanced.

JACK

Wow....honey, you did it!

MARJORIE

WE did it.

JACK reaches into the Duane Reade bag and pulls out a greeting card.

JACK

For you.

MARJORIE

Mothers Day? It's April....

JACK

I'll get you another one next month. This is the first of many.

MARJORIE

You never remember Mother's Day.

JACK

Maybe now I will.

She kisses him

MARJORIE

We still need to go to the doctor tomorrow. To make sure.

JACK

Yeah, definitely! Can you get an appointment?

MARJORIE

Who are you talking to? I can get the Pope on the phone in five minutes.

JACK

Great...oh, shit. Tomorrow? Margie, I've got the Boston people.

MARJORIE

Oh...

JACK

Can we go Tuesday?

MARJORIE

Jack....I can't wait until Tuesday.

JACK

It's one day!

MARJORIE

Yeah...I can't wait until Tuesday.

JACK

I want to be there.

MARJORIE

It's just the first appointment. Trust me, you're not missing anything.

JACK

I feel horrible.

MARJORIE

It's like the least attractive thing a woman does. There are stirrups involved.

JACK

I think I'm supposed to go.

MARJORIE

I'm literally gonna go in there and pee in a cup.

JACK

Can Steve go at least? Just so you're not alone?

MARJORIE

I'll call him.

He puts his hand on her belly.

JACK

I'm gonna be a Dad. We're gonna be parents! I'm so excited, Margie. Are you excited?

She removes his hand.

MARJORIE

Of course I'm excited! It's what I've always wanted.

She kisses him with a bit too much determination.

JACK

I know it is, honey.

Jack brings his empty plate into the kitchen. MARJORIE sits down to eat.

MARJORIE

(shouting to JACK)

It's what I've always wanted!

End.

3 Act 1, scene 5

Distant ringing phones, an occasional baby cry and elevator dings can be heard. MARJORIE is sitting on an exam table wearing a hospital gown. She is joined by STEVENSON, who is uncomfortable being in a gynecologist's office.

In the corner of the room is the changing area. The curtain is open to reveal MARJORIE's work outfit, perfectly hung on a velvet, slimline hanger that looks like she brought it from home. Her designer pumps are on the floor. Her coat is draped over a chair.

In the back corner of the room we see a gigantic balloon arrangement with a huge sign attached that reads "Thank You Doctor".

STEVENSON
(looking at the balloon
arrangement)

He must be good.

MARJORIE

The best.

STEVENSON

Where did you find him?

MARJORIE

He's been on the New York Magazine list for four years.

STEVENSON

You picked him four years ago.

MARJORIE

I've been saving his info.

STEVENSON

And it's OK if I'm here?

MARJORIE

Of course!

STEVENSON

I've never been to a gynecologist before.

MARJORIE

Then maybe it's time.

STEVENSON

I left my vagina at home.

MARJORIE

I never leave home without it.

STEVENSON

Speaking of pussies, is your husband gonna miss every one of these? Because pregnant women go to the doctor a lot.

MARJORIE

He's not gonna miss work for every single appointment!

STEVENSON

I'm so happy we have Jack. He and I combined make one entire husband.

DOCTOR READE enters.

DOCTOR READE

Hi, Marjorie. I'm Dr. Reade.

(To STEVENSON)

You're the father?

MARJORIE

This is Stevenson. He's my best gay.

STEVENSON

Inappropriate.

MARJORIE

Sorry, I'm nervous.

(to Dr. Reade)

My husband and I had sex on a Wednesday.

STEVENSON

And here's inappropriate's cousin, Awkward.

DOCTOR READE

Are we waiting for the father or should we jump right in?

STEVENSON

We're jumping. He can't be expected to miss work for every appointment.

MARJORIE gives him a smack in the arm.

DOCTOR READE

OK then! The nurse is running your blood now. Let's just take a look first.

STEVENSON

Is that my cue to sit outside and read Redbook?

MARJORIE

I'll meet you out front.

STEVENSON

Enjoy the stirrups.

MARJORIE watches STEVENSON exit as
DOCTOR READE pulls out stirrups from
under the table.

MARJORIE

We don't need those, Dr. Reade. I just want the cup.

DOCTOR READE

We normally do a full exam for all new patients, especially a new pregnancy.

MARJORIE

I know, but it's supposed to take like six months. I really only tried once.

DOCTOR READE

It only takes once.

MARJORIE

(embarrassed)

I realize that, of course, I'm an adult...what I'm saying is, I'd like to just skip to the pee part first.

DOCTOR READE

Marjorie, the reason my nurse took a blood sample as soon as you arrived was so that we could get the results of a beta hCG test as soon as humanly possible, giving us the most accurate indication regarding pregnancy. However, we still need a few more minutes, I have other patients, and this is a good time...the only time today...for me to do a routine examination.

MARJORIE

Of course. Sorry, Dr. Reade.

DOCTOR READE

OK, now. Just stick your feet in here. You know the drill. OK, slide down please. A bit more, please. Marjorie, I need you to slide all the way down.

MARJORIE

Sorry, Dr. Reade.

DOCTOR READE

I'll tell you what, when you feel like it's too far down,
that's how far I need you to slide.

MARJORIE finally slides all the way
down

DOCTOR READE (cont'd)

That's it. Thank you. OK I'll just take a quick look
here....I'm inserting my finger....

MARJORIE whimpers.

DOCTOR READE (cont'd)

Everything feels OK....the uterus is not elevated so if you
are pregnant it's very early....

MARJORIE starts to close her knees,
shielding herself from his probing

Doctor Read

Open your knees, please....Marjorie, I need you to open your
knees. More, please.

MARJORIE

Sorry, Dr. Reade

DOCTOR READE

Marjorie, when you feel you've opened them up too much....

MARJORIE

That's how far open you need them?

DOCTOR READE

You got it.

(Taking off his gloves)

OK. Everything looks fine here. Blood pressure and weight
are normal. Your test should be ready by now so let me go
grab it and let's find out if you're going to be a mother!

MARJORIE

I'm excited!

DOCTOR READE leaves to get the test.
MARJORIE sings a little song and
bounces around on the table.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

"I'm so excited. And I just can't hide it...."

DOCTOR READE

(Coming back in and
interrupting her song)

Congratulations!

MARJORIE

That was so fast! That was so....so fast!

DOCTOR READE

(resting his case)

Only takes once.

MARJORIE

That was so, so...I took Ambien!

DOCTOR READE

Everyone takes Ambien.

MARJORIE

But I wouldn't have if I thought...

DOCTOR READE

According to your last menstrual period, you're only 3 weeks into the pregnancy.

MARJORIE

But Dr. Reade...

DOCTOR READE

That means the placenta is not formed and not yet delivering nutrients to your baby.

MARJORIE

But Dr. Reade...

DOCTOR READE

Many women conceive under the influence and their babies are just fine. It's what you do from here on that matters.

MARJORIE

But it takes six months! I need my six months! Oh God I've been drinking. I did that "Awesome Abs" class at the gym. Jack and I saw a Quentin Tarantino movie....

DOCTOR READE

Marjorie....

MARJORIE

It was so loud!

DOCTOR READE

Marjorie....

MARJORIE

Dr. Reade!

DOCTOR READE

Call Me Duane. And no, I'm not open until midnight.

MARJORIE stares incredulously.

DOCTOR READE (cont'd)

I'm sorry. That was just a joke.

She buries her face in her hands.

DOCTOR READE (cont'd)

Actually, my service can contact me for emergencies at any hour.

She does not reply.

DOCTOR READE (cont'd)

Maybe it's time for your friend to come back in.

DOCTOR READE opens the door and gestures out into the lobby for STEVENSON to come back.

DOCTOR READE (cont'd)

It was nice to meet you, Marjorie. I'll leave you a prescription for some prenatal vitamins at the desk, and I'd like to see you back here in four weeks...for an exam.

DOCTOR READE Exits as STEVENSON enters.

STEVENSON

What's going on, naked?

MARJORIE

It's official!

STEVENSON

Congratulations!

MARJORIE

Thank you!

STEVENSON

Have you been crying?

MARJORIE

What? No.

STEVENSON

You're crying. What happened? Why are you crying?

MARJORIE

I'm not crying. I'm pregnant! They're tears of happiness.

STEVENSON

Uh-huh.

MARJORIE

We were *trying* to get pregnant. It's time. This is the plan.

STEVENSON

I know.

MARJORIE

It's just...I didn't have time to organize the apartment.

STEVENSON

Marjorie, you're apartment is flawless.

MARJORIE

Oh, God. We don't know *anyone* who has kids. I'm gonna be the first person/ I know to have a baby.

STEVENSON

Someone has to go first. You'll start a trend. Or go meet some people./ You have time.

MARJORIE

I don't think I know what I'm doing. Don't you think he was supposed to give me like a pamphlet or a manual/ or something?

STEVENSON

You guys will figure it out together.

MARJORIE

I gotta call Jack.

STEVENSON

Oh, can I do it? Please? When's the next time I'll get to tell a man we're having a baby?

MARJORIE

Let's not call right now.

STEVENSON

Please? That would be so cool. "Honey, call the bank. You're earning for three."

MARJORIE

Just wait....

STEVENSON

(taking out his phone)

I'm calling him.

MARJORIE

Steve, STOP! I don't want to call him!

She takes his phone and goes behind the curtain to dress.

STEVENSON

You want to tell him in person?

MARJORIE

Yes. I want to...I gotta go home and tell him in person. Tonight.

STEVENSON

OK, OK, I get it....Hey, Congratulations. We're having a baby!

MARJORIE

Congratulations!

STEVENSON

Can I tweet it?

MARJORIE

No not yet. It's bad luck.

STEVENSON

You're not superstitious.

MARJORIE

Besides, you got hacked and I changed your password.

STEVENSON

Let's go do shots.

MARJORIE emerges from behind the curtain wearing her coat.

MARJORIE

You do one for me. I gotta run home.

End.

4 ACT I SCENE 6

An elevator dings. Outside MARJORIE and JACK's apartment, we find LYNN waiting at the door. MARJORIE arrives, wearing her coat and the designer pumps.

MARJORIE

Jesus, Mom. Did you beam yourself here?

LYNN

I came as soon as you called.

MARJORIE

(opening the door)

I didn't say it was an emergency.

LYNN

A child calls, a mother comes. That's what we do.

They enter the apartment. LYNN goes to the window and opens it. The sound of New York City washes in.

MARJORIE

Mom, leave it closed. It's too noisy.

LYNN

That's what you get for facing the avenue. An apartment needs air. A person needs to breathe.

MARJORIE

You say that every time you walk in here.

LYNN

Which isn't often enough. Do you know your cousin Dana has a weekly lunch with Aunt Gina? A weekly lunch.

MARJORIE

Mom, I have news.

LYNN

Mazel Tov!

(she hugs MARJORIE)

And that's from Daddy, too. We couldn't be happier.

MARJORIE

But I didn't...How did you know?

LYNN

You said you were tired.

MARJORIE

So?

LYNN

So you're never tired. You're my little go-getter. Your cousin Dana has lunch with her mother, you have a conference call with a cup of coffee and piece of a pretzel. And I'm gonna be a Grandma!

MARJORIE

How 'bout I get you some tea. Peppermint?

MARJORIE removes her coat and is still wearing the hospital gown.

LYNN

Oh my God Marjorie WHAT are you doing?

MARJORIE (realizing)

Oh My God!

LYNN

You'll get arrested or raped or a cold for God's sake!

MARJORIE

Oh my God!

LYNN

Where are your clothes?

LYNN immediately takes off her own coat and puts it around MARJORIE.

MARJORIE

What are you doing?

LYNN

I'm gonna sit here in a coat while my eldest child wanders the streets in a hospital gown? What kind of mother does that?

MARJORIE

I'm in my apartment! I was at the doctor. I must have forgotten to get dressed.

LYNN

Fifty degrees out and you're walking the streets like a mental case.

MARJORIE

I can't believe I did that!

LYNN

Don't panic.

MARJORIE

I'm in a hospital gown!

LYNN

You'll give it back! Or we'll pay for it!

MARJORIE

I walked all the way home like this. What's wrong with me?

LYNN

I don't understand. Didn't Jack notice you were naked under your coat?

MARJORIE

He couldn't come. I brought Steve.

LYNN

You brought Stevenson? To the gynecologist? Not the father?

MARJORIE

I don't even remember leaving!

LYNN

He's your husband, Margie.

MARJORIE

I put on the shoes, I took my phone...

LYNN

You called me on your way...

MARJORIE

Oh my God my keys....

LYNN

Marjorie...

MARJORIE

No wait the keys were in the coat....

LYNN

!t's just a moment. It's all just moments. Come here.

MARJORIE sits on the couch as LYNN rubs her back.

LYNN (cont'd)

That's it. Just take a deep breath. Now, let's talk about the real problem.

MARJORIE

What do you mean?

LYNN

Why am I in the city on a week day without a lunch invitation? You called me, Margie.

MARJORIE

I don't know it's just...now that it's happening I can't take it back, you know?

LYNN

Well you can. A woman has choices....

MARJORIE

Mom, that's not what I want. This is the plan. It's time. I'm ready. I just....

LYNN

What?

