



**Sample Pages from
The Pregnancy Project**

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THE PREGNANCY PROJECT

A PLAY IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



The Pregnancy Project

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Printed in the USA

Characters

5M+15W

Donna: A plain girl who knows it but is certainly not crippled by it.

Lucy: A pretty girl who, until now, never believed anything bad would happen to her.

Josie, Gretchen, and Riva: A self-centred trio. Friends of Lucy. They all believe nothing bad will ever happen to them. Gretchen is the ringleader, the others follow.

Conner: A smart aleck who really likes Lucy.

Sharon: A teen mother.

The Class

June: Used to be naive but has learned the hard way.

Christina: Has a romantic view of relationships and babies.

Drue: Tough, knows the realities of life, but doesn't see her future as a dead end.

Sheri: Starting to learn to think for herself.

Mariah: Happy, positive view of the world. Naïve.

Tilly: Narrow minded. Lives in fear of everything.

Ann: Sarcastic. Knows who she is and is proud of it.

CJ: A bleak outlook on life. Sees her life as a dead end.

Paige: Obsessively studious.

Neil: A good guy, with a good head on his shoulders who has made mistakes.

Stu: The funny man who works very hard at being funny.

Andy: Angry, bit of a bully.

Edison: Sensitive and sweet. But knows that's not always seen as good.

Apart from Ann, who is mistaken for being really pregnant, the characters do not have to look realistically pregnant. But it would be nice to have a couple appear so in the opening moment.

I suggest either stuffed knapsacks worn outside the clothes, or pillows underneath the costume.

The bellies do not have to be weighted as long as the actors remember to act as if they are weighted!

Set

A unit set with two levels (risers) and enough seats (blocks, cubes, benches) for the entire cast. The “Class” characters are onstage (on the upper level) for the whole play. The other characters play their scenes on the lower level.

I would strongly suggest not using individual set pieces for the various locations.

The play should be performed without blackouts.

Lights up on an empty stage. A girl walks slowly onstage. She looks and acts pregnant. Another girl walks onstage. She looks pregnant. A boy walks onstage. He looks pregnant.

The rest of the CLASS characters walk onstage. They all look as if they are pregnant. Once everyone is onstage, they form a group pose and face the audience.

NEIL: *(out to the audience)* Health 301. Subject? Pregnancy.

ANDY & CJ: This is the stupidest project ever.

CHRISTINA: I like pretending to be pregnant.

JUNE: Why?

CHRISTINA: I don't know. It's fun.

DRUE: *(to CJ)* Yeah, like diarrhoea is fun.

CJ: *(to DRUE)* Or a yeast infection.

STU: *(to ANN)* Remember the egg project?

ANN: I liked the egg project.

STU: Look after a teeny tiny egg like a teeny tiny baby.

ANN: I long for the egg project.

NEIL: *(out to the audience)* Students, both male and female will experience –

ANDY: *(interrupting)* Like this is ever going to happen to me.

JUNE: Never say never.

ANDY: I think I can say never.

EDISON: Science is a remarkable thing.

STU: You could be the world's first pregnant man. *(ANDY glares at STU)*

ANN: Or not.

NEIL: *(out to the audience)* Students both male and female will experience,

SHERI & CHRISTINA: *(out to the audience)* What it's like to be pregnant,

MARIAH: (*out to the audience*) With their very own pregnancy belly.

ANN: Hey Neil, are you doing the twenty-four hour thing?

NEIL: Can't. I got two track meets this month.

STU: Can't do the 400 with an extra belly, eh Captain?

NEIL: Something like that.

DRUE: The aim of this project, aside from gross stupidity,

PAIGE: That's not in the instructions!

DRUE: Is to allow students,

TILLY: Both male and female,

JUNE: To conceptualize,

STU & ANN: Conceptualize?

STU: Ooooh big word.

EDISON: The realities of pregnancy and, in turn,

JUNE: Of having a baby.

TILLY: There's no way I should have to talk about this for a grade.

EDISON: Everybody does the project.

TILLY: Not if my mother has her say.

ANN lets out an alarm sound.

STU: Attention, attention, Tilly's mother is on the warpath. I repeat,
Tilly's mother is on the warpath.

NEIL: For extra credit, students may wear their bellies outside of class.

PAIGE: Special consideration will be given to those who participate on
a twenty-four hour basis.

CJ: So stupid.

MARIAH: (*to SHERI*) Are you doing it?

SHERI: I don't know. I could use the extra credit. But it's kinda
embarrassing.

ANN: Everyone knows it's not real. It doesn't even look real.

EDISON: (*with a sigh*) How come they never give extra credit in the classes where you could really use extra credit?

DRUE: You could not pay me to wear this thing outside of class.

CJ: Someone's going to have to pay me to wear it in class.

PAIGE: (*looking out to the audience*) Is that all the instructions Mrs. Rossi? Should we get started?

ANN: Should we be concerned about how much Paige wants to talk about making babies?

STU: Only if she pulls out one of those laser pointers.

PAIGE: I heard that!

The lights change. DRUE moves forward.

The CLASS moves into different spaces about the stage. They hold individual poses based on their personality and opinion of the project. Use the monologues as a resource.

DRUE: This is a stupid project. I know some girls are probably gushing over pretending to be pregnant, but I don't care. It's not a baby. Besides, you're preaching to the converted. I'd never do anything so stupid as get pregnant. I have five brothers and sisters. My parents both work. Who's the built-in babysitter? Who has no life 'cause her stupid parents had six kids? When my parents work the night shift, who's changing the baby at 2 am? Me, me, me, me, me, me, me, me, me. I hate their dirty grabby hands and their snotty noses and they always want something. Drue, tie my shoe. Drue I'm hungry. Drue read me a story. Drue, Drue, Drue. Ugh! (*she gives an all over body shudder, like shrugging off cooties*) And I gotta tell you – girls who gush? I especially hate girls who talk about how cute babies are and how cute it would be to have one. Like it's a sweater. Like you could put a baby on a shelf and say "I'm going to the movies, back later, bye!" I would love to get those girls over at my house at 2 am. See how cute they think babies are then. I'm never having kids. And the second high school is up, I'm leaving everyone to fend for themselves.

The lights change. A school bell rings. RIVA, JOSIE and GRETCHEN enter together. They have their bellies on. DONNA enters alone to sit near the girls, as does CONNER.

GRETCHEN: I can't believe we have to do this.

RIVA: I look like a house.

JOSIE: At least we're not in Mrs. Rossi's class. She makes you (*she makes quotation marks with her fingers*) "discuss" and "participate."

ALL THREE GIRLS: Ewwwwww.

JOSIE: You can't just do the writing journal. You have to "talk."

RIVA: Mr. Sisco's too embarrassed to talk about babies.

GRETCHEN: Suits me just fine.

LUCY runs in, late, with her pregnancy belly and sits with RIVA, JOSIE and GRETCHEN. LUCY is cheerful without a care in the world in this scene.

LUCY: Did I miss anything?

GRETCHEN: Not much. This thing looks ridiculous.

LUCY: It feels funny.

GRETCHEN: It looks ridiculous.

JOSIE: I can't even imagine being pregnant.

RIVA: I'd hate to be this fat.

JOSIE: I know. We're huge.

RIVA: So gross.

LUCY: Are you going to wear it outside of class?

GRETCHEN: No.

JOSIE: I could use the extra credit.

GRETCHEN: You're not going to wear this stupid thing in the cafeteria. It's humiliating. Do you want people to laugh at you?

RIVA: My sister wore hers outside of school.

GRETCHEN: Good for her. We're not.

JOSIE: Can you imagine waddling around like this for real?

