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*Nine Months: inside out*  
First Printing, 2008  
Printed in U.S.A.  
ISBN 978-1-934962-27-5

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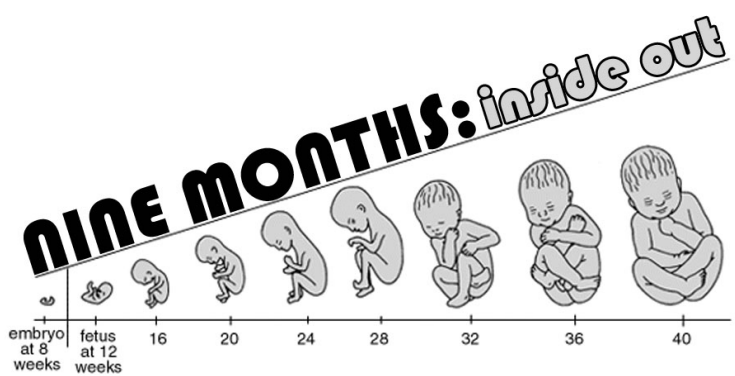
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**by S.W. Senek**

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*NINE MONTHS: inside out* was the 2005 Winner of the  
New Jersey Playwrights Contest  
produced by William Paterson University, NJ, 2005.  
Co-coordinators  
Ed Matthews and Shari Selke  
Directed by  
Phillip Sprayberry

*Outcome* was the 2003 Winner of the Circle Choice Award  
World Premiere by Playwrights Circle, Palm Springs, 2003.

*Making Room* was part of the  
Seventh Annual Festival of One-Act Plays  
World Premiere by Theatre Three,  
Port Jefferson, NY, March, 2004.  
Artistic Director  
Jeffrey Sanzel

*to my lovely Googles  
you are a wonderful mommy*

**9 MONTHS: INSIDE OUT**  
(NINE RELATED SHORT PLAYS FOR EACH MONTH OF PREGNANCY)  
by **S.W. Senek**

THE VOICE: Are you feeling fatigued? Are you experiencing heartburn, nausea, or flatulence? Do you crave food? Are you emotionally unstable? Irritable? Have you gone through irrational mood swings? Are you overwhelmed with fear or joy? Is that driver in front of you a complete idiot? Do you feel that your spouse is also an idiot? If you have answered “yes” to all of these questions, you might be pregnant. Drop everything and have a physician examine you *immediately*. You might already be *in* your first month of pregnancy. However, if you already know you’re pregnant please proceed to page thirty of *What You Don’t Expect When Expecting*. You have much planning ahead.

**FIRST MONTH: Outcome**

*(Time: Morning. Setting: In a bathroom somewhere in Northern New Jersey. Lisa and Bob stand in front of the sink. Lisa clutches the results of a home-pregnancy test in her hand. Neither Bob nor Lisa has looked. They give each other an assuring smile.)*

LISA: Ready?

BOB: Ready. *(Beat. Snap change: he begins to speak his conscience to the audience.)* Oh my God.

LISA: *(Snap change: she begins to speak her conscience to the audience.)* Oh my God.

BOB: This is it.

LISA: The moment—

BOB: A—

LISA: Our life could change.

BOB: A—

LISA: He can’t say it.

BOB: (*Encouraging himself.*) I can say it.

LISA: He *thinks* he can say it.

BOB: I *know* I can say it.

LISA: He can't.

BOB: Of course I can (*Deep breath. He tries to say it. Dejected exhale.*) I can't say it.

LISA: *I* can say it.

BOB: Look at her beaming, *she* can say it.

LISA: Pregnancy test—

BOB: She's just waiting to see the results.

LISA: (*Starts to bring the test up to see but stops.*) I can't look yet—

BOB: Is she? Isn't she? I can't take suspense. Suspense makes my skin itch. (*He itches.*)

LISA: God, he's itching—he's full of suspense.

BOB: Suspense has filled me.

LISA: He's suspenseful.

BOB: I'm itching with suspense.