MARJORIE

I like things the way they are. I like my life.

LYNN

You like being in charge.

MARJORIE

Look who's talking.

LYNN

Margie, trust me. Just do the things in the order that you have to do them.

MARJORIE

But Ma...

LYNN

That's what I always did.

MARJORIE

I'll try, but Ma....

LYNN

Don't get so hung up on the details. You'll figure it out as you go along.

MARJORIE

But Ma....

LYNN

Marjorie, I drove all this way and found parking so I could give you some good advice, and I want you to listen.

MARJORIE

I'm listening.

LYNN

First of all, this is a blessing. An incredible blessing. Your cousin Dana? Been trying for three years to get pregnant. You? One shot and bam. You're blessed.

(MORE)

LYNN (cont'd)

So no matter what happens, you appreciate this gift. Are you getting this? You should be writing this down. Where's a pen....

MARJORIE

I got it, Ma. I'm blessed.

LYNN

And two, you pick your battles. You're speaking for two now, and you don't get to make all the decisions any more.

MARJORIE

Of course I get to make....

LYNN

Just listen! The last thing....your husband.

Beat.

LYNN (cont'd)

Just remember he's having a baby too, and he's a man, so even though he's not pregnant it's twelve times harder for him. Everything is twelve times harder for a man.

MARJORIE

It's harder for him?

LYNN

Twelve times.

MARJORIE

OK Mom. I got it.

LYNN

And make sure you name the baby after your grandma Billy.

MARJORIE

I don't want to talk about names yet. It's too soon.

LYNN

(eyeing her)

Since when are you superstitious?

MARJORIE

I'm not! I'm fine. It's just a lot to take in.

LYNN

You didn't write anything down.

MARJORIE

(tapping her head)

I heard you. It's all up here.

LYNN

That's my girl. And now I have to get back to New Jersey.

MARJORIE

No tea?

LYNN

Your father is getting a new car today. I have to stand there while he goes back and forth for forty-five minutes and then picks the new model of the same Suburu he's been driving for fifteen years.

MARJORIE

Don't forget your coat.

LYNN

You keep it. It looks good on you.

MARJORIE

Thanks, Mom. I'm sorry I made you drive into the city.

LYNN

Don't forget to go back and pick up your clothes.

MARJORIE

Oh, God....

LYNN

I'm sure it's no big deal. It probably happens....well it's nothing to be embarrassed about.

MARJORIE

Please don't tell anyone.

LYNN

You're going to be a wonderful mother.

MARJORIE

And you're gonna be a grandmother!

LYNN

Not that I didn't already know.

MARJORIE

Bye mom.

LYNN

Goodbye darling. And Marjorie?

MARJORIE

What?

LYNN

Your hair is a mess.

LYNN exits and Marjorie heads over to her computer.

MARJORIE

(Typing)

Pregnant, Baby, New York...UrbanFetus.Com. OK.

Four pregnant women are posting on an anonymous message board.

LAUREN, wearing a bluetooth on her ear, is simultaneously chatting on the message board and e-mailing on her Blackberry.

BARBARA is wearing a tank top with no bra, folding baby clothes.

TINA is peeling apples.

CHERYL is at work, hiding in her cubicle, sneaking a cigarette.

LAUREN

....and I said, "Please, I'm doing them right now?" Am I right, ladies? Poll: How many of you are doing Kegels right now?

BARBARA

I can't. If I squeeze I pee. And I'm sitting in the good chair.

TINA

Some of us choose our bodies and our children and some choose furniture and you know what? That's OK.

CHERYL

(putting out her cigarette,
waving the smoke out of the
air and stashing the ashtray
in her desk drawer)

Oh my God, I forgot all about Kegels! I'm gonna be the worst mother!

LAUREN

Kegels aren't for the baby. They're for the mother.

BARBARA

They're for the father.

TINA

Vaginal fitness is so important.

MARJORIE

What are Kegels?

BARBARA

Seriously?

CHERYL

You don't know what Kegels are?

BARBARA

Did you just grow a vagina?

LAUREN

Pelvic floor exercises. It helps with labor.

TINA

I do them when I'm cooking or meditating.

LAUREN

They're completely hands free.

TINA

My wife does them with me. For support.

CHERYL

How far along are you?

MARJORIE

I just found out I'm pregnant today.

LAUREN

Congratulations!

TINA

Are you planning to BF? That's been the big debate here today.

MARJORIE

I have a BF. His name is Steve....

CHERYL

Breast Feed! And if you don't you are apparently a terrible mother and your child will grow up retarded.

TINA

Please be more sensitive with your comments. My brother's child is mentally challenged and he is the most wonderful little boy.

LAUREN

My sister BF'd until her son was almost a year old.

TINA

My midwife still BF's her four year old.

MARJORIE

Her four year old?

CHERYL

That makes me uncomfortable.

BARBARA

If they're old enough to draw a nipple, they're too old to drink out of one. Scientific fact.

MARJORIE

I know about this. It was in TIME magazine.

TINA

Yes, it was all about attachment parenting. Which in my opinion is just being a mother.

CHERYL

A mother who stays home with her kids twenty-four-seven.

BARBARA

Which is great if you don't have to do anything crazy like earn a living.

LAUREN

I'm going back to work before my maternity leave is even over.

MARJORIE

Wait, are you going to BF then? Because if you're working...

LAUREN

They have a pumping room here. The world is so much friendlier for WOHMs now.

MARJORIE

What's that?

LAUREN

Work Out of Home Mom. As apposed to SAHM.

TINA

Stay at Home Mom.

BARBARA

Otherwise known as a "Sanctimommy"

TINA

Both are virtuous choices. It's all about what works for you.

CHERYL

What works for me is completely depriving my child while I selfishly pursue a career.

BARBARA

Whoever said there's no use crying over spilt milk never pumped five ounces and dropped it.

LAUREN

You'll get time with DB on the weekends.

MARJORIE

DB?

BARBARA

Darling Baby. Is this the newbie? They have a help page here, you know.

LAUREN

Be nice, ladies. Don't you remember what it's like to be new at this?

BARBARA

No actually I don't remember anything anymore. I've got an infant who sleeps two hours a night, I haven't been out of my house in 3 weeks and I'm peeing in my chair! But really, Newbie, congratulations!

CHERYL

OMG LOL.

TINA

ROFL

LAUREN

PIMPL!

MARJORIE

Pimple?

LAUREN

Peed in my pants laughing.

BARBARA

Hence the Kegels!

MARJORIE

How did you all learn all of this?

TINA

I took a course on attachment parenting when I was TTC.

CHERYL

Trying To Conceive.

MARJORIE

Oh, well...I have eight more months to figure it all out.

THE WOMEN laugh.

BARBARA

It'll be the fastest eight months of your life!

LAUREN

You have a lot of choices to make!

MARJORIE

Choices?

BARBARA

CIO or No CIO?

LAUREN

Cry it out or no cry it out.

BARBARA

Sugar or no sugar?

TINA

There are so many healthy alternatives.

BARBARA

Epidural or natural?

TINA

We're trying for natural.

MARJORIE

Natural Childbirth?

CHERYL

It's supposed to be healthier for the baby.

BARBARA

Imagine shitting out a toaster oven.

TINA

It's every woman's choice.

MARJORIE

So you get to decide...

TINA

Of course! There are all kinds of mothers.

BARBARA

OK that's it for me. If I leave now I might actually get to a real toilet before somebody wants to suck on my boob. Chat with you ladies later.

BARBARA hits a button and goes dark.

CHERYL

OMG I've been on this board for over an hour. I'm gonna get fired!

CHERYL does the same.....

TINA

Goodbye, Ladies. I'm making organic applesauce to freeze for the twins...

TINA leaves as well. Only LAUREN remains.

MARJORIE

Is anyone still here?

LAUREN

I'm here. What's up?

MARJORIE

Um...so that thing about the pumping....

LAUREN

Are you in NYC?

MARJORIE

Yes.

LAUREN

Want to meet some other PP's IRL?

MARJORIE

(catching on)

Pregnant People In Real Life!

LAUREN

Exactly! Want to meet some? Compare notes?

MARJORIE

Yes, but I need to wait a few weeks. We're not telling anyone yet.

LAUREN

So your pregnancy is high risk?

MARJORIE

I'm not a high risk person.

LAUREN

OK so then in a few weeks. I host an EM Group on Tuesday nights. Want to come?

MARJORIE

EM Group?

LAUREN

Expectant Moms.

MARJORIE

Expectant Moms. Like a bunch of women waiting for the school bus.

LAUREN

That's kind of what it's like. You want everything to be OK so you wait and you hope but really, the bus comes when it comes.

LAUREN's blackberry buzzes.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Oops! Gotta run. Ping you here later, OK?

LAUREN hits the button on her bluetooth as she disappears.

END.

ACT 1, Scene 7

The sounds of children playing can be heard, along with the occasional "sh" from an adult.

JACK and STEVENSON are standing in a bookstore, staring out. STEVENSON holds a book. Their faces register horror.

JACK

It looks like the Lord of the Flies over there.

STEVENSON

Is the blonde kid *kissing* her babysitter? Or is she *biting* her. That looks like biting.

They both recoil in horror.

JACK AND STEVENSON

Woah!

JACK

That's gonna leave a mark.

A SALES GIRL walks by.

JACK (cont'd)

Excuse me? Is it always so...chaotic?

SALESGIRL

On rainy days all the kids come here to play.

STEVENSON

It looks dangerous.

SALESGIRL

(warily)

Better than condoms.

SALESGIRL exits.

MARJORIE enters with a huge stack of books. She is sporting a tiny bump and wearing an adorable dress that isn't maternity wear but works with her new belly.

MARJORIE

Hi, guys.

STEVENSON

Hey, bumpy!

JACK

Honey, he's calling the kid bumpy. Can we please pick a name? At least a temp one?

STEVENSON

Not until the third trimester.

MARJORIE

How'd you guys do? I didn't see you over there near pregnancy and childbirth.....woah.....

MARJORIE has noticed the anarchy in the children's section.

JACK

Yeah....we didn't want you to have to see this.

STEVENSON

You guys are gonna *have* one of those wild beasts soon.

MARJORIE

Well, it's raining out...I guess this is where kids come when it's raining out...

JACK

When I was growing up my mom used to just open up the back door and let us out with the dogs.

STEVENSON

That's very telling.

SALESGIRL

Are you finding everything?

MARJORIE

(trying to focus on the task at hand)

Um...Is there a separate section for parenting? I only found pregnancy and childbirth.

SALESGIRL

It's over here. This is women's health. I'll show you.

STEVENSON

Women's health!

JACK

What?

STEVENSON

That explains this!

He holds up a book.

JACK

"The Haunted Vagina"? Dude! It's your mom's autobiography!

STEVENSON

I can't even remember the last time I was in a bookstore.
How do people find things here? Where's the search bar?

JACK

Yeah, Marjorie's got this thing about having real books in the house now. You know, for the baby.

MARJORIE and the SALESGIRL return with
about ten books each.

MARJORIE

(handing them to JACK)

Here, hold.

STEVENSON

This is why bookstores still exist. Toddler playdates and crazy pregnant women.

JACK

Margie, are you nuts? We don't need all these.

MARJORIE

I want to be informed! I owe it to my baby to read everything that's out there so that I'm prepared.

JACK

You don't have to read everything.

MARJORIE

I can't get my hair colored for the next seven months, so think of it as salon money.

STEVENSON

This is going WAY too far. God did not want urban mothers to walk around with roots.

JACK

It's not the money, I just don't think you can read all of this in seven months. Are you planning on staying home from work every day?

MARJORIE

Are you planning on being a complete asshole every day or is it just a right now thing?

(Beat)

I just need the fucking books, OK?

JACK and STEVENSON stare at her.

JACK

(stunned)

I'm gonna get started with the cashier. And then I'm going to rent a U-Haul to get these home.

JACK exits.

STEVENSON

Marjorie, that was a little harsh.

MARJORIE

You don't think this is too much, do you?

STEVENSON

It doesn't matter what I think.

MARJORIE

You think I'm crazy.

STEVENSON

I think you need a Kindle and a cocktail.

MARJORIE

Oh, I would love a cocktail.

STEVENSON

I'll have one for you. I love you that much.

STEVENSON and MARJORIE limp off,
struggling with the huge piles of
books.

END.

Act I, Scene 8

Music is playing. Lauren is listening to voicemails on her blackberry while simultaneously texting on her iPhone.

MARJORIE, now in her 2nd trimester, enters and looks around. She is decked out in top of the line maternity fashion.

LAUREN
(stands up and waves across the restaurant to MARJORIE)
Hello.....over here...

MARJORIE
Hi.

LAUREN
Marjorie, right? I saw the belly and figured. I'm Lauren. Six Months. They don't have our table yet.

Her phone chirps. MARJORIE looks around.

LAUREN (cont'd)
(typing as she speaks)
Oops...I'm live tweeting from the dinner tonight. When I'm not at my regular job I blog.

LAUREN hands MARJORIE her card while typing with one hand.

MARJORIE
"The Hands-Free Mommy"

LAUREN
Follow me! I'm @BlueToothMama.

A WAITER rushes by.