RIVA: Gross.

LUCY: I think it would be cool to have a baby though.

GRETCHEN: Babies are so cute.

JOSIE: Oh I know. You could dress them up in those cute little outfits.

RIVA: I love those little outfits. The teeny tiny socks.

LUCY: I love the teeny tiny socks.

GRETCHEN: Those outfits are so cute.

JOSIE: I know.

GRETCHEN: And can you imagine if you had twins?

LUCY: It would be so cute.

ALL FOUR: Matching outfits!

RIVA: Little pink dresses.

JOSIE: Oh I know.

LUCY: I would want a little girl.

RIVA: Me too.

LUCY: But I wouldn't be obsessive about the whole pink thing. Girls look good in blue too.

GRETCHEN: Especially if they have blue eyes and blond hair.

JOSIE: Red heads don't look good in pink.

LUCY: It doesn't go with their skin tone.

RIVA: Skin tone is so important.

DONNA, who is sitting nearby, lets out a sigh.

DONNA: Will someone kill me now? Please let there be a fire alarm. Or a real fire. I would give anything for a real fire. I would even set a real fire.

CONNER: I got some matches.

DONNA: Maybe later.

GRETCHEN: *(to DONNA)* What's the matter with you?

RIVA: Yeah? What's the matter with you?

DONNA: Somehow, call me crazy, but I don't think deciding what colour looks good on a baby is the point of the project.

JOSIE: Is that right?

RIVA: Who cares what you think?

GRETCHEN: I'm sure she never thinks about having kids – do you Donna?

DONNA: No.

GRETCHEN: And she never has to worry about getting pregnant.

JOSIE: You have to have sex before you get pregnant.

RIVA: And you have to date before you have sex.

GRETCHEN: And she's never dated – have you Donna?

The bell rings. DONNA stands and exits right.

DONNA: Saved.

CONNER looks like he wants to approach LUCY but chickens out. He follows DONNA out.

CONNER: Hey Donna! Don't forget the matches!

GRETCHEN: What a nobody.

RIVA: Yeah.

JOSIE: Loser.

LUCY: Come on, we'll be late.

LUCY et al exit stage right as MARIAH comes down stage.

MARIAH: Sure I want to have kids. It's on the list. But it's a long list.

There are so many things I want to do. I want to make the senior swim team and I want to learn sign language. I want to keep my job at Pizza Louie 'cause next summer I want to back pack across Europe with Edison and June. Either that or drive across country, we haven't decided yet. Maybe one year the country and next year Europe! And I want to be a physiotherapist. But I want to be sure I want to be a physiotherapist and I want to redecorate my room and visit my grandmother more and sit and read and eat ice-cream and Oh! I forgot! When I backpack across Europe I want to be able to say "Where is the bathroom" in every country I go to. And Broadway. Wouldn't it be great to be on Broadway? Centre stage on Broadway, singing and dancing up a storm. No – a hurricane! A tornado! A twister! A cyclone! (*she comes back down to earth and grins sheepishly*) OK. Maybe the last one is stretching the fabric in the realm of possibility. Or ripping

to shreds the fabric in the realm of possibility. So. Kids are on the list. I like thinking about having a baby. I think I'll be a good mother. I just don't want to think about it now.

The lights change. Focus shifts to the CLASS. PAIGE is in mid-rant.

PAIGE: Mrs. Rossi, how are we supposed to answer that question? We can't answer that. It's impossible.

JUNE: (*aside*) She looks like she's going to explode.

EDISON: We can only hope.

MARIAH: Don't be mean. She can't help it.

PAIGE: I've never been pregnant so how am I supposed to know what it feels like? I can't even fathom what it feels like. I can't even pretend to know what it feels like.

CHRISTINA: Isn't that exactly what we're supposed to be doing?

ANDY: Neil's probably got the closest idea, eh Captain?

NEIL does not respond.

ANN: I think being pregnant must feel like being a bowling ball. My neighbour is eight months along and every part of her body is swollen beyond recognition. She looks like a big fat bowling ball.

STU: Five pin or ten?

TILLY: (*waving her hand in the air*) Miss, Miss, may I go to the bathroom? (*she turns her back to show absence*)

DRUE: She didn't even last five minutes.

CJ: (*extending a hand towards DRUE*) Pay up.

ANN: Mrs. Mayer's feet are so big she can hardly wear shoes. Not that she can see her shoes to put them on.

CHRISTINA: (*to SHERI*) You and Tim coming over tonight?

SHERI: I guess.

CHRISTINA: You don't sound very excited.

MARIAH: I think being pregnant must be wonderful. The whole concept is – wow – it's mind blowing.

DRUE: Here comes Spacey Macey.

CJ: I am out of here.

NEIL: (to CJ) Shhh.

CJ: (whispering) Sorry Captain. (she turns her back to show absence)

MARIAH: I mean, to have another life growing inside you. Pregnant women probably feel so peaceful and honoured knowing they are bringing life into the world.

NEIL: My mom puked for nine months straight.

PAIGE: Neil! Gross!

ANN: How does that come up at the dinner table?

STU: Neil honey, pass the potatoes please, oh by the way, I puked a lot when I was pregnant.

NEIL: How do you think it came up? I asked her.

STU: If I were pregnant, I'd be a freak of nature.

PAIGE: Be serious.

ANDY: He is. He'd be a freak of nature.

SHERI: I've never thought about what it feels like to be pregnant. Why would I? I can't even wrap my head around it logically. Babies don't just happen, they come from somewhere and they grow (she points to her belly) in here.

CHRISTINA: As opposed to where?

SHERI: Forget it.

STU: I wonder if women feel different if they're having an alien baby. Do they know when it's inside that it's an alien baby, or is it a big surprise?

PAIGE: Be serious!

STU: This is what I seriously think about.

PAIGE: Mrs. Rossi, I hope you're keeping track of who's taking the project seriously.

Lights change. JOSIE, RIVA and LUCY enter. LUCY looks like she's in a bit of a daze. She is a completely different person from the previous scene.

JOSIE: So how was it?

LUCY: What?

RIVA: Tell us, we're dying!

JOSIE: How was your date?

RIVA: Gerry Spalding!

LUCY: Oh. I didn't go.

RIVA & JOSIE: What!

LUCY: I had to cancel.

RIVA & JOSIE: Cancel!

RIVA: Lucy!

JOSIE: Why didn't you call us?

LUCY: I don't know. I – I was sick. I really wasn't feeling well. I went straight to bed and conked out. All weekend. Sorry.

RIVA & JOSIE: Awwwwwww.

RIVA: Are you feeling better?

LUCY: Sure. A bit. Um. Do you guys remember – ah – when did we go to that frat party?

JOSIE: I don't know. A month ago?

RIVA: We have to do that again.

JOSIE: High school parties aren't the same.

RIVA: We are so beyond high school.

JOSIE: I know.

LUCY: Actually, *(she laughs nervously)* I wanted –

GRETCHEN runs in. CONNER also strolls in. He quietly tries to get up the nerve to go up to LUCY. CONNER is wearing his pregnancy belly.

GRETCHEN: Girls! Guess what? There's been another knock up at St. Mary's.

RIVA & JOSIE: No!

GRETCHEN: My cousin's girlfriend goes there. She told me last night.

JOSIE: What is that, three this year?

RIVA: That whole school is going to end up preggers.

GRETCHEN: They're going to have to change the school motto.

RIVA: Serves them right.

JOSIE: I know.

GRETCHEN: How stupid can you get? Idiot whores. Right, Luce? Lucy?

LUCY: What?

GRETCHEN snaps her fingers in front of LUCY's face.