LISA: It's all about symbols on a little stick.

BOB: I wonder what they used before the stick. Leaves? Leaves are very important in some cultures. Some people still choose leaves over toilet paper.

LISA: A line through a circle represents a baby.

BOB: What do the symbols mean?

LISA: (*Trying to let it sink in.*) “Baby.”

BOB: Circles, lines, squares, dots—the big dipper! I could never find the big dipper.

LISA: “Baby.” (*Assuring.*) Saying it makes it real.

BOB: “Baby.” (*Worried.*) Sounds too real.

LISA: (*Tries to believe the possibility of it.*) “Baby.”

BOB and LISA: Oh God.

BOB: What were we thinking?

LISA: It was so right at the time.

BOB: I mean, there she was saying “I want it.” It was my obligation.

LISA: He wanted it—he begged me. “Please!” I hate to see him beg.

BOB: She could have used the old—“I’m feeling sick” line. I wouldn’t have touched her.

LISA: I should’ve told him I was sick. He has this thing about germs.

BOB: Doorknobs. (*He pulls out a hanky.*) I can’t touch doorknobs without my hanky.

LISA: The hanky. He takes it *everywhere*—to restaurants to hold his utensils. Our wedding, to put my ring on. Is that how he’ll hold the baby?

BOB: At our wedding, the whole family kept telling us, “have children!” Children. How does one think with children around?

LISA: “Baby.” We just moved in. I haven’t found an appropriate place for my antique ceramic thimble collection gathered from Finland.

BOB: We moved here less than a year ago. I don’t even have my piano set up exactly where I want it. I’m very particular. It can take up to three years to find the right spot. There has to be just enough light.

LISA: I'm a real estate agent, not a mother.

BOB: Definitely not enough light—I've spent hours not playing but sitting.

LISA: How will I juggle a career *and* a baby?

BOB: How will I compose? I must have complete silence. There won't be silence—that and the light. Did I mention I get very tense with poor lighting?

LISA: "Oh, this is a perfect three bedroom, one and a half bath house complete with a—whoop—time to breast feed. Excuse me while I whip my left breast out. So do you like it? (*Beat.*) The house, not my breast."

BOB: I'll have to play children's songs. I hate children's songs. It'll be hours of "play it again, Daddy—again—again!"

LISA: It'll be countless arguments of (*Looks at Bob.*) "You take the kid."

BOB: (*To Lisa.*) No.

LISA: Yes, you take it.

BOB: No.

LISA: I can't—(*To the audience.*) I can't do this!

BOB: (*To the audience.*) I know this sounds a little selfish but...what about sex?

LISA: Look at him. He's thinking about sex.

BOB: Oh, damn, I can see her thinking about me thinking about sex. I'll think of other things.

LISA: I can see right though him.

BOB: I will put my *shield* up! (*Pantomimes pulling up his large shield. Stands proud like a superhero.*) She'll have no idea what I'm thinking now!

LISA: He's going into his "shield" phase. *(Bob stares at her.)* He's staring at me.

BOB: Oh god.

LISA: He's imagining me being huge.

BOB: She'll be huge.

LISA: He's thinking about sex again.

BOB: *(The thought of having sex with a very pregnant wife. Look of distaste.)* Ughh.

LISA: It's a beautiful thing.

BOB: If it were so beautiful, all adult magazines would go pregnant. It's an acquired taste.

LISA: It's natural. From the second you put on weight, you glow and—oh, no—this can't be. I spent countless hours on the exercise machines, doing weights, aerobics. He sabotaged me!

BOB: I read somewhere this is when women want sex the most.

LISA: We'll see if he'll like sex with me now!

BOB: I mean the kid will be right there.

LISA: We can still be intimate.

BOB: All three of us?

LISA: It's normal.

BOB: I have enough trouble being naked alone.

LISA: Of course Bob isn't normal. Take texture and food.

BOB: I'm particular—really.