LAUREN (cont'd)
(frustrated)
Excuse me. Is our table ready yet?

WAITER
Just let me know when your whole party arrives.

MARJORIE
Where are the others?

LAUREN
Oh, they'll be here shortly. You know, PPT.

LAUREN and MARJORIE
Pregnant People Time.

LAUREN
Someone's been doing her homework!

MARJORIE
(producing a small box)
And I brought you something....for the pumping room at work?
I read about these bags and I thought...

LAUREN
Oh my God, self-clasping milk-storage bags!

MARJORIE
So you can type while you pump!

LAUREN
A girl after my own heart.

MARJORIE
Just a thank you for inviting me to meet the group...

CHERYL and TINA enter as the waiter
does another pass.

CHERYL
How are you guys? I feel terrible...

LAUREN
Oh, good you're here. Cheryl, Tina, this is Marjorie.

MARJORIE
Fourteen weeks.

LAUREN
(to WAITER)
We're ready for our table.

WAITER
We had to give the table away. It'll be a few more minutes.

TINA
(To MARJORIE)
Hi. Six Months. Twins.

MARJORIE
Oh, Wow.

TINA
Say that again, please.

MARJORIE
Wow?

TINA

(rubbing her belly)

Thanks. Twin B always misses out and it's so important to make sure they're treated equally from the start.

LAUREN

(snapping a picture of them
with her phone)

Guys, let me get a pic for my followers.

(to MARJORIE)

I have twenty thousand twitter followers.

MARJORIE

(To CHERYL)

Why do you feel terrible?

CHERYL

(popping a piece of gum)

I've been eating like crap.

TINA

No you haven't. True, it's not organic but still.

MARJORIE

Well I was reading about this study at Stamford that found no clear benefits to eating organic during pregnancy....

CHERYL

Really?

MARJORIE

(to TINA)

But eating organic is still an indicator of overall health awareness. That's why moms who eat organic tend to have the healthiest kids.

TINA

(self satisfied)

Well, it's every woman's choice how she decides to build her personal nest.

CHERYL

I'm making all the wrong choices. I'm gonna end up with GD.

MARJORIE

Gestational Diabetes? It's so rare.

TINA

MARJORIE

You get it from the placenta. The Placenta!

LAUREN

(still typing)

I just polled my followers and so far only six of them had it.

MARJORIE

Actually, less than eighteen percent of women world-wide.

LAUREN's phone tweets.

LAUREN

@BabyBoobies just said, "After the pregnancy, the placenta comes out and you stop being diabetic, hashtag PregnantPeopleProblems".

TINA

In some cultures they save the placenta and bury it under a tree.

THE WOMEN and MARJORIE

(ad lib)

Eww...so gross...I'm gonna throw up....

BARBARA enters as the WAITER crosses.

BARBARA

Please tell me we have a table. I gotta sit down.

LAUREN

(to WAITER)

Excuse me, is our...

BARBARA

(To Lauren)

Listen, this should really be a 7 PM dinner. Nobody can get anywhere before 7 PM.

MARJORIE

(to BARBARA)

I'm Marjorie. Fourteen weeks.

BARBARA

Take my advice, fourteen. Enjoy it now. It's all downhill after month five.

LAUREN

Why are you such a GrouchyMom.com?

BARBARA

Some douchebag stole my cab on the way over here....I mean like literally stepped in front of me and got in, and I was like, "Hey douchebag, you need to let me have this cab," and he's like, "Move over, Fatty!"

LAUREN

@MommyDearest wants to know if you got a picture of the guy? I can post it.

BARBARA

I'm not fat, I'm pregnant!

LAUREN

(to MARJORIE)

She has an 8 month old at home. She got pregnant when her first was only....

BARBARA

(to LAUREN)

Hey Tweety! Find your filter.

The WAITER rushes by

LAUREN

We need to sit down now.

WAITER

Just take a seat at the bar.

CHERYL

Oh, God. I won't even go near a bar. The fumes...

BARBARA

(to WAITER)

You should really look at your customers before you start sending them to the bar. Ever hear of fetal alcohol syndrome?

TINA

My nutritionist and his partner adopted a little girl from Russia and she has this gigantic head.

LAUREN

I just did a whole post on this...

BARBARA

(to WAITER)

I used to be a lawyer so I know.

The WAITER leaves.

TINA

I mean it's like an elephant head. On a baby!

LAUREN

I got fifteen thousand hits the first day!

CHERYL

My doctor said it was OK to have one a week but I would never forgive myself if my child was born without all the parts attached.

The WAITER rushes in again.

BARBARA

Excuse me, how's it coming on that table?

TINA

(confidentially)

We're having a little hormonal overflow if you catch my drift.

MARJORIE

Ugh, HORMONES. This morning I started crying during a GEICO commercial. Right?

THE WOMEN's chatter start to grow
frantic.

CHERYL

Oh my God I've been the WORST. My husband is going to divorce me.

TINA

My wife says my chakras vibrate when I get stressed.

BARBARA

It's probably the subway running under your building.

LAUREN

I can't seem to stop cleaning. It's driving my husband nuts.

CHERYL

I have the strangest cravings....electric cigarettes.....not that I'd even consider it....

BARBARA

IF I DON'T GET A TABLE AND A BASKET OF BREAD, I'M GONNA HAVE A FLOOR PICNIC IN FRONT OF THE ANTIPASTI!

MARJORIE

(to WAITER)

HEY! You look really familiar to me. Are you an actor?

THE WOMEN quiet.

WAITER

Well, yes. I did a show off...off...off Broadway....

MARJORIE

I knew I recognized you! You have such a likeable face.

WAITER

Oh! Well, thank you...

BARBARA

(under her breath)

This one I like.

MARJORIE

Is there any way you could get my friends and I seated?

WAITER

You know what? Give me a second...

LAUREN

Marjorie, you're good.

TINA

You have a way with people. You must be an old soul.

MARJORIE

We're pregnant and we deserve to be fed!

BARBARA

Hell yeah!

CHERYL

I didn't want to complain but I'm famished....

WAITER

Ladies? Right this way.....

THE WOMEN AND MARJORIE

(ad lib)

Finally! Thank God! I could eat the table...

The WAITER exits, followed by the
women.

END.

ACT I, SCENE 9

JACK is sitting on the couch, staring at the computer. He is holding his head. MARJORIE returns home from the restaurant, elated.

MARJORIE

I have Mom Friends!

JACK

You liked them.

MARJORIE

Oh, no. Those women are INSANE. They're bitchy and hormonal and several tacos short of a full combo platter but you know what? I was a hit! So we have friends with kids now.

JACK

I signed up for this website. It's like a daily calendar. It tells you what's going on with the baby week to week and.....Did you realize that today is the last day of your first trimester?

MARJORIE

Yes.

JACK

You're in your second trimester.

MARJORIE

I know.

JACK

The baby has ears.

MARJORIE

I know.

JACK

And fingers.

MARJORIE

I know!

JACK

Do you have ANY idea how much things cost in this city? Camp, and a crib, and baby-sitting and diapers...And we're not even zoned for a decent public school!

MARJORIE

Jack, calm down.

JACK

What if we're lousy parents?

MARJORIE

We won't be!

JACK

Or what if we're amazing parents and the kids comes out all fucked up anyway? All those serial killers and kids who get their hands on guns and turn psycho...you see the parents on TV and they're these nice, normal people! What if my son ends up like one of those horrible kids on TV?

MARJORIE

Well that's not gonna happen Jack, because we're having a daughter!

JACK stops.

JACK

A girl?

MARJORIE

A girl. We're having a girl. I was waiting to tell you in person.

She takes reaches into her purse and hands him a pair of pink high-top sneakers in newborn size.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

It's a girl!

JACK

I thought today was just supposed to be...

MARJORIE

I know, me too! But they asked if I wanted to know and I thought, "Well, it's stupid to wait and come back...." I'm sorry...

JACK

A little girl. Wow. That's incredible. My daughter.

MARJORIE

Your daughter.

JACK

Amazing. A little...angel. I'll get the first dance at her wedding!

MARJORIE

That's sweet. OK, we have a lot to figure out. Let's make a list.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

She takes out her phone.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

So first is child care. For when I go back to work.

JACK

Hire a baby-sitter?

MARJORIE

We need to list pro's and con's for day care vs. nanny.

JACK

And we have to pick a name.

MARJORIE

Nice try.

JACK

Margie....

MARJORIE

And I haven't even begun to compose my labor plan.

JACK

You have to compose a labor plan?

MARJORIE

Apparently yes.

JACK

Have you given it any thought?

MARJORIE

I've been thinking about using a midwife.

JACK

What, like in the eighteen hundreds?

MARJORIE

(laughing)

No, they have them still. I think I want to try natural childbirth.

JACK

Honey that's terrific. It's really beneficial to the baby and it's supposed to be great if you want to get a healthy start to breast-feeding. You do want to breast-feed, right?

MARJORIE

Somebody's been doing his homework.

JACK
We've got a few books lying around the house.

MARJORIE
You've been reading the books?

JACK
Nah, not really.

MARJORIE
So where are getting all this?

JACK
Discovery Health.

MARJORIE
(smiles)
I love that you watch Discovery Health.

JACK
Hey...

MARJORIE
What?

JACK
Let's pretend it's Saturday.

MARJORIE
I'm writing a list.

JACK
(seductively)
Let's disorganize the pillows.

MARJORIE
Jack Andrew Gold are you proposing that we have sexual relations?

JACK
Oh, I'm insisting on it.

MARJORIE
I'm huge. And I'm writing a list.

JACK
You're gorgeous. And you can bring your list.

MARJORIE
(smiling)
I'm gorgeous and I' can bring my list?

JACK
Uh-huh.

MARJORIE

You're turning me on.

JACK

Why don't you get started on those pillows?

MARJORIE exits to the bedroom. JACK picks up the baby sneakers and looks at them for a second, smiles, and heads off after MARJORIE.

END.

Act I, Scene 10

City sounds wash through MARJORIE and JACK's apartment. It is early evening.

MARJORIE is six months pregnant and her belly is very full and round. She is doing prenatal yoga on a mat in the living room with fierce determination. Her hair is, for the first time, slightly disheveled. Her maternity work-out wear is cute but she keeps having to hike the pants back up over her belly. She may have purchased the wrong size. She is barefoot.

JACK and STEVENSON are watching TV. JACK is drinking a beer. An alarm on MARJORIE's phone goes off.

MARJORIE

Oh my God...

STEVENSON

What? What?

JACK

Are you OK?

MARJORIE

(holding up her phone)

I made it! I'm in my third trimester!

JACK

Great!

MARJORIE

I'm in my third trimester and I'm OK! The baby's healthy, everyone's doing fine....Jack, we did it!

STEVENSON

Well, really YOU did it. Jack just hung out while you grew a human being from scratch...

MARJORIE

Oh my God I can relax! It's gonna be OK! We made it, Jack!

JACK hugs her.

JACK

Listen to you, honey. It's like the old Margie's back!

MARJORIE

I'm gonna let that comment slide for now because I'm so fucking happy...

JACK

I just meant...

STEVENSON

Hey, does this mean we finally can pick out a name?

MARJORIE

Yeah! Why not? Let's pick out a name!

JACK

(taking out a list from his
back pocket)

We need a B for her grandma Billy.

STEVENSON

(taking out his own list)

Oh, I know.

JACK and STEVENSON begin to spare off.

JACK

Bianca.

STEVENSON

Beatrice.

JACK

Bonnie.

STEVENSON

Barbie

MARJORIE

I'm not naming the kid Barbie.

STEVENSON

Too waxy?

JACK

Brenda

STEVENSON

That's my mom's name.

JACK

Oh, sorry....Babs!

MARJORIE and STEVENSON

BABS???

STEVENSON

As in, "Hey Babs, nice boobs"?

MARJORIE

Maybe she'll have big boobs if we name her Babs.

JACK

That's how it works. How else do you explain the fact that every woman named Babs has big boobs?

MARJORIE

You don't actually know anyone named Babs, do you?

JACK

Of course I do! My girlfriend's name is Babs...

STEVENSON

We still have plenty of time. You're at six months? And how many months is the average woman pregnant? Like a thousand?

JACK

(Interrupting)

Bella

MARJORIE

Bella?

JACK

Yeah...

MARJORIE

That's beautiful....

STEVENSON

Except I was going to name my cat Bella and we really can't have two in the same family. Could you pick something else?

Cell phone rings.

JACK

(handing MARJORIE her phone)

It's the pharmacy...

MARJORIE

(into phone)

Hello? Hi, Dr. Reade.

JACK

(shaking his head)

It's bad luck to pick out a name but the Doctor can be Duane Fucking Reade.

STEVENSON

Wow, his middle name is Fucking?

MARJORIE
(into the phone)
Yes, I remember. What? Seriously?

STEVENSON
What is it?

JACK
What's wrong?

JACK and STEVENSON fade as DOCTOR READE
appears.

DOCTOR READE
Hormones from the placenta block the action of the mother's
insulin in her body. This can lead to macrosomia, or a "fat"
baby.

MARJORIE
A "fat" baby?

DOCTOR READE
Women are most likely to develop gestational diabetes if they
are significantly overweight with a body mass index of 30 or
higher.