GRETCHEN: Hellooooo earth to Lucy.

LUCY: Sorry.

JOSIE: Where were you?

LUCY: I was... thinking.

RIVA: Ew. What are you doing that for?

GRETCHEN: Come on; let's get this stupid class over with.

LUCY, GRETCHEN, JOSIE and RIVA exit.

CONNER watches them go and hits himself on the head for chickening out. He turns to exit and runs smack into DONNA who has just entered.

DONNA: Ow! Walk much?

CONNER: Donna! Just the person I wanted to see. Are you going to class?

DONNA: Looks like.

CONNER: I wanted to ask you something.

DONNA: No, I won't write your journal for you.

CONNER: Ha. Ha. Funny.

LUCY re-enters, calling out behind her.

LUCY: I'll be right there. I just forgot something in my locker.

LUCY sits in a daze.

DONNA: Was there something else?

CONNER: (*seeing LUCY*) Actually, no. Nope. That's it. See you in class!

CONNER pushes DONNA so that she'll cross the stage faster and leave him alone with LUCY. He turns away to make sure he's presentable. DONNA passes LUCY without a second glance. LUCY looks up.

LUCY: Donna. Donna!

DONNA: Are you talking to me?

LUCY: Yes. Hi!

DONNA: What?

LUCY: Nothing. Hi!

DONNA: Where are your friends?

LUCY: In class.

DONNA: Are you sure?

LUCY: Of course I'm sure. I wanted to say hi. Hi!

DONNA: I'd stop sniffing erasers if I were you. It's affecting your judgement. *(she goes to leave)*

LUCY: Wait. I want to talk.

DONNA: Oh it's more than hi. You want to exchange actual sentences.

LUCY: I wanted... can we talk? Like old times?

DONNA: You have friends Lucy. Talk to them.

DONNA exits. LUCY is alone.

LUCY: I don't think I can.

LUCY sighs and exits. CONNER turns as if finally getting the courage to talk to her and she's gone. He slaps his forehead and also exits. NEIL comes down stage.

NEIL: First she's quiet. And distant. Like on another planet. I'd be talking about track and how coach won't stop ragging on me – normal stuff. She doesn't hear a word. Then. She doesn't want me to touch her. She keeps shrugging me off. I put an arm around her shoulder, I try to hold her hand. Nothing. I ask her: "What's wrong?" Nothing. She's fine. "What's wrong?" She's perfectly fine. Mrs. Rossi, why do girls say they're fine, when they're not? Cause she wasn't. I'm on my way to practice. She's at my locker. I'm late; I don't have time to talk. She's late. She. Is. Late. How?

What am I – I'm not, I'm just a normal guy. I'm supposed to get a track scholarship. It's not my fault. We were careful. It's not mine. We were so careful. Sort of careful. I thought we were careful. She's waiting for me to say something. Anything. I want to run. I want to get away from her face. I want her to stop looking at me. Stop waiting. My life can't be ruined because of one... I don't run. I can't. I blame my parents. I don't run. I say: "OK. We'll handle it." I'm a father. I'm a father. I try to get into that frame of mind. Figure out the right thing to do. I'm a father. I'm a father. Over and over and over and just when I... she's yelling at me in the hall. It's OK. It's OK. No baby. Everything – the whole world wrenches back to normal. Before normal. Sort of. It's stupid. I feel kind of sad. Only not. I'm sure I'll be... We broke up last week. I broke up with her. I guess I couldn't go back to normal.

The lights change. The focus shifts to the CLASS.

CHRISTINA: I love this project. Sheri and I went to a prenatal class last week and yesterday we were at the mall talking to this woman in her sixth month...

EDISON: (*aside to SHERI*) Are you feeling the love too?

SHERI shrugs.

CHRISTINA: She thought the project was a great idea!

TILLY looks very unhappy and gives a squirm.

DRUE: (*to CJ*) How many times do you think Tilly washes her hands after this class?

CJ: Want to bet on it?

ANN: I was at the mall yesterday. I had a coat on over top so I guess I looked, whatever, and two psychos cornered me when I was looking at nail polish. They said I should be ashamed. (*completely amazed someone would say this to her*) I'm going to be a drain on society!

STU: Did you tell them it was for extra credit?

ANN: They made it pretty clear I was totally to blame.

JUNE: If you were actually pregnant.

ANN: I know! What crap. Why is it the girl's fault?

SHERI: Girls get the bellies.

ANN: It's always the girls fault.

NEIL: That's not true.

ANDY: You'd know Captain.

DRUE: Well it's the same with sex. Girl – slut. Guy – hero.

NEIL: That's not true!

ANDY: Sure it is. And proud of it.

EDISON: *(aside)* Hero Andy. A stunning example of humanity.

MARIAH: *(with a laugh)* Shush!

PAIGE: We could discuss the statistical divergence between men and women and the age of their first experience. I have graphs.

TILLY: Mrs. Rossi, I have a note from my mother. I don't have to participate in any conversations I don't want to.

CJ: I am surrounded by freaks.

DRUE: *(to CJ)* Can you imagine those two contributing to the gene pool?

CJ: Be afraid.

They laugh and TILLY hears them, knowing it's about her.

TILLY: Laugh all you want. I'd rather be me than you any day of the week.

DRUE: In what way?

TILLY: *(with disgust)* You know.

DRUE: *(to CJ)* I think she just called us sluts.

STU: I think the gloves just came off.

CJ: I think someone's going to get their face pushed in. *(moves toward TILLY)*

TILLY: Mrs. Rossi!

NEIL: *(moving in front of CJ)* Easy CJ.

CJ stops in front of NEIL. She pats him on the shoulder.

CJ: No worries, Captain. *(She strolls back giving TILLY an evil look)*

ANN: (to TILLY) How do you know? I mean, aside from Andy metaphorically flinging condoms around –

ANDY: Gotta be prepared.

EDISON: Not so metaphorical.

STU: He's a regular boy scout.

ANN: How are you so sure who's had sex and who hasn't? If we don't tell you, how can you tell?

TILLY: I know what I know.

DRUE: (very sarcastic) She's psychic.

ANN: OK. What about me?

PAIGE: Mrs. Rossi, shouldn't we –

ANN: I'm just asking a question. (pointing at TILLY) She says she knows. (she points to herself) So... Virgin? Non-virgin?

MARIAH: I hate that word.

ANN: What do you know about me, Tilly? (TILLY refuses to play) No? Anyone else? Any guesses? Last chance... (no one says anything) I'll let you off the hook. (not ashamed) Virgin.

CJ: (with a laugh) Oh man.

STU: Geez Ann! Not so loud.

ANN: Who did that? Who laughed?

TILLY: CJ.

CJ: I didn't do anything.

ANN: Why did you laugh?

CJ: I didn't do anything.

EDISON: We are so screwed. People laugh at you if you say you're not doing it.

STU: And corner you at the make-up counter if you are.

ANN: It's not funny Stu.

SHERI: So what do we do?

TILLY: Don't have sex until you're married.

DRUE: (*with a groan*) Oh give me strength.

JUNE: I thought you weren't participating in the conversation.

TILLY: Someone has to be the voice of reason.

DRUE: You're the voice of reason??? You have a note from mommy!

JUNE: (*to TILLY*) You have the perfect take on life. Everything black and white, just so?

PAIGE: This isn't life. It's just a class.

SHERI: (*to herself, almost distracted*) If you loved me you'd do it.

JUNE: Have you done it?

PAIGE: Have you?

JUNE: None of your business.

CJ: That's means no.

JUNE: That means none of your business.

SHERI: (*again, almost distracted*) Everybody's doing it.

