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Big Baby
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More Great Plays Available
From OWP

Albino Black Jewish Lesbians
on Zoloft

by Richard Krevolin

3 Females

Synopsis: Meet Debbie: A child star at 9, Lost her virginity at 10, Addicted to diet pills at 11, Bulimic at 12, Anorexic at 13, Alcoholic at 14, A cocaine addict at 15, In rehab at 16, Dianetics at 17, Big comeback at 18, Married at 19, Divorced at 20, Outed as a lesbian at 23... Now Debbie is clinically depressed.
(Wait until you meet her shop-a-holic stage mother)

Nine Months: Inside Out
nine related short plays for each month
of pregnancy

by S.W. Senek

2 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: Bob and Lisa are having a baby and their lives will change forever. This circular play is a month-by-month guide made up of nine scenes, revolving around one couple, exploring different points of view on how the birth of one baby can affect so many lives.

Big Baby was originally produced at The Lounge Theatre in Los Angeles, California, January 10th 2008. It was directed by Matt Roth, set and lighting was designed by Gary Guidinger, produced by Joe Keyes, Heather King, and Maile Flanagan. The cast was as follows:

JUNE	Danielle Kennedy
NANCY	Chloe Taylor
KILE	Joe Keyes

CHARACTERS:

JUNE: 60 or so, Catholic fixated, mean, loving, cold, and funny.

NANCY: 30-40, newly sober, damaged, and funny.

KILE: 40-ish, neurotic, angry, lonely, and funny.

SETTING:

An old, faded, two bedroom apartment.

BIG BABY
By
JOE KEYES

BIG BABY

(An old, faded, two bedroom apartment. There is a fair amount of "Catholic stuff" on the walls and shelves.)

(There is a kitchenette with a serving window, center stage. Underneath it, onstage, is a small table with two chairs. There is a couch, down stage right, and a stuffed chair, stage left.)

(Kile (43) nervously paces and fidgets. June (60) sits, knitting and humming.)

KILE : I feel violent...I feel violent, today.

JUNE: Did you take your medicine?

KILE: Mom...

JUNE: It makes you feel better, doesn't it?

KILE: It makes me feel dead, Mom. That's not better.

JUNE: Well, don't nip at me. I'm only trying to help so, don't be so nippy.

KILE: *(trying to throw off his angst)* Aaaaauugghh!

JUNE: You don't need to start being loud, now.

KILE: When should I start; Tomorrow—

JUNE:--Don't start acting like--

KILE:--Next month? Next year?

JUNE:--Kile. Come on--

KILE:--Two years.--

JUNE: *(clapping her hands)* --Let's be nice now. What do you want for lunch, honey? I've got casserole from last night?...your favorite,- "Pea-Wiggle"---Peas, noodles, kidney beans, onions, those cute, tiny, red potatoes; And all that good ground beef.

KILE: *(Imitating her)* "Good ground beef."

JUNE: What's that, Kile?

KILE: Good-ground-beef-good-ground beef.

(She is in the kitchenette, heating up the casserole.)

JUNE: That's right...and tomato sauce, chopped carrots, black pepper, not too much salt and, yellow corn, yellow corn, can't forget the yellow corn. Oh, I also have some nice little butter cookies.

KILE: Do you hear yourself, Mom?

JUNE: What's that honey?

KILE: Can you hear what's leakin' from your head?

JUNE: Shut up. We're talking about the casserole; it's your favorite and we're discussing it.

KILE: Over and over again, the same damn things, every God damn day.

JUNE: Let's not use the bad language, Kile, you know I don't care for it.

KILE: ...Every damn day, the same dam circles; over and over and—

JUNE: --Well, that's what people do, they talk about what they know. No sense talking about things you don't know, is there? Don't be stupid. I been making this casserole for forty years, your Dad just loved it.

KILE: Don't mention him, Mom.

JUNE: Richard was a good man, for a while, until the drinking ripped him apart.

KILE: He was a creepy Bastard.

JUNE: I don't like that language, Kile.

KILE: Well, don't bring up Dad, it makes me mad, Mom.

JUNE: He's not here anymore, so, why be mad?

KILE: He's here; He's living right here, Mom.

JUNE: You're over-thinking again.

KILE: He use to hit ya, I use to see that, I remember.

JUNE: He could be very sweet.

KILE: He broke yer arm, that's nice and sweet.

JUNE: He didn't mean to. He was just, just...