MARJORIE
But I've never been....I keep a food journal....

DOCTOR READE
It's never too late in the pregnancy to adopt healthy eating
habits.

MARJORIE
You don't understand...I've *always* had healthy...

DOCTOR READE
Have you considered the advantages of physical activity
during pregnancy?

MARJORIE
(getting annoyed)
I do Prenatal Yoga....My mother put me in ballet when I was
five...

DOCTOR READE
Risk factors include a poor diet, history of obesity or a
family history of diabetes or obesity.

MARJORIE
Obesity!

DOCTOR READE

The female hippopotamus can eat up to 150 pounds of food in one night.

MARJORIE

This doesn't make any sense!

MARJORIE turns her back on him and is speaking to THE MIDWIFE. DOCTOR READE fades.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

All these pictures....Are these babies you delivered?

THE MIDWIFE

Yes. Those are all my babies and mothers. So you're interested in a home birth. Tell me, how are you feeling?

JACK appears behind MARJORIE. She keeps her attention on THE MIDWIFE.

JACK

Marjorie, this is crazy.

MARJORIE

I'm fine.

THE MIDWIFE

Isn't it all such a load of crap?

MARJORIE

Yes. An amazing load of crap....

JACK

I think we need a real doctor. With a real degree.

MARJORIE

I'm seem to be doing everything wrong.

JACK

I didn't say it's your fault.

THE MIDWIFE

You know, you're not exclusively responsible for everything that is happening to you.

JACK

Are you absolutely sure this is what you want?

MARJORIE

I don't want to do it in a hospital! I don't want them to hook me up and make it happen and I'm just laying there and it's happening to me. I want to do it. It's my baby.

JACK is gone.

THE MIDWIFE

OK, Marjorie. I can help you.

MARJORIE

Thank You. Thank you so much.

THE MIDWIFE

Marjorie Gold, you are going to be a mother. And you are going to be just fine.

END.

ACT I, SCENE 11

The restaurant music is playing.
MARJORIE and THE WOMEN are having their
weekly dinner. MARJORIE is the only
one still pregnant. The other moms
look fabulous. TINA has a double
stroller parked next to her seat.
MARJORIE is under-dressed and her hair
is in a ponytail.

LAUREN

We really don't like the term "Mommy Blogger" so much as
"Influencer". I mean, I'm the voice of my demographic!

CHERYL

You're such a role model.

TINA

You mean for parenting providers?

BARBARA

What's that, hippie talk for working mother?

TINA

Oh, I work, trust me.

(baby talking equally to both
sides of the stroller)

It's a labor of love! It's a labor of love!

LAUREN

So Marjorie, you're next....are you excited?

MARJORIE

For the birth?

BARBARA

It's like trying to push your rib cage out through your
sphincter.

CHERYL

You're gonna scare her...

BARBARA

Fucked-up peg, round hole.

THE WAITER approaches

WAITER

Can I offer anyone a drink?

LAUREN

Who's pumping and dumping tonight?

BARBARA
Sign me up! Sorry, Marjorie.

CHERYL
Can we order now? I need to get back to the baby.

LAUREN
(to MARJORIE)
You'll understand soon...

TINA
It's so nice to order whatever I want again!

CHERYL
Not to be COMPLETELY FREAKED OUT about every single thing I
put in my mouth!

MARJORIE
(to the waiter)
Can I have the Caesar salad?

All THE WOMEN are staring at MARJORIE.

BARBARA
Don't order that!

CHERYL
(alarmed)
It has raw raw eggs! Salmonella.!

TINA
(sotta voce)
The baby could die.

MARJORIE
Oh God...sorry...how about the goat cheese and endive salad,
then?

CHERYL
Goat Cheese?

LAUREN
Listeriosis!

BARBARA
That causes premature delivery.

TINA
The baby could die!

MARJORIE
(full blown panic)
Wait! Um....Tortellini! I'll have the tortellini!

WAITER
The PROSCIUTTO Tortellini?

LAUREN
Oh, Marjorie.

TINA
THE BABY COULD DIE!

WAITER
Perhaps you'd like some more time? I can come back.

MARJORIE
Could I please have some water? I'm not feeling well....

LAUREN
Are you OK?

MARJORIE
(to LAUREN)
I'm fine.
(to the rest of the table)
I'm FINE.

END.

ACT I scene 12

There are city sounds in the background.

We are in MARJORIE and JACK's kitchen. MARJORIE, wearing more maternity workout gear, is at the counter trying to test her blood. Her hair keeps getting in her eyes and her pants won't stay up. She can't get the stupid tester to work. She is growing frustrated with the process.

JACK
(calling from off stage)
Honey, where did you put my iPod?

MARJORIE
I don't know, Jack. I'm testing my blood.

Jack enters, dressed for work.

JACK
I have an 8:30 breakfast with the Boston people...

MARJORIE
Grab that Jar of cinnamon sticks and start grinding them, OK?

He takes out a container of regular grocery store cinnamon.

JACK
Here...

MARJORIE
It doesn't lower blood sugar unless you grind it from raw cinnamon!

JACK
I don't think it does anyway...

MARJORIE
And when you're done with that, I need you to chop up the *ampalaya* leaves for my shake.

JACK
(looking in the fridge)
What do those do again?

MARJORIE
(slamming a bag of greens down in front of him)
They prevent diabetes!

JACK

Don't you already have...

MARJORIE

Just forget it!

JACK

(oblivious)

Is that what you're wearing to work?

MARJORIE

I'm not going in today. I signed up for prenatal yoga at 8 and I'm going to the acupuncture place and then I have my "Birthing From Within" class and I need to start composing my labor plan.

JACK

(Gently)

Hey...I miss you. You run around like a madwoman all day and then you conk out on me at night.

MARJORIE

I don't feel like it right now, OK? I'm trying to have a baby here.

JACK

The baby will come without all this. I mean come on, acupuncture?

MARJORIE

Yes, acupuncture. It's supposed to help trigger the labor.

JACK

You need to trigger the labor?

MARJORIE

If I want to control when it starts, yes.

JACK

You don't have to control everything!

MARJORIE

You sound like Judy fucking Blume!

JACK

Well, you sound like a crazy pregnant lady.

MARJORIE

What time is it?

JACK

Seven forty-five.

MARJORIE
(scrambling to put on her
shoes, find her bag, etc.)
Shit! I'm late.

JACK
Look I can't pretend to understand what you're feeling
but....

MARJORIE
Just go to work.

JACK
Margie...

MARJORIE
Get the fuck OUT, Jack!

JACK exits. MARJORIE grabs her bag and
runs out the door behind him.

JACK
(exiting)
I'm going! I'm going! We've got to make money to pay for
all this needless medical intervention.

We hear them arguing off stage.

MARJORIE
It's not needless!

JACK
I just mean you're taking on a lot.

MARJORIE
I'm fine, Jack. It's just one day.

JACK
It's too much! It's too much for you.

MARJORIE
I'm the one who's carrying a baby.

JACK
You're carrying too much.

MARJORIE
I can carry it!

MARJORIE storms back into the kitchen
with JACK chasing behind, but now she
is hugely pregnant. Ready to blow.
She carries several bags of groceries
and he carries none.

JACK

Honey, PLEASE let me carry that!

MARJORIE

I need to put this stuff away before it starts.

JACK

I'll do it. Just sit.

MARJORIE

You'll put everything in the wrong place.

JACK

Marjorie, SIT DOWN!

MARJORIE

I can't sit down. I've got to get everything in order.

JACK

You'll do it later!

MARJORIE

I won't be here later!

JACK

What are you talking about?

MARJORIE

I can't sit down now! I've got too much to do!

A leak springs from the ceiling.

JACK

Marjorie! You have to eat something!

STEVENSON enters with a birthday cake.

STEVENSON

I brought desert!

DOCTOR READE enters.

DOCTOR READE

Nope! Too much sugar!

MARJORIE

I know what I can eat! Jesus, I'm an adult!

LYNN and LAUREN enter arm and arm as
another leak springs from the ceiling.

LYNN

Margie, sit up straight at the table, please.

JACK
I'm just trying to help, honey...

LAUREN
I'm so happy to be informed.

LYNN
(to MARJORIE)
You need to get your affairs in order!

MARJORIE
Just let me handle it!

The SALESGIRL rushes in. It is raining
in the kitchen. Water pours from the
ceiling.

SALESGIRL
You're in the wrong section!

JACK
Honey! There's water...

MARJORIE is standing in the kitchen in
the rain. She looks down between her
legs.

END.

ACT II, SCENE 1

We can hear ambulance sirens in the distance. Everything is dark except a lit-up sign that reads "Maternity".

LYNN and her husband JOE are standing in front of the hospital wearing warm coats, staring out into the parking lot, waiting.

THE MIDWIFE rushes past them with a swaddled baby in her arms. They watch her disappear into the hospital.

LYNN
Hope that baby's OK. It's so cold out.

JOE
Where's the husband?

LYNN
Quiet now. Just watch.

Headlights project light onto LYNN and JOE and we hear two doors slam.

JOE
No ambulance?

LYNN
(walking towards the lights)
Faster this way.

JACK and MARJORIE approach. JACK is helping MARJORIE to walk. MARJORIE is wearing LYNN's coat and a blanket.

LYNN (cont'd)
There you are.

JACK
Lynn! Joe! Thank God.

MARJORIE
(Grabbing LYNN for support)
I'm OK.

LYNN
Where's the baby? In the car? Oh my God....

MARJORIE
(very capable in a crisis)
The midwife took her in. I have to get inside.

LYNN
Get his keys, Joe. Is that blood?

MARJORIE
Shit, it went through the coat.

JACK
(to MARJORIE)
You called them?

LYNN
She was worried about parking. Joe! The keys!

JOE
(lumbering over, completely
calm)
Jack? I'm supposed to park the car. Where's your keys?

JACK
(fumbling)
Um....

MARJORIE
He left them in the ignition. I figured it was easier....

LYNN
Good thinking. Let's get you inside.

JOE lumbers off to the car. JACK turns
to follow him.

MARJORIE
Jack, wait.

JACK turns back, remembering he is
supposed to go with his wife.

MARJORIE (cont'd)
Give me the labor plan.

He starts to fumble for it.

MARJORIE (cont'd)
Your left pocket.

JACK pulls out the Labor plan and hands
it to MARJORIE, who gives it to LYNN.

MARJORIE (cont'd)
Here, my labor plan.

LYNN
Margie, the plan is over.

MARJORIE

It's a three day plan. I can still....

LYNN

Marjorie, you're here now. We're doing plan B.

MARJORIE

Just take the plan, Ma! Please!

LYNN

(taking the paper)

Fine. Walk slow.

JACK stands there, not sure where to go as MARJORIE and LYNN start to walk into the hospital. MARJORIE stops.

MARJORIE

JACK!

JACK unfreezes and starts to follow them in. MARJORIE hands him his cell phone.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

Keep your ringer on, and help my Dad with the suitcase. If anyone asks you for the insurance card, I have it.

LYNN

And don't let him carry that case up any steps.

(to MARJORIE)

OK let's get you inside. It's freezing.

MARJORIE

(to JACK)

I love you honey.

LYNN

Jack, you're doing a great job.

LYNN and MARJORIE disappear inside. JACK is left standing alone in the parking lot. JOE re-enters.

JOE

(calmly)

You commin'?

JACK jolts out of his trance and stumbles off behind JOE to the car.

END.

ACT II, SCENE 2

We are in darkness and we hear a wash of sounds....A busy hospital, with the beeping of machines and the clacking of nurse's shoes down the hall mixed with occasional lines from the previous scene and the sound of an elevator dingding. The noise grows louder and more frenetic until it suddenly cuts off.

We are in a hospital room. The sound is normal, hospital background noise. MARJORIE is lying in the bed, sleeping. She sits up, alarmed.

MARJORIE

Jack? Jack!

JACK enters with bags of food from the hospital sandwich shop.

JACK

I'm back, I'm back. I brought you a bagel.

MARJORIE

Where's the baby?

JACK

The nurse took her. They have to do a test on her ears or something.

MARJORIE

They're gonna giver her a bottle!

JACK

Margie....

MARJORIE

She's not supposed to have bottles. Only breast milk. It was on the labor plan. Shit, Jack. I told you she was supposed to stay here!

JACK

Honey, you should eat something. It's been hours.

MARJORIE

What is it you aren't telling me?

JACK

Margie, don't be crazy. Have a bagel.

Jack starts unwrapping the food as LYNN and JOE enter, arguing.

LYNN

Just promise me you're gonna clean all that stuff up before they get back.

MARJORIE

What stuff?

JOE

I'm fixing things. I want the place to look nice when my new granddaughter comes home.

(kissing MARJORIE)

Hi, honey.

LYNN

She's not gonna want any clutter, Joe.

JOE

It's not clutter, it's my projects!

MARJORIE

What projects?

LYNN

Where's my granddaughter? Did she get bigger since yesterday? Marjorie, you're still yellow. Isn't she still yellow?

JACK

She's fine.

JOE

Of course she's fine. She had a baby! She's great!

MARJORIE

WHAT PROJECTS?

JOE

Marjorie, calm down. I'm hanging the TV. That stand isn't sturdy enough for a big flat screen.