EDISON: Who is this everybody?

ANDY: Come on, have you done it?

JUNE: What part of "none of your business" don't you understand?

SHERI: Tim says if I loved him I'd do it. And it won't hurt. And it's something we're supposed to do. When did sex and love become the same thing?

The lights change and PAIGE moves forward.

PAIGE: I am ready. 100%. I've thought about this extremely hard in a lot of detail with many different outcomes. I've been deliberating the pros and cons for almost a year. I've made charts and graphs so I have a clear visual representation of the pros and cons. I'm not worried about getting pregnant or catching an STD because I am 100% prepared. Bad things don't happen when you're prepared. I've read books, pamphlets, brochures and newspaper articles on the topic. I've filled out quizzes in a dozen different magazines. I've catalogued relevant statistics, percentiles and measures of probability. After researching numerous birth control options, my doctor and I developed the best strategy for my body type and hormonal make up. I have all the necessary information at my fingertips. I know when it's going to happen,

what is going to happen and where it's going to happen. As soon as I get a boyfriend, I'll be good to go.

The lights change. RIVA, JOSIE and GRETCHEN enter from one side of the stage, CONNER enters from the other side with his pregnancy belly.

CONNER: Hello ladies. How are we this fine Friday afternoon?

RIVA: Conner, are you really doing the twenty-four hour thing?

CONNER: I really am.

JOSIE: Isn't it embarrassing?

GRETCHEN: Of course it is.

CONNER: I'm totally in favour of embarrassing activities for marks. Who needs essays and exams? I'd eat a lot of hissing cockroaches to go from a C to a B.

RIVA: Gross.

GRETCHEN: Isn't that missing the point?

CONNER: Hardly. I'm living life as a pregnant man. It's been an eye-opening experience. Yesterday a myopic octogenarian asked me when I was due.

JOSIE: A who?

GRETCHEN: A blind eighty-year-old.

CONNER: She was only mostly blind.

LUCY enters from the other side of the stage.

JOSIE: There she is.

The girls cross to LUCY who looks like she's moved from being in a daze to slightly panicked. She's not paying attention to the girls.

RIVA: Hey Luce. Lucy!

JOSIE: Where have you been?

GRETCHEN: Earth to Lucy!

JOSIE shakes LUCY.

LUCY: What? I'm not panicking!

GRETCHEN: What?

LUCY: What? Huh? Hi. Nothing.

RIVA: Gretchen's sister is going to take us to the mall.

LUCY: Huh?

GRETCHEN: Let's go.

LUCY: Uh... maybe later.

JOSIE: But we're going now.

LUCY: I don't really feel like it.

RIVA: You don't feel like the mall?

LUCY: I don't feel well. I have to go home and help my mom with...
stuff.

GRETCHEN: Call her from the mall. Tell her you forgot 'cause you're
studying for some big test. She'll totally buy it.

LUCY: I can't. She thinks I'm on my way home.

RIVA: But we do everything together.

JOSIE: It won't be the same without you, Luce.

LUCY: (*irritated*) It's just the mall.

RIVA and JOSIE gasp.

RIVA: What's wrong with you?

JOSIE: You're being so spacey.

LUCY: I – Nothing.

GRETCHEN: Whatever. If she doesn't want to come, so be it. Her loss.
Maybe she'll have to help her mom this weekend and won't be
able to come to my party.

JOSIE: I didn't know you were having a party.

GRETCHEN: I am now. But only for people who don't have to check
with their mommies. Let's go, girls.

*GRETCHEN, RIVA and JOSIE exit. LUCY is left alone.
She sits. CONNER hovers, finally getting the courage
to approach LUCY.*

LUCY: What does it matter if I go to the mall? Don't they know I have more important things on my mind? No they don't. (*she stands*) I should tell them. It'll be fine. (*she sits*) But what if they laugh at me? (*she stands*) They won't. They're my friends, right. (*she sits – she speaks uncertainly*) Right...

CONNER: Why are you talking to yourself?

LUCY: Huh? Conner. Hi. Have you seen Donna?

CONNER: Donna Basco? With the glasses? The sarcasm that sours milk?

LUCY: Never mind, never mind. She blew me off.

CONNER: Say, Lucy, since I'm here and you're here, I kind of wanted to ask you something.

LUCY: I can't blame her though. (*in reaction to what she just said*) What am I saying?

CONNER: I was wondering... I wanted to know if you... and me...

LUCY: How would she know what to do?

CONNER: If you weren't doing anything tonight...

LUCY: I don't know what to do.

CONNER: Ah... or tomorrow...

LUCY: (*she stands*) I'll talk to Donna.

CONNER: Or the day after tomorrow...

LUCY: (*she sits*) I can't talk to Donna.

CONNER: Or next Tuesday.

LUCY: (*she stands*) Sure I can. (*she sits*) What will it look like if someone sees me talking to Donna?

CONNER: Are we in the same conversation?

LUCY: But if no one sees me talking to Donna, how would anyone find out? All I need to do is make sure no one sees me. Right?

CONNER: I have no idea what you're talking about.

LUCY: She has to talk to me. We drank apple juice together. We went to craft camp. Thanks Conner.

She exits.

CONNER: So Lucy, about that date... OK maybe later. I'll see you around. Or not. Probably not.

CONNER exits. The lights change. CJ moves forward.

NOTE: If your school will allow, have CJ hold a lit cigarette during this speech. Create the contrast of CJ's selfishness and her "pregnancy." There are herbal cigarettes available without nicotine.

CJ: Don't do this. Don't do that. When I was your age. Don't you dare. Blah, blah. In one ear and out the other. It's my life. I can do whatever I want. There's nothing anyone can say about it. If I want to smoke I will. If I want to have sex, she can't stop me. My mom is driving me crazy. Trying to lock me up. Treat me like a kid. Is it my problem she made mistakes? Why do I have to pay for them? I don't care what she did. She doesn't want me to grow up so fast. But that's exactly what I want. The faster the better. Forget school, forget curfews and forget rules. Don't do this. Don't do that. Don't get pregnant, CJ. Don't you dare. You don't know what it's like to be alone and scared with a baby. I'm not scared. What's there to be scared about? If I get pregnant, so what? I'll get an abortion. Or I'll keep it and go on welfare. Mom'll help. She has to. She owes me. I know damn well I'd be a better mother than her. I'd let my baby do whatever it wants. No rules in my house. Hell, I'd be a great mother. There has to be something I'm good at. *(That little admission seems to rock CJ for a second. There's a pause as she regains her bravado. She gives a bitter laugh.)* She's so petrified of me coming home knocked up. I might do it just to spite her. What do you think about that Mrs. Rossi? You got something to say? You think I'd listen to you any differently? No one can tell me what to do. It's my life.

The lights change. DONNA enters and crosses the stage – she is on her way home from school. LUCY leaps out at her, as if from behind a tree.

LUCY: Hi!

DONNA: Agh! What are you doing!

LUCY: Sorry. Sorry. Didn't mean to – sorry.

DONNA: You do know it's not nice to leap out at people from behind trees.

LUCY: I thought I was being funny. Ha ha.

DONNA: Ha ha. What are you doing here?

LUCY: I wanted to get you on the way home.

DONNA: “Get me?” Where are your friends?

LUCY: I don’t know. Why do you keep asking?

DONNA: Because I don’t trust you.

LUCY: How can you say that?

DONNA: Easily. See ya.

LUCY: Donna, please. Give me a break. Just a teeny one?

DONNA: Do your friends know you’re here? Talking to me?

LUCY: They don’t care who I talk to.

DONNA: Uh huh. See ya. (*she turns away*)

LUCY: No. No I didn’t tell them.

