

Little Bundles of Joy

David Wiener





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LITTLE BUNDLES OF JOY

by David Wiener

CAST

BABY BOY: A male newborn.

BABY GIRL: A female newborn.

Place

A nursery in a small hospital.

Time

The present

ACT ONE

Setting: An actor and actress are seated in folding chairs with their legs stretched out straight in front of them, so they sort of look like they're lying down. Both have plastic ID bands on their wrists.

At Rise: As the lights come up, BABY BOY and BABY GIRL are crying and gurgling, acting like newborns. After a few seconds of this, BABY GIRL raises her head, stops crying, and glances around.

BABY GIRL: *(poking BABY BOY)* Hey--

(BABY BOY stops making noise and looks at her. BABY GIRL gives a quick shrug.)

BABY BOY: Everyone gone?

BABY GIRL: Looks that way.

BABY BOY: No cleaning guy?

BABY GIRL: Not yet.

BABY BOY: Where's the nurse?

BABY GIRL: I dunno. Doing paperwork?

BABY BOY: You kidding me?

(They both get up slow and stiff, like two middle-aged people climbing out of bed on a cold winter morning)

BABY GIRL: Maybe they're short-staffed or something.

BABY BOY: Boy, there's always an excuse; some hospital. What if one of us decides to stop breathing, what about that?

BABY GIRL: Hey, I don't run the place.

BABY BOY: *(wipes his mouth with the back of his hand)* I just hate this drooling stuff. *(glances around)* Where are we, anyway?

BABY GIRL: *(looks at her plastic bracelet)*...doesn't say. Name. Date of birth, sex, a barcode. That's all.

BABY BOY: *(rubbing his neck with both hands, squeezing his eyes tightly shut)* My head feels like it's been twisted off. I cannot believe how cramped and tight and hot it is in there.

BABY GIRL: Quit bitching. Everything's new, it's gotta be broken in. *(beat)* We're stuck now, so let's just--go with it.

BABY BOY: Fat chance.

BABY GIRL: *(doing some shoulder-rolls)* I nearly got the cord wrapped around my neck...it's just a very--messy business...

BABY BOY: That's putting it mildly. The yanking, the needles, the clamps, the blood--it's like a goddamn slasher movie...*(pause)*

BABY BOY: God, I'd love a cigarette.

BABY GIRL: *(looking around, taking it all in)* Well, you'll just have to wait 15, 16 years.

BABY BOY: *(trying hard to be optimistic)* At least--at least we're in a hospital, right? So that's OK. That's a good sign. It wasn't water-birth or some Wiccan-delivery ritual out among the rune-stones bullshit or anything like that. So, your parents and my parents might not be too insane.

BABY GIRL: We'll keep a good thought. *(pause)* They could be really poor, though.

BABY BOY: Let's stick with "keep a good thought," shall we?

BABY GIRL: Sorry.

(BABY BOY starts smacking his lips with a very sour look on his face)

BABY GIRL: What's wrong now?

BABY BOY: *(smack, smack, smack)*--don't you taste that? That--yuk--in the back of your throat?

BABY GIRL: Yeah; so?

BABY BOY: *(smack, smack, smack as he starts working out the kinks in his neck again)*...God, it's awful.

BABY GIRL: Oh, don't be such a baby. Keep swallowing, it'll go away.

(She sighs, walks over to him, and starts massaging his neck)

BABY BOY: *(suddenly alarmed)*--Did you hear something?

BABY GIRL: No.

BABY BOY: I heard something, go look.

BABY GIRL: For God's sake, will you try and relax?

BABY BOY: Just check, OK?

BABY GIRL: *(walks a few steps off to one side and peeks around)* The coast is clear. Jesus, take it easy. You won't make it past 30 like this.

BABY BOY: We're gonna be stuck in these damn diapers for a couple years, which is just...revolting. I mean, 24 months of sitting in your own foul, filthy, stinking--

BABY GIRL: - Yes, thank you, I'm well aware of the situation.

BABY BOY: *(starts playing with his umbilical)* It's just so--constricting.

BABY GIRL: Stop picking at that!

BABY BOY: It hurts.

BABY GIRL: It'll hurt a helluva lot more if you keep screwing around with it.

(BABY BOY sighs, stops playing with his belly-button)

BABY BOY: Everything aches.

BABY GIRL: Ah, you don't know how lucky you are. All you have to do is keep yours running. *(patting her chest with her palm)* Try owning this model! You have to keep it running and looking good. After 30, it'll be straight downhill for me. You'll keep looking better the older you get, even if you start out looking goofy. I'll just get--bizarre... I hope we're starting out cute, anyway. Boy, if there's one thing I hate, it's an ugly baby.

BABY BOY: *(not listening)* It's just hell getting old.

BABY GIRL:--I wonder if we're ugly?

BABY BOY: I don't want to know.

BABY GIRL: *(looks around)* I don't see any mirrors around here.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!