LYNN

(To JACK, all as one sentence)

Once, when Marjorie was three, she pulled the TV off the shelf right on top of herself and Joe swore he'd never leave a household appliance unsecured again where's the baby.

MARJORIE

(To JOE)

Did you leave a big mess?

LYNN

Don't worry, I'm cleaning everything! I told your father, nobody likes to go away for two days and come home to a dirty house.

JOE

That's crazy.

LYNN

We're the grandparents and we're supposed to help out.

JOE

What's to help? She had a baby. The hard part is over.

STEVENSON enters carrying bags of gifts
from Buy-Buy Baby

STEVENSON

I've got onesies, a teddy bear and some rubber thing that sucks snot out of the kid's nose. There'd better be a baby waiting for me.

LYNN

(Hugging him hello)

Thank God you're here.

STEVENSON

I thought you were having the baby at home and then we'd have a "Make Margaritas and clean the sheets" party.

JACK

(indicating towards Lynn)

She didn't tell you?

LYNN

I didn't want to say on the phone.

JOE

For Christ's sake.....

LYNN

(to Stevenson)

There were complications...

STEVENSON

(to MARJORIE)

Oh no. A Cesarean?

LYNN

(delicately)

It was the placenta.

STEVENSON

...in the library with the candlestick?

JOE
(impatient)
It wouldn't come out!

STEVENSON
I thought it was supposed to just shoot out with the baby.

JOE
That's what I thought.

MARJORIE
Well for some reason mine wouldn't come out.

STEVENSON
You never could just let things go. Are you OK? You're yellow. Did anyone notice that she's yellow?

MARJORIE
I lost a lot of blood before they brought me in.

JACK
The important thing is that the baby is OK.
(to Stevenson, proud of himself)
That's what I keep telling her....

MARJORIE
(Irrked)
You know what?

JACK
What?

MARJORIE
(a beat)
Could you please go see what's taking them so long?

JOE
I'll go with you.

STEVENSON
How's your hoo-ha? Did you tear?

MARJORIE
A little.

STEVENSON
Did they give you anything? For the pain?

LYNN
They gave her some Tylenol with Codeine.

STEVENSON
Can I have some?

MARJORIE

Sure, just squeeze a watermelon out of your vagina and I'll be happy to share my stash.

STEVENSON

Oh, honey. You're still in there.

LYNN

OK, don't excite her. She needs to rest.

JACK and JOE enter. with a swaddled Bella.

JACK

Anybody here order a baby?

JOE

She's bigger since yesterday!/ I swear she's bigger!

JACK

She's been eating/ like a horse.

LYNN

Just like you, honey. Marjorie was a big nurser, too.

STEVENSON

Hello Gorgeous. I'm your uncle Steve and I am going to help you get into SO/ much trouble!

LYNN

Oy, is she a Shana Punim.

MARJORIE

Why is everyone talking at the same time?

JACK

Marjorie....

MARJORIE

Sorry. I'm just really tired.

JOE

Of course you're tired! You had a baby yesterday!

LYNN

(gushing)

A gorgeous, perfect, healthy baby!

MARJORIE

Well actually Ma...

JACK

There's something wrong with Bella's hips. It's no big deal...she has to wear this thing. Margie, what's it called?

MARJORIE

A harness. She's wearing a harness.

JACK

Right. She has to wear this harness for a few weeks...see?
It's under her clothes. You can see it covering her feet.
The doctor said she doesn't feel it.

MARJORIE

And we can't wash it. We're supposed to keep it on and give
her sponge baths only.

LYNN

What doctor?

JACK

The orthopedist.

MARJORIE

Pediatric orthopedist. He's a *pediatric* Orthopedist.

JACK

(to BELLA, baby-talk)

He's gonna fix her hips and then she'll be ready to dance
swan lake.

LYNN

My mother was such a beautiful dancer. I always hoped one of
my children would inherit her gift.

MARJORIE

I really can't figure out why this happened...

JOE

Oh, lots of babies are born with little quirks.

LYNN

It's nothing!

LYNN AND JACK

She's perfect!

MARJORIE

Well, she's not *perfect*.

LYNN

You just need to get used to it.

END.

ACT II SCENE 3

We hear the Spanish chatter of restaurant workers in a kitchen. MARJORIE sits at a table with STEVENSON. The check is on the table. BELLA's baby carrier is in the seat next to MARJORIE.

MARJORIE's hair is a mess. She's wearing an "I give up" outfit.

STEVENSON
Eleven am and I'm done with lunch. What will I do with all this extra time in my day?

MARJORIE
I didn't want to be around a crowd. Germs...

STEVENSON
(Smiles)
It's good to see you sitting at a table....eating a meal....wearing a bra.

MARJORIE
Nice.

STEVENSON
No, really. How long has it been since you've even been out of the house?

MARJORIE
I'm always out. We took Bella to the orthopedist. Jack took pictures and made a freaking scrapbook. It was awful.

STEVENSON
What else?

MARJORIE
That's it, really...

STEVENSON
If I had this perfect kid at home I'd never leave either.

MARJORIE
Right, I know. It's all perfect.

STEVENSON
Marjorie, you OK?

MARJORIE
Of course!

STEVENSON

I've just never seen your hair like that before.

MARJORIE

You're kidding me, right? I just had a baby.

STEVENSON

OK, OK...

MARJORIE

I mean, I'm fucking exhausted, Steve.

STEVENSON

I know. I'm sorry. I'm used to you always being perfectly quaffed. I thought your nails just grew in that way.

MARJORIE

(looking at her nails)

I'm not getting a manicure to change diapers....

STEVENSON

Oh, stop. Let's go get one now.

MARJORIE

No, I can't. I gotta get home. I seriously can't see straight.

STEVENSON

So let's go see a movie!

MARJORIE

Steve, we HATE people who bring babies to movies.

STEVENSON

I'll stand with her in the back. You can take a nap!

MARJORIE

I can do that at home.

STEVENSON

I thought your parents were helping?

MARJORIE

They are! You wouldn't understand, OK?

STEVENSON

But you're happy, right?

MARJORIE

Of course! It's just this harness. It's starting to stink and we can't take it off or wash it or anything. And you know, her feet....

STEVENSON

Her feet?

MARJORIE

I don't get to see them. Because the harness. It covers her feet.

STEVENSON

Marjorie, who cares? You have a gorgeous baby!

MARJORIE

But nothing worked out. Nothing went like I planned.

STEVENSON

It's OK. Just go with it. Look at this baby! She's so smart!

STEVENSON (cont'd)

Hey, I got locked out of my gmail again.

MARJORIE

(sitting back down)

Are you serious?

STEVENSON

It's not my fault! It's fucking google.

MARJORIE

Steve, when you put the wrong password in too many times, it freezes you out. You have to keep track of the password.

STEVENSON

That's what I have you for.

MARJORIE

(thinking)

I can't remember it.

STEVENSON

Shut up. Tell me the password.

MARJORIE

I'm serious. My brain is mush. I can't remember it.

STEVENSON reaches across the table for
MARJORIE's hand.

STEVENSON

What's going on?

MARJORIE

I told you, I'm exhausted! The whole ordeal with the labor and she hasn't been sleeping and I haven't been sleeping and I'm just like, *tired in my bones*. I never understood that expression until now. My actual bones are tired.

STEVENSON

Let me help you more. You haven't called me once this week.

MARJORIE

I don't have time to check in with you all day.

STEVENSON

So let me help you. You just need a break.

MARJORIE

You don't get a break!

MARJORIE takes a breath.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

I woke up on Saturday morning after only forty-five minutes of sleep thinking, "It's Saturday!". And finally, I had this thought like....*relief*. And then Bella started crying. Again. And it hit me. You don't get the day off. Saturday is exactly the same as Tuesday. Steve, why didn't anyone tell me?

STEVENSON

Tell you what?

MARJORIE

It's Saturday all over the world. I wanted to scream out the window, "Why isn't anyone saying anything"! But Jack put those fucking safety locks on all the windows. I couldn't open the window. And Jack was asleep and the baby was crying. Why doesn't he wake up when the baby cries?

STEVENSON

I don't know.

MARJORIE

I'm so glad I couldn't open that window.

STEVENSON

Jesus Christ, Marjorie...honey...you don't sound fine. I think we need to get you in to talk to someone. Today.

MARJORIE

Are you fucking kidding me? Are you even listening?

STEVENSON

Marjorie!

MARJORIE

WHAT!

STEVENSON

This is supposed to be the happiest time of your life!

END.

ACT II, SCENE 4

We hear the sounds of JACK and MARJORIE's neighborhood.

LYNN is sitting on the couch in the living room immersed in a book.

MARJORIE enters in a frenzy. She is wearing crumpled pajamas and an old, terrycloth bathrobe that is open. She has bed head. We've never seen her like this. Nobody has ever seen her like this.

MARJORIE

Mom, where's Bella....

LYNN

(Calmly)

Did you have a nice nap?

MARJORIE

(grabbing blanket)

Where's Bella....

LYNN looks up and notices MARJORIE is in a state.

LYNN

Marjorie! Are you OK?

MARJORIE

WHERE'S BELLA!

LYNN

She's in her crib! Come here. Do you have a fever?

MARJORIE

She's not in her crib. I was just in there! Oh My God, what the hell...

LYNN

Your father must have her!

MARJORIE

CALL HIM!

LYNN

CALM DOWN!

JOE enters with Bella in a swaddle.

JOE
I've got a cold baby here, rosy cheeks and all!

LYNN
Joe....

MARJORIE
(Grabbing Bella)
What the hell were you thinking?

JOE
I wanted to show my granddaughter the snow!

LYNN
Joe, take your shoes off, you're tracking in the whole city.

MARJORIE
Mom, he just took her! I was sleeping! What the fuck?

JOE and LYNN stare at MARJORIE.

JOE
Marjorie!

MARJORIE
There's snow on the floor!

LYNN
(sotto voce)
This is what we talked about.

MARJORIE
You're not making any sense.

JOE
It's a little snow. I'm the grandfather!

LYNN
(still under her breath)
Marjorie, take the baby and go get yourself together! I'll dry the floor. You just have to get used to all of this.

LYNN escorts MARJORIE off with the baby, then turns back and starts to straighten up the living room.

JOE
I don't understand the big deal! She was sleeping!

LYNN
She'll be fine.

JOE
She knows the baby is safe with us.

LYNN

Joe, she's a new mother....

JOE

I'm the grandfather! It's my last day here, I wanted some time with the baby.

LYNN

We're just going back to New Jersey, not Mars. You can come visit the baby any time.

JOE

Did you check her temperature?

LYNN

The baby?

JOE

No, Marjorie!

LYNN

Better she lies down now. Jack will be home soon.

JOE

You would never have spoken to your father like that....

LYNN

If I had woken up and discovered my father and my newborn out in the cold....

JOE

Nonsense! Marjorie was born in April.

LYNN

Joe....

JOE

I don't know what that midwife did to her....

LYNN

Joe! It's very....it's a lot to handle! Having a baby...

JOE

...is a blessing! She's got a beautiful child, and wonderful parents who drop everything to come here and celebrate with her. She's blessed. Just like we were.

(Beat)

You know you're as beautiful as the day you brought Margie home. You know that? Just as beautiful.

LYNN

I labored for 15 hours and then had an emergency Cæsarian.

He takes her chin in his hand.

JOE

You were beautiful.

LYNN

Go lie down. I'll bring you the paper.

He Kisses her forehead and leaves.

LYNN is left in the room. She watches him go, and continues to straighten up.

JACK walks in from the outside carrying a teddy bear for the baby. He starts to take off his coat and shoes.

JACK

(to Lynn)

Hey! Where's Margie?

LYNN

There you are. Was the place still standing?

JACK

They somehow managed not to burn it to the ground while I was out.

LYNN

Good to be back at work?

JACK

Eh, it was just a check-in. I get a full two weeks.

LYNN

Two weeks. When Joe and I had the kids he'd take the day, maybe the next and then I'd kick him out. They needed him at work and I didn't need him hanging around and getting in the way.

JACK

Am I in the way?

LYNN

Oh no, no, no. That was then. Things are different now.

JACK

Where's the baby? I missed her!

LYNN

Marjorie and the baby are both resting. Can I make you a drink?

JACK

It's four thirty.

LYNN

But you're home from work.

JACK

I'm just gonna go see the baby.

He starts to go an LYNN physically
stops him and leads him over to the
couch.

LYNN

Just relax and let me get you something. They're sleeping
and you had a hard day. That's why we're here.

(calling)

Joe!

JACK

I went in to sign a few things and check e-mail. I was gone
two hours.

JOE walks out with the paper and LYNN
disappears into the kitchen.

JOE

There he is! The conquering hero. Place still standing?

JACK

Yeah, Joe. They're doing fine without me.

JOE

Glad to be back at work?

JACK

I missed the baby.

(standing)

They in the bedroom?

JOE

Oh, they're both passed out cold. You could've stayed
longer.

JACK

I wanted to get back home....I'm still on paternity leave.

JOE

(laughs)

Paternity leave.

JACK

It's pretty standard.

JOE

Right. Gives you a chance to drop the baby weight!