DONNA: Why?

LUCY: I can’t talk to them about this.

DONNA: You can’t talk to your friends?

LUCY: It’s... squishy. I need you.

DONNA: Lucy, the last time we “talked” you said to me: “Go play with your dolls, Donna. I’m going to the grownup table.” Very melodramatic. I’m sure it would look nice embroidered on a tea towel.

LUCY: Do you have to be so sarcastic?

DONNA: It keeps me warm at night. (*goes to leave*)

LUCY: All right, all right. I didn’t tell my friends and I don’t want them to know. I need a neutral party.

DONNA: But I’m not neutral. I don’t like you. (*goes to leave*)

LUCY: Donna. We went to craft camp. We drank apple juice. (*DONNA is still walking away*) I’m late. I’m over a week late. I’ve been willing my period to come and it doesn’t. Every day I think, I’ll wait one more day. It’ll come tomorrow. But tomorrow comes and another and another and my friends keep making fun of the Catholic school girls and... (*there is a pause as DONNA stares at LUCY*) What?

DONNA: Are you serious?

LUCY: Uh huh.

DONNA: Are your parents away?

LUCY: Uh huh.

DONNA: OK. Come over for dinner. We'll talk.

LUCY: Oh I don't –

DONNA: You can walk five paces behind me so no one will know we're together.

LUCY: That's not what I meant. I – I'll come over after dinner.

DONNA: When it's dark.

LUCY: I'll be by around 8:00. OK? OK.

LUCY runs off.

DONNA: (*not sure what just happened*) OK.

DONNA exits. SHERI moves forward.

SHERI: The thought of having a baby kind of... I don't know. It scares me. What if I don't like my baby? What if it's ugly? My aunt just had a little girl. There are pictures of her all over the house. She is a horse-faced baby. She's hideous and I have to pretend she's not. What if I don't realize I don't want to be a mother until I have the baby in my arms? It's not like you can give them back. I don't think my parents wanted me. Oh they love me. I know they do. They never moved away while I was at camp. That was a big time fear. They were always so happy to see me go. On the bus ride home I was sure my parents weren't going to be there to pick me up. The bus would pull away and I'd be left alone in the parking lot with my sleeping bag. They always talk about what they would do if they didn't have kids. All the travelling they would have done. The jobs they wouldn't have kept if they didn't have kids. They laugh when they talk but I don't think they're joking. I would never have a baby unless I was sure I wanted one.

The lights change and focus on a small area downstage left. This is DONNA's bedroom. DONNA enters and begins to pace. She is not happy. LUCY enters on the run.

LUCY: I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

DONNA: Do you think I have nothing better to do than wait around for you?

LUCY: Riva called and I couldn't get her off the phone and I couldn't tell her where I was going. Your sister looks really different. I almost didn't recognize her.

DONNA: You should. She's going to be exactly like you.

LUCY: Is that – that's mean!

DONNA: Is it?

LUCY: You don't have to be mean.

DONNA: I'm just trying to be like your friends. I'm still expecting them to pop out of my closet with wedgies and gotchas.

LUCY: Girls don't give each other wedgies.

DONNA: I think they'd make an exception.

LUCY: You don't know them.

DONNA: If you didn't think they were a little bit mean, you wouldn't be here.

LUCY: That's not true.

DONNA: Then why are you here?

LUCY: *(she sits in defeat)* They're not mean about everything.

DONNA: So. You're late.

LUCY: *(she takes a deep breath and blows it out)* We went to a frat party and —

DONNA: And you're pregnant.

LUCY: Donna not so loud! You can't jump to conclusions like that. People get into all kinds of trouble when they leapfrog to the end of the story, when they don't have all the facts. I'm not pregnant. I'm just late.

DONNA: You haven't taken a test?

LUCY: I can't. What if I'm pregnant?

DONNA: Lucy.

LUCY: Don't say it like that. You sound like my mother. I could be sick. And I've been stressed out. Being stressed affects your hormones.

DONNA: What have you been stressed over?

LUCY: This! This is stressing me out!

DONNA: I'm pretty sure the stress has to come before, not after.

LUCY: This is all my mom's fault! She let me go to that stupid party.

DONNA: Did she know it was a frat party?

LUCY: Of course not.

DONNA: So she trusted you.

LUCY: What a stupid thing to do.

DONNA: Apparently. Let's go.

LUCY: Where?

DONNA: To get a test.

LUCY: What now? I can't do it now.

DONNA: You want to find out, don't you?

LUCY: No.

DONNA: You have to! You can't make any decisions until you know.

LUCY: Decisions?

DONNA: If you're going to keep it, or –

LUCY: (*interrupting*) No, no, no, no, no, no. I have to go.

DONNA: What did you think I would say?

LUCY: Oh you said all the right things. I guess I thought you'd say them slower. In a different order. With different words.

DONNA: Did you think I would get all warm and fuzzy? That I'd be happy and sweet and say everything'll be all right? Have you met me?

LUCY: You're right.

DONNA: This isn't going to go away.

LUCY: Talking to you was a big mistake.

DONNA: Lucy you have to face this!

LUCY: I didn't mean it like that. But you know what I mean. This was a mistake.

DONNA: You knew I'd tell you the truth.

LUCY: I should talk to my friends. They'll support me.

DONNA: You've got to take the test.

LUCY: You're right. I just can't do it today.

DONNA: When then? When it's too late?

LUCY: Gotta go. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

LUCY stumbles out of the room leaving DONNA standing there.

The lights change. Focus shifts to the CLASS.

MARIAH: Edison's belly got grounded last night.

STU: Did it sneak out after curfew? (*ANN gives STU a disgusted look*)
What's up with you?

EDISON: We're sitting at the table and I guess I'm complaining about wearing the belly 24/7 (*getting sidetracked*) How do women do this 24/7? For nine months?

DRUE: Women are crazy.

CHRISTINA: We are not.

EDISON: For nine months! I can't do it for one.

DRUE: Men could never do it for real.

ANN: Oh please. They'd be screaming like little girls.

STU: What are you looking at me for?

EDISON: So I'm complaining. My back hurts. My shoulders hurt. I can't sleep with the belly sticking out, I feel like I have to pee every five seconds which is nuts because there's not really a baby sitting on my bladder so it's got to be psychosomatic and...

MARIAH: And Edison's dad slams his fork down! (*imitating EDISON's dad*) "I've had enough of this nonsense. Take that thing off and get it out of my sight. I don't want to see it or hear about it again!"

EDISON: He was only being nice 'cause you were there.

JUNE: (*to MARIAH*) You didn't tell me you were going to Eddy's.

MARIAH: You never called back.

STU: Why do girls always say guys couldn't handle being pregnant?

ANDY: Dude, you want to have a baby?

STU: Of course not!

ANDY: Guys do not have to worry about being pregnant. Guys do not get pregnant. End of story.

DRUE: (*sarcastic*) 'Cause girls get pregnant all on their own. Guys have nothing to do with it.

CJ: (*muttering*) Leave it, Drue.

STU: I was just thinking if a guy... Well if he wanted... I don't know what I think. I think I'll shut up.

MARIAH: But you were on the cusp of saying something profound!

DRUE: Guys get pregnant. Just because the baby's not inside the guy... they're just as pregnant as the girl is. End of story.

CHRISTINA: That's stupid.

NEIL: I don't think so.

ANDY: (*with a groan*) Don't abandon the team, man.

NEIL: Not every guy thinks like you.

SHERI: (*aside*) Enough do.

ANDY: What's wrong with the way I think?

DRUE: Have you got a year?

The lights change and EDISON steps forward.