LISA: If it doesn't feel right in his mouth, forget it.

heartburn, indigestion and flatulence will still continue. On top of that you can add constipation. There's no doubt that you are changing. Yes, even your pets might notice. You should get those dogs of yours use to the idea that their lives too will change—dig out that baby doll in the attic—hold it, caress it, kiss it. However, keep an eye on the male spouse when the doll is in *his* hands, he may get the sudden urge to play fetch or tug of war with the dogs. That could give your furry friends the wrong impression.

### THIRD MONTH: Making Room

*(Chaplin, a male Scottish Terrier, is on a doggy bed. Maxie, a female Papillion, is on the sofa playing with a ball. They are in Bob and Lisa's living room. Please note: Chaplin should not have a Scottish accent, nor Maxie a French accent. Chaplin is from the Midwest and has no connection to his Scottish heritage. Maxie is all New Jersey—and loves to dominate. Chaplin is ruled by fear and is mentally one step behind Maxie—except for accidental smarts. They should wear clothes that are suggestive of their characters.)*

MAXIE: What's their position, Chaplin? *(No Answer. Chaplin is asleep.)* Hey!

CHAPLIN: *(Trying to sleep.)* What.

MAXIE: I said, what's their position—Bob and Lisa?

CHAPLIN: I wasn't looking.

MAXIE: It's your watch.

CHAPLIN: I know.

MAXIE: Again, you fall asleep. Why do they use you Scotties for hunting?

CHAPLIN: Chasing you earlier tired me out.

MAXIE: Well, sleep some other time, we've got duties.

CHAPLIN: Sleep when their home and miss all the attention? You're kidding, right?

MAXIE: We have to be aware of everything. *Our* position depends on it.

CHAPLIN: *Our* position, *their* position—Maxie, you got your fur in knots. Everything will work itself out.

MAXIE: You are *so* uninspiring.

CHAPLIN: Hey, look, there are three things I need as a dog: sleep, food, and grass to tinkle on.

MAXIE: You don't get it you thickheaded fur-brain. You think this all comes easy. You know how hard I've had it? Sacrificed—that's what I've done—sacrificed.

CHAPLIN: Again with the "sacrifice."

MAXIE: *I* spent the whole year before *you*, learning senseless tricks, paving the way for your—your laziness.

CHAPLIN: Hey, I can do tricks—

MAXIE: Ha!

CHAPLIN: Ha! I can—like the "give me your paw" trick.

MAXIE: With your *back* paw. Chaplin, you can't even lay down on demand.

CHAPLIN: Can too.

MAXIE: Sure, when you shit on the carpet and get punished. What else can you do you miserable mutt but lay down in shame.

CHAPLIN: That's my thing, you know? Set the expectations low. They get so excited when I *do* get it right. And you—

MAXIE: Me?

CHAPLIN: Is there anything else you want to bitch about?

MAXIE: My point is, enjoy it because in five months it's ending. *All* of this.

CHAPLIN: Right. *(Beat.)* What do you mean, “all of this?”

MAXIE: I mean our top-dog days are coming to an end. The end I tell ya! THE END!

CHAPLIN: Can we go a day without the drama?

MAXIE: That’s fine. Say what you want, but I heard it straight from Bob’s mouth.

CHAPLIN: Bob wouldn’t tell you something without telling me.

MAXIE: Well, mama’s boy, while Lisa was scolding you for rummaging through the trashcan, *I* was with Bob and he let it slip.

CHAPLIN: You said Lisa put a treat in there for me.

MAXIE: Listen you gullible furbag—I’m telling you, we’ve got bigger problems coming.

CHAPLIN: We do?

MAXIE: A “baby.” *(She dog-sneezes.)*

CHAPLIN: A what?

MAXIE: A “baby.” *(She dog-sneezes again.)*

CHAPLIN: You’re having a baby? You’re having a baby! That’s terrific—that’s wonderful! That’s—that’s impossible. You’re—

MAXIE: Fixed.

CHAPLIN: But aren’t I—

MAXIE: Neutered? Yes.