JACK

Exactly.

JOE

Take my advice, if you have the chance to get out of the house, take it! When Margie and the boys were babies I suddenly became indispensable at work.

JACK

Really.

JOE

Oh, sure. Of course that was different. My mother and father in law where there and they had a way of taking over. Running things.

JACK

Ah-ha.

JOE

Did Lynn get you a drink?

(calling)

Lynn! Bring Jack a drink!

JACK

It's four-thirty.

JOE

I ever tell you what my Uncle Izz used to say about women?

JACK

What?

JOE

(confidentially)

He used to say to me, "A woman is just a receptacle."

JOE laughs.

JACK

Wow.

JOE

How about that.

JACK

Joe, that's really....classic.

JOE

Uncle Izz was a classic. That's for sure. He died at fifty-five. Heart attack.

I see. JACK

How old are you now? JOE

I'm thirty-six, Joe. JACK

Well, you've got time. JOE

END.

14 ACT II, SCENE 5

We hear the Today Show on in the background.

MARJORIE, still wearing her robe, hair still pulled back, is trying to clean up breakfast for four while wearing the baby on her chest in a Bjorn. She finds the task difficult. It's hard to bend over and load the dishwasher without letting the baby tip out of the holder. She moves slowly and cautiously, afraid to jostle the baby. She can't bring her arms together in front of the baby when carrying dishes.

JACK

(calls from off stage)

Margie? Have you seen my iPod?

MARJORIE

I'm charging it. You were out of battery.

JACK

Are they gone?

MARJORIE

Yes, they just left.

JACK throws his pants into the kitchen and runs in wearing an undershirt and boxer-briefs. He jumps on the table in his underwear and does a funny dance.

JACK

Oh yeah, oh yeah, I got my house back. It's my birthday. Oh yeah.

MARJORIE

Jack! Get down! You're gonna break the dishes!

JACK jumps off the table and grabs MARJORIE from behind.

JACK

Come here, sexy mama.

MARJORIE

Careful! The baby!

JACK

I finally have you to myself.

He starts to kiss her neck.

MARJORIE

I didn't shower...

JACK

How long did the doctor say we had to wait?

MARJORIE

Six weeks.

He turns her towards him and begins to kiss her. BELLA whimpers and MARJORIE pulls away.

JACK

It's OK, baby. The big, bad *gwandpawents* went back to *sca-wee New Jew-see*.

MARJORIE takes BELLA out of her Bjorn and crosses to the couch to breast feed. It's still new, still a bit awkward, but she manages to get the baby latched on. Meanwhile, JACK puts on his pants.

JACK (cont'd)

(observing the breast feeding)

That's a lucky baby.

JACK disappears into the other room.

MARJORIE

The house feels really empty, don't you think?

JACK

(from offstage)

Just the way I like it!

MARJORIE

Maybe Steve will come by later. We had a fight...

JACK

You two never fight.

MARJORIE

I'll fix it.

JACK

Margie, I am just so happy today. We're finally starting our real life. The three of us, day one. Aren't you excited?

MARJORIE

I don't think she's getting any milk. How am I supposed to know if she's getting any?

JACK enters in his suit, tying his tie.

JACK

She's getting bigger. That's how we know.

MARJORIE

You're leaving?

JACK

It's already after nine.

MARJORIE

But my parents left.

JACK

I have a meeting with the Boston people at ten.

MARJORIE

TODAY?

JACK

(consulting his blackberry)

Um....yeah, it's today. Why? Oh, shit. I forgot to sync the phone with your calendar. I'm sorry...

MARJORIE

I can't believe you're leaving. Bella has her doctor's appointment. You have to come with me to the doctor!

JACK

You didn't tell me...

MARJORIE

We have to get the stroller into a taxi and the car seat...

JACK

You know how to do that...

MARJORIE

You're supposed to come with me!

JACK

OK, then reschedule it!

MARJORIE

It's Bella's doctor!

JACK

I have to go to work, Margie. The Boston people.

MARJORIE

Call my mother!

JACK

The sooner I get there the sooner I can get back home.

MARJORIE

(panicking)

Just call her! I can't be by myself.

JACK

She's half way home by now.

MARJORIE

Then call Steve!

JACK

I'm not doing that!

MARJORIE

Then you have to stay home!

JACK

MARJORIE! That's ENOUGH!

A beat. He takes her in his arms.

JACK (cont'd)

You know what? This is the first day. It's new. That's all. It doesn't mean it's not going to be OK. I want you to relax and enjoy this time. Before you know it, it'll be time to go back to work.

MARJORIE

Work?

JACK

And the thing with Steve....maybe It's a good thing. Maybe you need a little space.

He puts on his coat.

JACK (cont'd)

Call me any time. I'll keep my cell on. And I'll be home as soon as I can, OK?

JACK starts to leave. Stops.

JACK (cont'd)

Hey, will you text me pictures? Of the baby? One of the guys at work, his wife texts him pictures of the baby.

JACK exits, leaving MARJORIE alone with
the baby.

END.

ACT II, SCENE 6

We are in stark light. Marjorie, still wearing her bathrobe, is sitting at the table playing cards with STEVENSON. JACK is watching TV. Suddenly, there is a horrible, screaming noise coming from the other room.

Marjorie

Oh My God...The baby....

JACK

I'll get her.

STEVENSON

Do you want me to...

Marjorie has run out of the room. As soon as she exits, the sound turns into a normal baby cry.

JACK

She does this every time Bella cries. All night. She never lets it go even for a moment.

STEVENSON

She never could let things go.

JACK gives him a look.

STEVENSON (cont'd)

I gotta go.

STEVENSON exits as THE ORTHOPEDIST enters. MARJORIE, still wearing the robe, re-enters.

ORTHOPEDIST

OK so while you were completing the paperwork I went ahead and adjusted Bella's harness so you are all set for this week...

MARJORIE

Wait, I missed her feet?

The ORTHOPEDIST has exited.

We hear the screaming noise again from off stage.

MARJORIE sits as a NURSE enters and hands MARJORIE the baby.

The living room melts away and we are
in the suggestion of an exam room.

NURSE

Have you experienced feelings of restlessness or
irritability?

MARJORIE

No.

NURSE

Any depression? Crying a lot?

MARJORIE

No, of course not.

NURSE

Numbness?

MARJORIE

Numbness?

NURSE

Headaches? Chest pains? Heart palpitations? Hyperventilation?

MARJORIE

No, none of that.

NURSE

Trouble sleeping? Feeling extremely tired?

MARJORIE

I have a newborn...

NURSE

Trouble focusing, remembering, or making decisions?

MARJORIE

What? No....

NURSE

Weight loss?

MARJORIE

I had a baby!

NURSE

Any numbness?

MARJORIE

You asked me that...

NURSE

Are you overly worried about the baby?

MARJORIE

How can a person be overly worried about a baby?

NURSE

Lack of interest in the baby? Feeling worthless and guilty?
Being afraid of hurting the baby or yourself?

Marjorie

Maybe I should see the doctor today...

NURSE

The doctor is all tied up.

MARJORIE

I thought I was here for a diabetes test.

NURSE

This is just a standard screening.

MARJORIE

Oh....

The NURSE hands MARJORIE a bouncy seat containing a breast pump. MARJORIE struggles to hold it without dropping Bella.

NURSE

Any numbness?

We hear the screaming noise again from off stage....

The NURSE exits and the exam room melts away as MARJORIE, still in her robe, sits down in the bathroom. She places Bella in the bouncy seat and attaches the breast pump under her robe.

The ORTHOPEDIST enters, and in a single cross, hands MARJORIE her computer and a sandwich.

ORTHOPEDIST

I went ahead and adjusted Bella's harness so you are all set for this week...

MARJORIE

Wait, I missed her feet?

The ORTHOPEDIST is gone.

MARJORIE simultaneously pumps, types and eats while rocking the bouncy seat with her foot. JACK enters the bathroom.

JACK

Can I get you anything?

Marjorie

Yes the phone.

JACK

You sure?

Marjorie

Yes. I have to call the EM group. They wanted to stop over.

JACK

Honey can some of this wait? Maybe you should do one thing at a time.

Marjorie

I don't have any time, Jack. I don't have enough time.

(She starts to cry)

Shit...I'm sorry...I'm just so happy....

JACK

(uncomfortable)

It's OK, honey. It's OK. You just have to get used to it.

The doorbell rings.

JACK (cont'd)

I'll get it.

He goes to answer the door and we hear the screaming noise again.

MARJORIE stands, leaving the breast pump, bouncy seat, computer and sandwich behind in the bathroom. Holding Bella, she goes to the living room as the NURSE crosses.

NURSE

Trouble focusing, remembering, or making decisions?

MARJORIE

What? No!

The NURSE exits as LAUREN, BARBARA and TINA enter carrying trays of food. Each wears a baby doll in a Bjorn.

BARBARA and TINA each have two babies
crammed into a single Bjorn.

Marjorie (cont'd)
Oh my god, I can't believe you all came!

LAUREN
(Peeking at Bella)
Marjorie, she's beautiful.

TINA
So beautiful.

BARBARA
Honestly, I can't even tell about the harness.

LAUREN
They're all such gushes in the beginning anyway.

BARBARA
Did the doctor say why it happened?

THE WOMEN shoot BARBARA a look.

Marjorie
Just various risk factors...first born daughters, winter
babies...lots of weird things. No real reason...

CHERYL enters wearing her baby in a
Bjorn like the others. CHERYL
Well at least you know it's not your fault.

TINA
Of course it's not her fault.

BARBARA
What are these shoes she's wearing?

Marjorie
Oh, that's the harness. She has to wear it all the time and
it covers her feet so...her feet stay covered. I've only
really seen her feet like twice....funny....

The screaming starts again. The women
don't notice, but Marjorie is obviously
jarred. She jumps to pick Bella up and
soothe her.

LAUREN
Oh My God, she has the sweetest little cry!

Marjorie
(Skeptical)
You think?

LAUREN

How are you feeling?

Marjorie

I'm great...you know...I've just never been so happy.

LAUREN

I know just what you mean.

CHERYL

Isn't just a dream? Isn't it the most amazing thing?

TINA

We are all so lucky.

Marjorie

I know. So lucky.

BARBARA

(Getting up and heading towards
bathroom)

Is this the bathroom? I have to pee...

Marjorie

Wait, don't go in there!!!

The screaming sound continues.

The women exit, one of them picking up Bella in her swaddle and handing the baby to the ORTHOPEDIST who enters and approaches MARJORIE. He presents her with the baby.

STEVENSON and THE NURSE enter on either side of MARJORIE and cross behind her as the living room melts away.

We are in the suggestion of the ORTHOPEDIST'S office.

STEVENSON

Never could let things go.

NURSE

Any numbness?

STEVENSON and the NURSE are gone. The ORTHOPEDIST presents Bella, still swaddled, to MARJORIE, who is still wearing her robe.

ORTHOPEDIST

OK! So while you were completing the paperwork I went ahead and adjusted Bella's harness so you are all set for this week...

Marjorie

Wait..she's in already? But I missed her feet! I didn't get to kiss her feet! I wait all week to put powder on her feet and kiss them...

(Starting to lose it)

I want to see her fucking feet! God damn it! Shit!

END.

ACT II, SCENE 7

There is the sound of an elevator ding and LYNN is standing outside MARJORIE and JACK's apartment, holding a stack of baby gifts and banging on the door. She knocks and rings a few times with determination.

LYNN

Marjorie, it's Mom.

There is no answer.

LYNN (cont'd)

Honey, open the door!

She puts down the gifts and fumbles in her purse for the keys.

LYNN (cont'd)

Margie, I'm coming in.

LYNN enters the apartment as MARJORIE exits from the bathroom, still wearing the bathrobe, with Bella in her arms.

MARJORIE

What are you doing here?

LYNN

Why didn't you answer?

MARJORIE

I was in the bathroom....

LYNN

Wait!

She ducks out into the hallway and grabs the gifts.

LYNN (cont'd)

Here....from aunt Sheila, your cousin Dana, the ladies from the club....hand me my grandchild.

MARJORIE hands Bella to LYNN.

MARJORIE

Why didn't you call?

LYNN

What, you're gonna be out?

MARJORIE

I don't have room for all this stuff.

LYNN

People are happy for you. They'd like to meet Bella, you know.

MARJORIE

I need to get a bag for the wrapping paper.

MARJORIE gets a garbage bag and a pad of paper. Starts to unwrap a gift.

LYNN

Let's pick a day, you'll come to New Jersey and we'll do a naming party. Rabbi Lerner will come. He named you, did the snip-snip ceremony for your brothers...

MARJORIE

Mom, I just had a baby. I can't.

LYNN

Two months ago!

MARJORIE starts to throw out wrapping paper but gets concerned about the bigger sheets and starts to fold them, saving them for later.

MARJORIE

Wait....I should re-use this....

LYNN

Just throw it on the ground.

MARJORIE

No! I want to keep it organized.

LYNN

Margie...

MARJORIE

Why is this so complicated?

LYNN

It's just presents!

MARJORIE

(anxious)

And I have a list...for the thank you notes.

LYNN

Let me see that.

MARJORIE shows LYNN the list.