EDISON: I love kids. Love them. I work at the Y, I've been a camp counsellor for three years, I'm the best babysitter on the block. This is not something I talk about out loud at home. It's topic non grata. (*as if talking to parents*) Oh it's just a job. Just for the money. I'm good at it. Easy money. That is the extent of the conversation. C'est tout fini. Ferme le door. Zippa de lippa. Because that's the way the world works. What teenage guy sits around waxing poetic about having kids? I know the score. I have enough trouble fitting in on a day-to-day basis. One less thing to get ridiculed for is one less thing. Kids are so much fun to hang out with. They don't care what I look like. What I wear. They don't care about my marks or why no date on Friday night. They want their toys and someone to love them. Smash 'em up derby, tea party, hug.

Simple. The big calamity of life is not being able to tie their shoes. Shoe problems I can solve. When I have kids, I'm going to let them be kids as long as they want. And I'm going to let them have big dreams. Superhuman dreams. I'll never chain them to the ground. Never.

GRETCHEN, JOSIE, RIVA and LUCY enter. LUCY is in a daze and not really listening.

GRETCHEN: And then Mr. Herman was all “You have to take responsibility, Gretchen. Your marks should be much better than this.” That’s when I stopped listening.

JOSIE: I hate Mr. Herman.

RIVA: Me too.

GRETCHEN: Lucy.

LUCY: *(as if coming out of her daze)* Ten days!

GRETCHEN: What?

LUCY: What?

JOSIE: Don’t you hate Mr. Herman?

LUCY: Who? Oh, sure. Of course I do.

GRETCHEN: He went on forever. And he has these hairs growing out of his ears. Absolutely revolting. I’m surprised I didn’t puke.

LUCY: Speaking of puking... that didn’t come out right.

CONNER enters on the other side of the stage. He’s wearing a pair of very loud plaid pants and jacket along with the pregnancy belly.

RIVA: *(pointing at CONNER)* Ewwwww!

JOSIE: That is so gross.

CONNER: Ladies.

GRETCHEN: Conner, have you ever heard of the 21st century?

CONNER: I can only assume you’re commenting on my mighty fine ensemble.

GRETCHEN: You look ridiculous.

CONNER: I like the way I look. I'm tired of blending in with the crowd.
It's time to stand out. *(he walks away)*

JOSIE: You stand out all right.

GRETCHEN: Like a loser.

JOSIE: Like a big loser.

RIVA: You're a big loser beacon.

JOSIE: I can't believe he would walk around in public looking like that.

LUCY: Why are we mean to everyone?

RIVA: Huh?

LUCY: Why are we mean? Why did we make fun of Conner's outfit?

RIVA: 'Cause it's a gross outfit.

JOSIE: It's what we do.

DONNA enters. She has a paper bag in her hand.

GRETCHEN: Do you have a problem with that?

LUCY: What? No...

DONNA: Lucy. Lucy!

LUCY: *(to herself)* Oh no.

JOSIE: What does she want?

RIVA: Is she calling you?

LUCY: No.

DONNA: Lucy.

GRETCHEN: What do you want?

DONNA: I want to talk to Lucy.

JOSIE: Lucy doesn't like losers.

DONNA: Alliteration. Very nice Josie.

JOSIE: Was that an insult?

GRETCHEN: What do you want?

DONNA: Make-up tips.

The girls laugh meanly.

GRETCHEN: Trust me; there is no make-up in the world strong enough to cover up your ugly face.

RIVA: Yeah.

DONNA: Lucy can I talk to you away from this pleasant atmosphere?

LUCY: I can't talk right now.

JOSIE: Or ever.

GRETCHEN: No one wants to talk to you.

RIVA: Yeah.

DONNA: You want to do this here? OK.

LUCY: Donna.

GRETCHEN: What's in the bag?

LUCY: I have no idea.

DONNA: I know you didn't buy one so –

GRETCHEN: Buy one what? (*she takes the bag*)

LUCY: Nothing. I'm sure it's nothing.

DONNA: Did I say that was yours?

GRETCHEN looks in the bag and gives a gasp.

LUCY: Oh no.

GRETCHEN: Is this some kind of joke?

JOSIE grabs the bag, looks in it and gasps.

LUCY: I'm sure that's what it is. Just a joke. Donna you're quite the kidder.

RIVA grabs the bag, looks in and gasps.

RIVA: A pregnancy test? That's not very funny.

GRETCHEN: What are you trying to prove?

RIVA: I don't get it.

JOSIE: Are you saying we sleep around?

RIVA: *(she gasps as if just getting it)* Is that what you're saying?

DONNA: Close your mouth Riva. You'll catch flies.

LUCY grabs the bag and gives it back to DONNA.

LUCY: Nobody's pregnant here. No one's sleeping around. We have to get to class.

GRETCHEN: You better watch what you say. If I hear any kind of rumour going around, I'll know who started it and I won't be happy.

JOSIE: Not happy.

RIVA: Yeah.

They leave. DONNA sits. CONNER hovers.

DONNA: That went well. *(she stands)* Am I her mother? No. Why should I care if she screws up her life? Do I care? Do I care. *(she sighs and sits)*

CONNER: Why are you talking to yourself?

DONNA: Why am I talking to myself? Why am I talking to myself? Good question. Because I'm losing my mind.

CONNER: I always thought you'd be the first to crack.

DONNA: Huh?

CONNER: Go bonkers. Mental. To the zoo.

DONNA: Conner. Go away.

CONNER: Is she OK?

DONNA: Who?

CONNER: Lucy. I mean if you're trying to talk to her, if you're investing time...

DONNA: *(interrupting)* You're concerned about Lucy?

CONNER: Me? No. No. Maybe. A little.

DONNA: I don't know how Lucy is. You'll have to ask her yourself.

CONNER: Fat chance. She's always got the gruesome girlsome around her.

DONNA: Right. I'll have to get her alone, won't I. Hmmm.

CONNER: (*leaving*) See ya.

DONNA: Huh? Oh. See ya. (*she watches CONNER leave and gives a small sigh*) That sucks. Well, why should he be different.

DONNA exits in the opposite direction. The lights change. TILLY moves forward.

TILLY: Mrs. Rossi, sex scares the pants off of me. (*realizing what she has said*) No it doesn't. No it doesn't. I didn't mean that. My pants are firmly on. My mother does talk about sex. Well, the consequences of sex. Warns me away from sex. Throws sex out of an airplane without a parachute and watches it plummet to the earth. Metaphorically. But if she could do it for real, she would. She says no birth control has ever helped her. "You better watch it," she says, "You'll be just like me. Instantly pregnant." I don't want to be instantly pregnant. I don't want to be pregnant at all. The whole thing is very unsettling and this project is no help. I haven't slept in days. Mrs. Rossi, if I ask you something will you swear not to tell anyone? I don't even think I can say it out loud. I need to know for an absolute fact: is it absolutely certain you can't get pregnant from a toilet seat? I know this is something I should know, but last month there was this guy in my sister's study group and he used the bathroom right before me and then my period was supposed to come and it didn't. I was so sure my mother was right. Instantly pregnant. Toilet seat pregnant. My period did come. But I haven't been able to sit on a toilet seat since. Mrs. Rossi, I have another question. If you're pretending to be pregnant, that can't make you pregnant – can it? I thought I felt a kick yesterday. My period's due on Friday. What happens if it doesn't come? What'll I do? What if I've pretended myself into pregnancy?

LUCY enters and crosses the stage. She is walking home. DONNA leaps out at her as LUCY did to her in the previous scene.

DONNA: Hi!

LUCY: Argh!