CHAPLIN: But how can *we*—

MAXIE: *We’re* not dumb-ass, *Lisa* and *Bob* are.

CHAPLIN: A “baby?”

MAXIE: Yes. A “baby.” (*She dog-sneezes.*)

CHAPLIN: But they got us.

MAXIE: Which is why we *must* watch our step. My guess is they have cameras all over the home. (*They both look around for cameras.*) They’re watching at this moment, looking for any excuse to get rid of us. Haven’t you seen the changes? Like that room you usually lay in—Bob’s moving everything out and it will soon be a “no fur zone.”

CHAPLIN: No.

MAXIE: Oh, yes.

CHAPLIN: I’ve worked hard for that room.

MAXIE: Exactly.

CHAPLIN: I go in and outside whenever he wants. I even eat the same dry food three-hundred and sixty-five days a year—four years straight.

MAXIE: Gets you mad, right?

CHAPLIN: A little mad, but—

MAXIE: I’ll tell you the first thing we should do when that baby gets here is shit under its bed. That’ll show ’em.

CHAPLIN: Really?

MAXIE: Start making plans, pal—the writing’s on the wall. I mean, haven’t you see the signs?

CHAPLIN: Signs? (*Looking around.*) Where?

MAXIE: The first time I saw Bob talking to Lisa’s stomach, I thought he was an idiot. But now it makes perfect sense. They’re declaring war on us and it’s getting worse..

CHAPLIN: Worse?

MAXIE: Goodbye doggies and hello baby. (*She sneezes.*)

CHAPLIN: I don't like the sound of this.

MAXIE: Friends who used to pet us will now only come to see the kid—"Oh, how cute—adorable."

CHAPLIN: That's reserved for us—

MAXIE: Well, not anymore, fuzzy face. This whole house is unofficially "paws off." And, the barking?

CHAPLIN: Bob *loves* our bark.

MAXIE: Not anymore. And the walks—

CHAPLIN: Don't say it.

MAXIE: That's right—

CHAPLIN: No—

MAXIE: The walks are history!

CHAPLIN: (*Howling.*) NOOOOO!

MAXIE: (*Howling.*) YEEEESSS!

CHAPLIN: I love our walks. He proudly puts colorful attachments on us and parades us down the street. He can't take that away.

MAXIE: We'll be replaced with a stroller. And it won't stop there.

CHAPLIN: No?

MAXIE: No. This baby will turn into a toddler—

CHAPLIN: That's good, right?

MAXIE: PAIN!

CHAPLIN: Pain?

MAXIE: PAIN! They chase you (*Chases Chaplin a couple of steps.*), pull your hair (*Yanks at his hair.*), stretch you (*Stretches him.*), get on your back and ride you like your some kind of animal (*Gets on his back.*).

CHAPLIN: (*Takes Maxie down. Hanging over her, ready to bite.*)  
Well, I'll bite 'em then!

MAXIE: That'll be the end of us for sure. These children, they have special powers. They control the parents—they're spawns of Satan.  
PAIN!

CHAPLIN: Pain?

MAXIE: My first Christmas before you, Bob's niece and nephew chased me all around the house, yelling. Every time they saw me—(*Grabs Chaplin. Yells on one side of him.*) "Ahhhh!" Then I yelled, (*Yells on the other side of Chaplin.*) "ahhhhh!" Then they yelled, (*Yells again on the previous side of Chaplin.*) "ahhhhh!" They forced me to do tricks—without a treat.

CHAPLIN: No treat?

MAXIE: Then—

CHAPLIN: There's more?

MAXIE: They forced a hug upon me—(*She puts her arms around Chaplin and squeezes.*) squeezed and *squeezed* until I yelped.

CHAPLIN: (*Yelps.*) Stop your horrible talk!

MAXIE: My friend, our days on easy street are done. Finished. Over.

CHAPLIN: You're really starting to scare me.

MAXIE: You see, the things they're doing to us, they think we won't remember it—that it will all be forgotten.

CHAPLIN: But it will.