LYNN (cont'd)

You haven't sent any of these. Aunt Sheila never got a thank you for the mobile. Everyone is asking if you got their gift.

MARJORIE

I've been busy.

LYNN

You smell, Marjorie. You're not taking care of yourself.

MARJORIE

I just had a baby!

LYNN

I know! I'm holding her!

MARJORIE

You should have called!

LYNN

So you could get dressed and pretend everything is OK? Marjorie, everything is not OK. Listen to me, we talked about this. I told you last spring, this wasn't going to be all about you any more.

MARJORIE

What are you doing?

LYNN

You're my child. I'm here to help.

MARJORIE

You should have called!

LYNN

Honey, look....did I ever tell you about your Grandma Billy? She used to show up every morning. I'd get your father out of the house and the doorbell would ring and there she'd be with a stack of gifts and a bucket of cleaning supplies.

MARJORIE

That doesn't mean you have to....

LYNN

You're not the first woman in history to have a baby, you know!

MARJORIE

I know, mom!

LYNN

You should be grateful!

MARJORIE

I know! I have like, the dream life!

She leans in, as though sharing a secret.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

There are people in the world who are sick and alone and there are all sorts of horrible tragedies....on the news, down the block...sometimes you don't know what's happening in your neighbor's apartment. They could be beating their children or torturing their dog and nobody would know it.

LYNN

Margie honey....

MARJORIE

Look, what I'm saying is that I'm good. It's just that...well I've been wearing my bathrobe for a while, that's all.

LYNN

Margie, sweetheart....

MARJORIE

(Growing hysterical)

I should be grateful! I have a beautiful, healthy child. I should be grateful. Why can't I feel grateful?

LYNN

MARJORIE!

MARJORIE

WHAT?

LYNN

She needs a change...

MARJORIE

(taking Bella from LYNN's arms)

I'll do it...

MARJORIE takes Bella to the changing table but doesn't put her down.

LYNN

Margie, you need to talk to someone.

MARJORIE

Mom, you left a gift in the hallway.

LYNN

(going to check the hallway)

What? I didn't....

MARJORIE closes the door behind her mother and turns the bolt. She goes back into the bathroom with Bella and slams the door.

LYNN (cont'd)

Marjorie! Marjorie open this door! Margie!

END.

ACT II, SCENE 8

The light shifts and it is evening.
Jack enters from outside wearing his
coat and suit.

JACK

Marjorie?

There is no answer. He goes into the
bedroom to drop his briefcase by the
side of the bed. JACK opens the
bathroom door to reveal MARJORIE,
sitting in her bathrobe, hiding and
crying.

JACK (cont'd)

Marjorie? Honey, what's wrong?

MARJORIE

(still crying)

I'm fine.

JACK

Your mother called. You kicked her out? Margie, what
happened?

Offstage, BELLA begins to cry.

MARJORIE

She's hungry.

JACK

I'll get her.

JACK exits to retrieve BELLA. MARJORIE
stands and tries to pull herself
together. She leans over the sink,
splashing water on her face.

JACK gently hands BELLA to MARJORIE
who, begins to nurse the baby.

JACK (cont'd)

What can I do?

MARJORIE

I'm just tired. Hormones. I'm fine.

She looks up and realizes he is still
wearing his coat.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

Why are you wearing a coat?

JACK

I'm going back out. I just stopped to drop my briefcase.

MARJORIE

And check on me.

JACK

You're crying. In your bathrobe. You were wearing it when I left this morning.

MARJORIE

Where are you going?

JACK

I told you. I have a work thing.

MARJORIE

I wish you didn't leave at night.

JACK

I never leave at night. This is the first work thing I've had in months. We talked about this.

BELLA vomits all over MARJORIE's bathrobe.

MARJORIE

Oh....Oh, No.....Baby, baby.....

JACK

(reaching for BELLA)

Oh Jeez. Here, give me the baby...

MARJORIE

Stop! You'll get it on your suit. Just hand me the wipes.

JACK starts to leave for the kitchen.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

On the counter!

JACK locates the wipes. MARJORIE grabs them and starts wiping the baby and herself down.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

It's everywhere.

JACK

Let me help...

MARJORIE

It's fine. Just pick up some more baby wipes on your way home.

JACK

I'm staying.

MARJORIE

Don't. We're fine. We're gonna take a bath. Go to your thing.

JACK

It's OK. Let's get you cleaned up.

He reaches for her bathrobe and she backs away.

MARJORIE

Jack, I'm fine. This is so stupid. Really...I'm tired and I need a shower and the baby just puked on me. I have a college degree. I can handle baby puke. Please. Go. I'll clean up and try to get some rest and maybe when you get back...we can watch a movie...or something. OK?

JACK

You sure?

MARJORIE

Go, Jack. I'm fine.

JACK

(Kissing her)

OK Margie. Text me if you need me. I'll come home. I love you.

JACK exits, leaving MARJORIE holding the baby, covered in puke.

Bella starts to cry as MARJORIE starts the bath. MARJORIE is having a hard time plugging up the bathtub with one arm so she puts Bella in the baby carrier, which only makes the crying worse. MARJORIE ignores the crying and tries to focus on filling the bath and wiping up her robe over the sink. The crying intensifies. MARJORIE stops cleaning the robe and grabs the baby carrier.

The crying is now a full pitched scream and MARJORIE is beginning to panic. She pulls open the bath curtain and stands there for a moment, holding the baby carrier over the running water in the bath.

Suddenly she turns and opens the bathroom door half way, shoves the carrier and a wailing BELLA into the hallway and slams the door.

We hear the wailing from outside in the hallway. We are back at the prologue, but this time on the other side of the door. MARJORIE takes off her robe. She is wearing pajamas but she doesn't remember. She steps into the tub, closes the curtain and begins to scream.

End.

15 ACT II SCENE 9

We hear music faintly playing in the background.

JACK and STEVENSON sit at the bar drinking frothy beer out of mugs. On the floor beside Jack's feet rest his backpack and a large Duane Reade bag.

JACK

I don't think I've ever seen you drink beer before.

STEVENSON

Well you've never invited me out without Margie before.

(Doing a bar voice)

Glad we finally have time to throw back a few.

JACK gives him an odd look.

STEVENSON (cont'd)

I'm doing my guy in a bar voice.

JACK

I'd rather if you just be yourself.

STEVENSON

Fine.

(to bartender)

Excuse me, could I please have glass of Reisling with a cup of ice on the side?

(to Jack)

What? It makes the wine last longer.

(a beat)

So can I assume we're here to talk about our wife?

JACK

I hate when you say that.

STEVENSON

Fine, Jack. She's all yours.

JACK

What's going on between you two?

STEVENSON

I should be asking you that.

JACK

Look, I only have a few minutes, but this fight....whatever is going on or whatever you're pulling...you need to resolve it. She's a mess.

STEVENSON

Wait, whatever I'm pulling?

JACK

I just need you to just man up and fix it.

STEVENSON

Jack, I didn't...

JACK

I don't know the details. She won't talk to me, and honestly, I don't want to know. I just need you to make peace and move on so my family can get back on track. We have a baby now.

STEVENSON

So that's your theory? You and Marjorie aren't getting along, so you've decided it's something I'm doing?

JACK

Pretty much.

STEVENSON

You don't know what you're talking about, Jack.

JACK

I think I know Margie a little better than you do.

STEVENSON

Not sure I should respond to that.

JACK

You're just scared to apologize for whatever the hell went on with you guys.

STEVENSON

You're just pissed because your wife's too busy to take care of all your shit for you.

JACK

Honestly, Dude. I don't have time to get into this with you. Margie's home crying in the bathroom, so now I gotta go back there and....

STEVENSON

She's home crying in the bathroom? Are you fucking kidding me? You actually invited me out for a drink to tell me it's my fault that your wife is unhappy and you just left her crying in the bathroom?

JACK

Fuck you, Steve.

STEVENSON

Take some fucking responsibility, Jack!

JACK

I am! I invited you here, asshole.

STEVENSON

This is going very well.

JACK

What am I supposed to think? You two have never had a fight before.

STEVENSON

How would you know? You're hardly ever there!

JACK

I'm the husband!

STEVENSON

You wanna piss on my bar stool? Mark your turf?

JACK

(stands up)

Just fix it, OK? Whatever's going on, fucking put it back the way it was. Enough is enough.

JACK takes his coat and leaves.

STEVENSON is left alone with his drink.
He takes a sip. Puts it down,
frustrated.

STEVENSON

Could I get a beer please?

JACK storms back on stage. Stevenson
casually holds up the Duane Reade bag.

STEVENSON (cont'd)

Forget this?

JACK

You know what? I take it back. I'm gonna fix it. Just like I take care of everything.

STEVENSON laughs.

JACK (cont'd)

Who do you think pays the bills? Who do you think is in charge of health insurance and the mortgage and taking care of Margie and...

STEVENSON

Last time I checked Marjorie worked full time. Isn't this just maternity leave?

JACK

Steve, how is she gonna go back to work like this?

They both pause. JACK looks at the bar.

JACK (cont'd)

You ordered a beer?

STEVENSON

Yeah. It's disgusting. Want it?

JACK sinks back down onto the bar stool, defeated.

JACK

I wish I had like a fucking rewind button or something. To get the old Margie back.

STEVENSON

The first time I saw her, after the hospital, it wasn't the same Margie. I didn't do it, she just showed up that way. She needs help.

JACK

We're getting a part-time sitter.

STEVENSON

I think she needs more help than that.

JACK

Full time?

STEVENSON

No, I mean like psychiatric help. I don't think she's gonna go all Marie Osmond on you, but she needs to see somebody and you have to be the one to tell her. You're the husband. I'm just the best friend.

JACK

I'm trying!

(He pauses)

I just need you to make room.

STEVENSON

I'll stay away. I'll give you space.

JACK

You have a place here it's just....

STEVENSON

Understood. I'll just pick up the scraps. I'll hover around the table at dinner time. Sleep in the little room under the stairs.

JACK
(getting up to leave)
You wanna come back to the house with me?

STEVENSON
With that mess in the bathroom? No thanks.

JACK
Drink the fucking beer, asshole.

STEVENSON
Go home to your crying wife, douchebag.

END.

ACT II SCENE 10

We hear Bella crying.

The bouncy seat is still in the hallway containing a now hysterical Bella. The bathroom door is closed.

JACK enters the apartment carrying his backpack and the Duane Reade bag. He can hear Bella's screams.

JACK

(calling)

Hey, Honey.....

He takes off his coat and tosses his keys on the hook as Bella continues to scream. He puts down the backpack but keeps the Duane Reade bag.

JACK (cont'd)

Margie? Hon? You need help with the baby?

(No answer)

Marjorie! What's going on over there?

He walks through to apartment and finds Bella alone in the hallway. He rushes to the bouncy seat and picks her up.

JACK (cont'd)

Hey, Hey....shhhh.....baby, Baby.....

Bella begins to quiet. JACK notices the closed bathroom door.

JACK (cont'd)

Marjorie? Are you in the shower? MARJORIE!

There is no answer. Still holding the baby, he opens the door and discovers MARJORIE, sitting in the bathtub, still wearing her pajamas.

JACK (cont'd)

What are you doing?

MARJORIE

Hey, how was the work thing?

JACK

Bella's hysterical. What the fuck are you doing?

MARJORIE

Nothing, I'm just sitting here.

JACK

Yeah, I see that. What's going on? The baby was crying....

MARJORIE

I'm fine. I just needed a second, OK?

JACK

Margie, get up.

MARJORIE

I had to put the baby outside for a minute so I could calm down. It's OK.

JACK

It's not OK. Get out of the tub.

MARJORIE

Just hang on.

JACK

Margie, get out of the tub.

MARJORIE

I just need a minute, OK? *I just need a minute.*

A beat.

JACK

There's something wrong.

MARJORIE

I'm fine.

JACK

You're not fine.

MARJORIE

Jack listen, take Bella outside and give me a minute and I promise, I'll be OK.

He starts to leave but stops.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

Jack, I'll be right with you. Just go outside.

JACK climbs into the tub with MARJORIE.
He sits on the edge.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

What are you doing?

JACK

We need to talk.

MARJORIE

We'll talk in a minute just wait outside...

JACK

I'm not leaving.

MARJORIE

Jack, get out!

Awkwardly but with determination, JACK gets into the tub with the baby.

JACK

I'm listening, OK? Me and Bella...we're gonna sit here with you in this bathtub and you're gonna talk and we're gonna listen.

(looking down)

OK, one of us is gonna sleep, but honey....was this filled?

MARJORIE

Yeah, sorry. It was full and I drained it....

JACK

It's OK.

MARJORIE

Your work pants.

JACK

I don't care about the pants.

MARJORIE

You're not the one who has to wring them out and get them to the dry cleaners with the baby....

JACK

Marjorie!

MARJORIE

What?

JACK

We're in the bathtub! Bella was crying in the hallway. You're...

MARJORIE

I don't want to talk about this with you, Jack.

JACK

Not with me?

MARJORIE

You wouldn't understand.

JACK

Why not?

MARJORIE

Because it's harder for you.

JACK

I'm not the one crying in the bathroom by herself.

MARJORIE

I'm just exhausted.