DONNA: Do you know how hard it is to get you alone? It's like you and the gruesome girlsome are joined at the hip.

LUCY: Gruesome what?

DONNA: (*she hands LUCY the paper bag*) Here.

LUCY: Donna! Stop waving that around.

DONNA: There's no one near us.

LUCY: There are spies everywhere. One misplaced pregnancy test –

DONNA: It's not misplaced.

LUCY: Put it away.

DONNA: You put it away. *(she holds it out to LUCY)*

LUCY: *(she pushes the bag back toward DONNA)* I don't have room in my purse. *(there is a pause)* Don't look at me like that.

DONNA: Like what? And if you say "my mother" again, I'll slap you silly.

LUCY: I hate this!

She grabs the bag from DONNA and looks inside. She grimaces and shuts the bag.

LUCY: OK. OK. OK. *(she shakes her head)* Not OK. I can't!

DONNA: Do you think someone's going to take it for you? Lucy, you did this. You weren't careful.

LUCY: What do you know about it? You don't know anything! You've never even dated! I'll bet a boy's never even thought about dating you.

DONNA: *(completely fed up)* Take the test, don't take the test. Be a baby, don't be a baby, have a baby, I don't care.

LUCY: *(overtop)* I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Donna, please! *(there is a pause as the two stare at each other)* If I'm pregnant I'll be all alone. Everyone was drunk at that party. It's not an excuse, I know there's no excuse, I know what I did. But I... I'm not sure I could even remember – *(she sighs)* I'm afraid. That's all. My parents will throw me out of the house.

DONNA: You don't know that.

LUCY: They'll yell at me.

DONNA: You don't know that either.

LUCY: They'll be disappointed. They'll force me to have an abortion. Unless I want one. Then they'll force me to keep it. But what if I want to keep it? What if I don't? What if I do?

LUCY sits with her face in her hands. DONNA stares at her for a moment.

DONNA: I want you to meet someone.

LUCY: What about the test?

DONNA: Oh, you're taking the test. I want you to meet someone first.

They exit. The lights change. STU steps forward.

STU: Life would be so much simpler if the whole thing about the stork were true. Stork comes to your door: "Here's your baby!" No muss. No fuss. I would welcome the stork. Can you imagine how amazing that stork would have to be? Like a computer: Robo-stork. He'd have to scan through, what, millions of babies to bring one that looks just like you. And if it didn't, there wouldn't be any hollering about cheating or break-ups. You'd just blame the stork. Stork brought the wrong baby. No muss. No fuss. I don't really think about babies. It's not a high priority. Sex is a high priority. I can't help it. It takes up a lot of space in my brain. My mom is like a brick wall: SEX IS BAD. What am I supposed to do with my hormones? Put them in the freezer? Not that it matters. Girls find me repulsive. And I try. Oh I do. But I cannot find one girl who doesn't think I'm repulsive. I'm "Buddy Stu" or "Best-friend Stu" or "Guy-who-is-so-funny-but-I-couldn't-date-in-a-million-trillion-years Stu." Do you know what that does to the ego? It kicks the ego in places it does not like to be kicked. All I'm doing is trying to be an average Joe. I'm trying to be like the TV teens and the movie guys. That's what I'm supposed to be doing. Isn't that what all that advertising is telling me to do? If I'm not like them, then I'm nobody. Right? Isn't that what they're telling me? So I'm trying to be normal but the girls don't seem to realize the severity of the situation. Maybe if I could find a way to make this stork thing happen. I'd bet tons of girls would like me then. Something to think about.

The lights change. The focus shifts to the CLASS. There is a moment of silence. Everyone looks uncomfortable as Mrs. Rossi has asked a difficult question.

SHERI: I don't know.

EDISON: Can you ask someone else?

STU: Don't look at me.

CJ: Miss, can I go to the bathroom?

MARIAH: How can I know when it hasn't happened?

TILLY: My mother would kill me.

MARIAH: I can't even think about it happening.

NEIL: I'd want to keep it. Keep him. Or her.

PAIGE: You would not.

NEIL: Why?

STU: (*serious*) My dad would kill me if I got a girl pregnant.

PAIGE: You're a track star. You'd give up everything?

NEIL: I don't know. Maybe.

CHRISTINA: Maybe having a baby isn't giving up everything.

PAIGE: You'd have to leave school.

NEIL: So what would you do?

PAIGE: Nothing. It would never happen.

JUNE, NEIL, DRUE, CJ, and ANN give groans of disbelief.

ANDY: Never say never.

PAIGE: It would never happen.

JUNE: So you never make mistakes. You never screw up.

PAIGE: Bad things don't happen when you take precautions.

DRUE: Well that solves everything. Every problem solved because Paige takes precautions.

MARIAH: Don't be mean.

DRUE: But it's ridiculous to say that nothing bad is ever going to happen to you! Bad things don't care if you're prepared or not! How do you know your precautions are any good?

PAIGE: I'm not an idiot. I'm on the pill. I think that's pretty cautious.

TILLY: You are? Do your parents know?

JUNE: And you take it every day?

PAIGE: Of course.

JUNE: And you never forget? You never miss your window? You never take two at once?

STU: She's a machine. She probably has a pill-taking pie chart.

PAIGE: I am not a machine.

JUNE: Exactly! Exactly.

MARIAH: I couldn't be on the pill. I'd forget.

DRUE: Whooo. Taking a pill. That's so much more trouble than say, A
BABY.

MARIAH: So what would you do?

DRUE: If I was stupid enough to get caught up –

JUNE: If you made a mistake –

DRUE: I'd have an abortion.

EDISON: No!

TILLY: I knew it!

CHRISTINA: How can you say that? You'd – that is so wrong.

DRUE: Just because it's something you wouldn't do, doesn't make it
wrong. What would you do?

CJ: She'd keep it.

SHERI: How do you know?

CHRISTINA: So what if I did? Maybe it wouldn't be a bad thing. Maybe
it was meant to happen.

ANN: How can you say that?

DRUE: How dare you just leave it to fate? Don't you think a baby
deserves more than a whim? Than a "maybe it was meant to be?"
It's the one thing we have control over. We can't drink. We can't
vote; we have next to no say over where we live and what we do.
But I can say get your freaking hands off me. I'm not going to take
a chance, or let fate decide. I decide.

Everyone moves away from DRUE.

ANDY: OK.

STU: Someone's been O.D.'ing on caffeine...

DRUE: Go ahead. Walk away. (*she turns to the front*) Mrs. Rossi, what's
the point in saying anything when nobody listens? I could shout till
I'm blue in the face and what does it matter? I should have kept
my big mouth shut.

SHERI: (*quietly*) I hear you. (*stronger*) I hear you.

DRUE and SHERI share a look as the lights change to focus on a small area downstage right. This is SHARON's apartment.

Throughout most of this scene there is the sound of a baby crying.

SHARON enters with DONNA and LUCY.

SHARON: He's got the croup. He's getting better, (*she sighs*) but it was pretty scary.

DONNA: Did you go to the doctor?

SHARON: Yes, mom. Hey, I got some new pictures back. Wanna see?

DONNA: Sure.

SHARON exits. LUCY grabs DONNA by the arm.

LUCY: What is this?

DONNA: I think it's called an apartment.

LUCY: What are we doing here?

DONNA: Visiting Sharon.

LUCY: She's young. She's our age!

DONNA: Nothing gets by you.

LUCY: How old is she?

DONNA: Sharon is 17.

LUCY: What is this after-school special time? Take Lucy to a teen mother's house? She's an actor, isn't she? This isn't real. Is there a camera around?

DONNA: As much as I would like a record of your bizarreness, I'm afraid not.