JACK

Because you've stopped sleeping.

MARJORIE

I have a newborn!

JACK

You don't sleep, Margie. You never sleep. You're going through something.

MARJORIE

I don't have time to go through something!

JACK stares at her.

JACK

Do you hear how that sounds?

MARJORIE doesn't answer.

JACK (cont'd)

Any chance this is Steve's fault?

MARJORIE

No, it has nothing to do with Steve.

JACK

Then it's me.

MARJORIE

No!

He takes her hand.

JACK

Tell me what's going on. I can take it.

MARJORIE

I just didn't think it was going to feel like this. Being Bella's mother. I had this picture in my head of you and me and the baby....it wasn't clear at first but when I finally saw it, we were happy. But then everything turned out wrong. Nothing went the way I planned and...I just thought it would feel different.

JACK

Why haven't you said anything?

MARJORIE

It's embarrassing. I look at other mothers and I'm just so embarrassed.

JACK

It's OK. We'll get you help. It's not a big deal.

MARJORIE

It *feels* like a big deal. And I never wanted you to see any of this.

JACK

Any of what?

MARJORIE

I know what I look like, Jack. I know how unappealing this must all be.

JACK

I'm your husband. I held your hair back when you had food poisoning.

MARJORIE

You got me a Mother's Day card!

JACK

You didn't like the card?

MARJORIE

No, no I loved it. It was amazing and I wanted to be amazing back.

JACK

You *are*.

MARJORIE

I've become really, really messy.

JACK

Margie, you've always been the messiest neat person I know.

(beat)

Oh, I got the wipes.

He reaches out of the tub for the Duane Read bag and hands it to MARJORIE. She takes out the baby wipes and places them on the ground outside the tub. She reaches back into the bag and takes out a notebook.

JACK (cont'd)
I got it for you. For writing. Or whatever. Or lists. You could use it to make your lists.

MARJORIE
Thanks.

JACK
Maybe you could just start writing stuff down. Until you feel better. I don't know, they say it helps.

MARJORIE is silent.

JACK (cont'd)
So what do we do now?

MARJORIE
(She takes a breath)
We get out of the tub.

MARJORIE stands.

MARJORIE (cont'd)
Hand me Bella.

JACK
I got her...

MARJORIE
You've got your shoes on. You'll slip. Give me the baby.

JACK hands BELLA over and stands up. They climb out of the tub. MARJORIE starts towards the bathroom door but something stops her. She turns to JACK.

MARJORIE (cont'd)
Jack, do you think I'm crazy?

JACK
Yes. But I thought that when I married you.

MARJORIE
Do you think...do you think I'm a bad mother?

JACK

Marjorie, you are an amazing mother. No matter how much you drive everyone nuts trying to be perfect...you already are.

END.

ACT II SCENE 11

The lullaby of a singing baby toy or mobile can be heard.

MARJORIE is in her living room. She is dressed neatly and comfortably. Her hair is combed. She is not perfectly coordinated but is not a mess. She looks good. She looks real. Bella is in a bouncy seat on the floor. MARJORIE is holding a book, staring into the bouncy seat. She stares for a while, then looks down at the book.

MARJORIE

(reading book)

"Mommy Chicken loves her chicks."

(she turns the page)

"Mommy Badger loves her cub."

MARJORIE stops, gets down on the floor next to the bouncy seat.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

"Mommy Kangaroo loves her Joey" Joey?

(to BELLA)

It's the Kangaroo from 'Friends'. Sorry, you don't know what that means, do you? It's the Kangaroo from 'Episodes'?

(back to the book)

"Mommy Bear loves her cub."

MARJORIE chokes up on the last line. She sits there, quietly crying.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry, baby. I promise to get it together before you're old enough to be embarrassed by your mother.

The doorbell rings.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

You order Chinese?

MARJORIE answers the door. It's STEVENSON. He is holding a bottle of wine.

STEVENSON

I don't have an appointment. Are you taking walk-ins?

MARJORIE

Where's your key?

STEVENSON

Do I still have key status?

STEVENSON's text alert sounds. He looks and quickly puts his phone away.

MARJORIE

What?

STEVENSON

It's Brenda. She wants to make sure you know that this won't necessarily happen again if you have another baby.

MARJORIE

Good to know.

STEVENSON

Actually, she said if you have a slither naggy but I translated.

MARJORIE

Oh, well I might not have a slither naggy.

STEVENSON

Where's Bella?

MARJORIE

Over there. We were reading a book.

STEVENSON

(to BELLA)

Hello, gorgeous. I brought you some wine.

MARJORIE

Let me grab some glasses.

STEVENSON

Who are you and what have you done with the bitch that my best friend turned into?

MARJORIE

Are we doing this?

STEVENSON

Nah, we can skip it. Skip the glasses, too. Come here. Tell me how gorgeous my godchild is.

MARJORIE

OK, but can I just say one thing?

STEVENSON

What?

MARJORIE
I love you. And thank you.

STEVENSON
For what?

MARJORIE
For giving me some space. And for coming back.

STEVENSON
Are you ready to have me back?

MARJORIE
I missed you. This is a lot of work...getting better...I
could use some distraction.

MARJORIE sits on the floor next to
STEVENSON, who opens the wine, takes a
swig and passes it to MARJORIE.

STEVENSON
(smiling)
Distraction.

MARJORIE
It's the middle of the afternoon.

STEVENSON
Marjorie, this is what mothers do. They have play dates and
drink wine at three o' clock.

MARJORIE
How would you know?

STEVENSON
I watched all nine seasons of Desperate Housewives in
preparation for this very moment.
(He picks up the book)
You think the woman who wrote "Mommy Platypus loves her
puggle" wasn't on something?

MARJORIE
Good point.

MARJORIE takes a drink.

STEVENSON
You look good, Marjorie.

MARJORIE
They gave me some stuff to take.

STEVENSON
And?

MARJORIE

I think it's starting to help a little. Sometimes.

STEVENSON

And the rest of the time?

MARJORIE

I don't know what you want me to say.

STEVENSON

Honestly Marjorie? I need to know Bella's OK. You hear stories about these mothers.

MARJORIE

Crazy mothers...

STEVENSON

I didn't say crazy.

MARJORIE

But you're thinking it.

STEVENSON

Well?

MARJORIE

I love her. And I'm getting better for her. I'm taking the stuff and I have these appointments...I can bring Bella...I'm getting better.

STEVENSON

It can't be that easy.

MARJORIE

It isn't. I'm scared all the time.

STEVENSON

So's everyone.

MARJORIE

No, not everyone. There's three kinds of people.

STEVENSON

Straight, Gay and Republican.

MARJORIE

(laughs)

No....It's a depression thing. It's something I learned. There are people who will never be depressed no matter what happens to them.

STEVENSON

Like the people who do the morning news?

MARJORIE

Probably. And there's the people who are just like, *destined* to be depressed. It's in their DNA.

STEVENSON

And that's you?

MARJORIE

No, not at all. I'm like most people. Most of us are born with the *potential* for depression and it takes the right series of events or chemical reactions or whatever to tip us into it. And this is most of the world. Walking the tight rope between happiness and depression. Almost everyone on the planet, day in and day out, trying to keep their balance.

STEVENSON

(takes her hand)

We'll keep our balance together.

MARJORIE

We always have.

STEVENSON

Too true.

MARJORIE

And I want you to use your key, all right? This is Manhattan. She needs a gay uncle.

STEVENSON

(smiling)

So how long are you gonna be on this stuff?

MARJORIE

I don't know.

STEVENSON

Can I have some?

MARJORIE

Watermelon through the vagina, my friend.

END.

19 ACT II Scene 13

The sounds of Sunday evening in the city lightly waft through MARJORIE and JACK's apartment.

JACK and MARJORIE are on the bed in their pajamas. They are stretched out with Bella between them, exhausted but settled. The glow from the TV flickers across the blankets.

MARJORIE

Oh my God. I am so tired.

JACK

I am so tired.

MARJORIE

Did you know you'd be so tired? I didn't know I'd be so tired.

JACK

I didn't know I'd be so tired.

MARJORIE

She never stops nursing.

JACK

I know.

MARJORIE

It's incredible.

JACK

What can I say? My girl loves titty.

MARJORIE

She takes after her father.

Jack gazes at Bella.

JACK

They say they're supposed to look like the fathers to help establish paternity.

MARJORIE

Huh?

JACK

You know...Like in caveman days...primitive man...the babies had to look like the fathers so the mothers could tell who was responsible for bringing home the bacon, so to speak.

MARJORIE
Bringing home the bacon?

JACK
Yeah.

MARJORIE
These were not Jewish cave-people.

JACK
Probably not.

MARJORIE
She really looks nothing like me...

JACK
I don't know.

MARJORIE
What?

JACK
Well, she has my face...

MARJORIE
Yeah?

JACK
But she has your expressions.

MARJORIE
(Smiles)
Yeah.

JACK
Are you...feeling better? With things?

MARJORIE
A little. This is nice, right now. But sometimes when you're at work and it's just me and Bella, I feel scared.

JACK
What are you scared of?

MARJORIE
She's just so fragile. I'm afraid I'll mess up.

JACK
That's Nature's way of making sure you keep her safe.

MARJORIE
And sometimes it's like I'm in mourning. Like I'm in mourning for my old life.

JACK

You'll get it back, Marjorie. Maybe not all of it but this is just the beginning. You'll get back the parts that mattered.

MARJORIE

Since when did you become so wise?

JACK

Someone has to hold this family together.

Bella stirs, whines a bit, and MARJORIE brings her to the breast.

JACK (cont'd)

She has a sweet little cry.

MARJORIE

I know. I couldn't hear it before. It used to sound so horrible to me. Like a dying animal.

JACK

That's lovely.

MARJORIE

Isn't it?

JACK

(looking around)

Hey....what happened to all the pillows?

MARJORIE

I don't think a bed needs to be that complicated.

JACK

(Gazing at Bella, amazed.)

She honestly looks absolutely nothing like you.

MARJORIE

I know. How is it possible? Maybe she's not mine.

JACK

No, I was there. She's yours.

MARJORIE

She's mine.

JACK

She's yours.

MARJORIE

She's mine.

JACK starts to drift off to sleep.
BELLA begins to cry. A normal, soft
baby cry. MARJORIE cradles her daughter
and comforts away the tears as Bella
falls asleep.

MARJORIE softly places BELLA in the bed
beside JACK, securing a pillow between
them to protect the baby's tiny body.
She climbs out of bed and crosses to
the couch where she is startled by LYNN
who has been waiting for her. LYNN is
wearing her coat and holding a
manuscript. MARJORIE screams.

MARJORIE (cont'd)

Oh my God! Ma! How long have you been here?

LYNN

I came as soon as you called.

MARJORIE

It could have waited until morning.

LYNN

A child calls...

MARJORIE

I know....I know...

LYNN

(looking at the manuscript in
her hands)

I guess you do. Are you OK?

MARJORIE

I'm fine. You scared the piss out of me.

LYNN

Sorry, honey.

MARJORIE

You want tea? I was going for some tea.

LYNN

You called me.

MARJORIE

I didn't mean you had to come over at ten pm. I called to
talk!

LYNN

So talk.

MARJORIE

I just wanted to say I'm sorry, Mom.

LYNN

Don't be. Your grandma Billy? I kicked her out of the car when you were five months old.

MARJORIE

Out of the car?

LYNN

Right in the middle of Ridgewood avenue. Took her two hours to get home. She was too embarrassed to call anyone.

MARJORIE

She walked?

LYNN

Things were different. You didn't talk about it. Even to me. She went home and the next day she showed up to help like nothing happened.

MARJORIE

I can understand that.

LYNN

(looking at the manuscript)

No, honey. You're different. This book...

MARJORIE

It's just a draft, Mom.

LYNN

Are you going to keep writing?

MARJORIE

Yes. I wanted to show you first.

LYNN

I wish someone had written this when I was your age.

MARJORIE

Thanks, Mom.

LYNN

And you feel better now?

MARJORIE

I'm getting better.

LYNN

Good. So where's my granddaughter?

MARJORIE

She's sleeping.

LYNN

(getting up)

Oh, let me take a little peek....

MARJORIE

No, she's in our bed, with Jack.

LYNN

(raising an eyebrow)

She's sleeping in the bed? You're too modern for a crib?

MARJORIE

It's just right now. We were spending time with her and....

LYNN

Don't explain yourself. You do things the way you need to do things, OK? And I'm gonna call before I come from now on. Good deal?

MARJORIE

Good deal.

LYNN

It's late, Marjorie. I have to get home.

MARJORIE

Thanks for coming all the way in, mom. Again. I just wanted to apologize in person. And thanks for reading the draft.

LYNN

Thank you for sending it.

She takes MARJORIE's hands.

LYNN (cont'd)

You're gonna be a wonderful mother.

MARJORIE

I think maybe I will be.

LYNN

Not that I didn't already know.

LYNN kisses MARJORIE and leaves.
MARJORIE crosses back to the bed and
climbs in. She lies still for a
moment, listening to the baby
breathing.

MARJORIE sits up and reaches under the
bed for a single decorative pillow.

She places it carefully on the bed and
lies back down with her family,
enjoying the peace.

END.