LUCY: How come you know a teen mother?

DONNA: Sharon is going to night school and I babysit Nelson.

LUCY: That crying is driving me crazy.

SHARON: (*entering with pictures*) He looks so cute. I can't believe he's almost one.

LUCY: Can't you stop that?

SHARON: What?

LUCY: The baby is crying.

DONNA: She's a whiz at the obvious.

SHARON: He's sick. Sick babies cry.

LUCY: But it's so loud.

SHARON: What should I do? Put him in a drawer?

LUCY: No, no...

DONNA: Maybe stick a pair of teeny tiny socks in his mouth?

LUCY: I didn't mean that! But doesn't it bother you???

DONNA: You'll have to forgive Lucy. She's ten days late and she's stressed.

LUCY: DONNA!!! You can't just blurt that out! You can't just say that to anybody! What are you trying to do to me?

SHARON: (*realizing what's going on*) Oh.

LUCY: Oh what?

SHARON: (*she sits*) Of course the crying bothers me. Of course I want him to stop. You've only been here five minutes. He could cry for hours. Ten days, huh? Have you taken the test yet?

LUCY: No. But I'm sure it'll be negative.

SHARON: Do you have one?

LUCY: No.

DONNA: Here. (*handing over the test*)

SHARON: Go take it. Now.

LUCY: I can't.

SHARON: Do it.

LUCY: Hey! You can't talk to me that way. You don't know me.

SHARON: I know you. I was you.

LUCY: You don't –

SHARON: You're popular. You have a lot of friends. You're a cheerleader. You don't go to high school parties because you're so beyond high school. You think about boys and clothes and hair and going to the mall. At least you did until this week. Now the bottom's fallen out of everything and somehow you can't get into going to the mall. And the boy who was so beyond high school last week is nowhere to be found. And the things your friends talk about this week is driving you crazy. You're trying to convince yourself if you don't take the test this week then life could cruise along just as it always has except that every day that goes by...

LUCY: Shut up.

SHARON: Every day that goes by is another day where life is not the same. And you're not so sure it can't happen to you. And you may have screwed everything up in one fell swoop.

LUCY: Shut up! I didn't screw anything up. I can't have screwed up! Nothing bad ever happens to me! Nothing! Don't you see? I can't be pregnant. It can't happen to me. *(reacting to the baby crying)* Why won't he stop crying? What has he got to cry about?

LUCY collapses into a chair with her head in her hands.

SHARON: *(gently)* Lucy, I didn't wait ten days. I waited four months.

LUCY: What?

SHARON: I thought I could wait it out. I thought it would go away. *(handing over the test)* Here.

LUCY looks up and slowly takes the test from her. She exits. SHARON and DONNA freeze in position. The lights change and CHRISTINA steps forward.

CHRISTINA: My cousin's best friend had a baby. She gave it up. The whole thing was a disaster. Her boyfriend said he'd be around and get a job but he didn't. He said he'd marry her but he didn't. She said she'd stay in school, 'cause you can't get anywhere without a diploma – but she didn't. She said she was going to prove everyone wrong and be a good mother. She wasn't. She didn't know how to do anything and she didn't want to learn and she was always trying to get her mom to babysit so she could go out. I held little Julian the night before the adoption agency came. Who knows where she was. I held him and I watched him yawn and smile and when he grabbed my finger... I don't know what's wrong with her. How could she look at that little face and

not want to do everything and anything for him? I've been talking to Len and he totally agrees with me. I'd take a baby seriously. I wouldn't make any mistakes. I'd stay in school and get a good job and I will love my baby. If I do that, it'll be OK. I won't be like her at all.

The lights change and LUCY re-enters. She is carrying the pregnancy test.

LUCY: It's pink.

DONNA: Oh Lucy.

LUCY: It's pink. It's pink. What do I do?

The lights fade on LUCY, DONNA and SHARON. ANDY moves forward.

ANDY: I get it. I. Get. It. Women are the only ones who know what it's like to be pregnant. Make the guys know what it feels like. I get it. Great project. You're wasting your time. If a girl gets pregnant, it's her problem. It's her responsibility, not mine. If she doesn't want to get pregnant, don't have sex. Don't come crying to me. My girl comes all teary-eyed to me? I don't care. Keep it. Get rid of it. Don't make no difference. Just don't come expecting something 'cause it's not my problem. (*as if a girlfriend*) But Andy, it's your baby. Don't you want to be a part of your baby's life? No. My mom is pregnant. Again. She's almost 40. And who's the father? Who knows? Some guy. Some lowlife boyfriend. He's not going to stay around, and why should he? I wouldn't want to be saddled with a baby. Or my mother. He'll go and she'll whine and it's the same thing over and over. Why should it be any different? Why should I care?

The lights change. RIVA, JOSIE, GRETCHEN enter with CONNER. CONNER is not wearing his pregnancy belly.

RIVA: Where's your belly, Conner?

JOSIE: I thought you would do a lot for extra credit.

CONNER: (*subdued*) Yeah. I'm not doing it anymore.

GRETCHEN: Couldn't hack it, huh?

CONNER: Sure.

LUCY enters in a daze. CONNER dashes over to her.

CONNER: Lucy can I talk to you?

GRETCHEN: Ooooooh. Conner wants to talk to Lucy.

RIVA & JOSIE: Ooooooh.

GRETCHEN: Conner, Lucy doesn't date high school guys.

CONNER: Maybe she can tell me that.

GRETCHEN: Lucy?

LUCY: Huh?

GRETCHEN: What's your problem? It's like you're not even listening.

LUCY: I thought you were mad at me.

GRETCHEN: I am. But that doesn't mean I'm not going to look out for your best interests.

JOSIE: Bye bye Conner.

RIVA: Yeah. Bye bye!

LUCY: No.

JOSIE: What?

LUCY: I said no.

RIVA: What?

LUCY: I can talk to whoever I want to talk to.

GRETCHEN: What?

JOSIE: You want to talk to Conner?

LUCY: Of course I don't. Oh that came out wrong. Yes, I want to talk to Conner.

CONNER: You do?

LUCY: Of course I do.

JOSIE: I'm confused.

CONNER: You're confused?

LUCY: Oh – just –

LUCY gives a frustrated growl and stomps across the stage. CONNER follows.

LUCY: Who do they think they are?

CONNER: Ah, Lucy?

LUCY: Who do they think they are?

CONNER: You're seriously going to talk to me?

LUCY: I can't believe I put up with it.

CONNER: Lucy?

LUCY: I can do whatever I want! I can talk to anybody and everybody.

CONNER: So talk to me!

LUCY: Huh? Oh. Sorry. Sorry. I've been (*she makes a space cadet gesture*) – sorry. OK. Hi.

CONNER: Hi.

LUCY: What is it?

CONNER: (*fast*) Will you go to the movies with me this weekend?

LUCY: What?

CONNER: The movies. You and me. Preferably at the same movie.

LUCY: You want to go to the movies?

CONNER: Or bowling. Or to the flea market. Or video games – no, not video games. I know girls don't like video games.

LUCY: You're asking me out on a date?

CONNER: OK, I see where this is headed.

LUCY: No you don't.

CONNER: I know, I know, you're beyond high school guys. Forgive me for asking.

LUCY: No I'm not! That's not it. I can't date... right now. Things are... things are not OK and I can't – what happened to your belly?

CONNER: Oh nothing.

LUCY: Was it Gretchen and the girls? Were they mean?

CONNER: Them? I could care less what they think. I was on the bus yesterday. I was so tired, I haven't been sleeping, and my back was killing me – I was on the bus and it was really crowded so I had



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