KILE: --Just what?

JUNE: Pushing me, just pushing.

KILE: Down the God damn stairs.

JUNE: Language, language.

KILE: I'm glad he's dead.

JUNE: No, you're not.

KILE: If he was alive, I'd kill 'em.

JUNE: You would not.

KILE: (*angry*) I'd squeeze his sunburned neck 'till his eyes popped.

JUNE: Quiet. He had a hard life. He worked so hard, for so long, for so little...

KILE: He was full of hate.

JUNE: ...up on those roofs, spreading that tar-that's hard work, shingling in the sun—

KILE: (*Kile springs from the couch*) --He was a loser.

JUNE: ...His father wasn't very nice to him.

KILE: (*gripped by anger*) ...I hope he's burning in Hell!

JUNE: --He's not in Hell! He's in Heaven! He's at peace in heaven 'cause he, he, suffered on earth!

(*She goes to her room and shuts the door.*)

KILE: Mom?...Mooooom?...I'm sorry.

(*He picks up his plate from the table and begins shoveling in some pea-wiggle.*)

KILE: Mom?...I'm sorry.

(*He crosses to her door with the plate.*)

KILE: I'm sorry, Mom.

(*Eating and listening.*)

KILE: (*tapping*) You hear me?...Mother?...I said, I'm sorry...What are you doing?...Mom, can you hear me?

(*He eats.*)

KILE: Mom!?...stop punishing me. (*He bangs his head against her door as he talks*) I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

(She opens the door.)

JUNE: You certainly are. You eat like a pig. *(She wipes his mouth)*
You want some more pea-wiggle? I even snuck a little cheese in this time.

KILE: Yeah, it's good.

(She takes the plate from him.)

JUNE: It's that super sharp, yellow cheddar, you love so much.

KILE: Yeah.

JUNE: ...from Canada; they know their cheeses. They take time with things. They're thoughtful.

(She steps into the kitchenette.)

KILE: I'll have more later.

JUNE: Don't forget about the butter cookies.

KILE: They're burned into my brain, Mom.

(She returns from the kitchenette.)

JUNE: How're you feeling now, Kile?

(She sits with him at the table.)

KILE: Depressed.

JUNE: Well, you know what ya need to do: Go to the doctor, get a different pill.

KILE: I've been through eight different pills, Mom.

JUNE: You need a new one; something that works for a while.

KILE: ...In five years, eight pills; eight pills and seven doctors.

JUNE: They're always inventing new one's. It's just a matter of time 'till you find the one that's meant for you.

KILE: *(with growing anger)* Just a matter of time. In the mean time, time flies by...quack, quack, quack.

JUNE: What is that? Why'd you quack, what's that mean?

KILE: It's like ducks, "flying by."

JUNE: Ducks? Why are there ducks?

KILE: Like time-"Flying by"-like time, it's-Forget it.

JUNE: Your mind's not right. You need to see the doctor.

KILE: (*Up and pacing*) The Doctor's tell ya anything to get more money, "run some more tests."...

JUNE: ...They're concerned.

KILE: ...So they can buy another lake home.

JUNE: ...Honey, don't be so—

KILE: --How many homes do they need?

JUNE: They heal people, that's worth a home.

KILE: We got three rooms.

JUNE: Four, with the bathroom. And the kitchen's a room.

KILE: They misdiagnose, and give ya the wrong pills, and don't take the time, they don't take the time 'cause they're clawing their way to the next wallet!

JUNE: They take an oath, a hippocratic oath, I believe it's called.

KILE: Empty rhetoric; lies, like everything else these days.

JUNE: You're just so negative, Kile.

KILE: No, you're, you're gullible, Mom. Look around. Just look around...

(*He points to a newspaper on the floor.*)

KILE: ...Look at the "Commander and Chief". He took an oath, swore on the bible, then killed thousands of people.

JUNE: He's protecting us.

KILE: He's destroying us.

JUNE: You don't trust people, That's the nature of your problem.

KILE: What's there to trust, Mom?

JUNE: Your thinking is off, Kile.

KILE: I can't control my thinking, Mom; It operates on it's own. It's been set.

JUNE: Well, some people can, you need to work on it.

KILE: I'm not saying I don't work on it. I do, I—

JUNE: --You give up too easy.

KILE: I'm still alive, Mom, so I haven't given up, have I?

JUNE: You need to see the world in a prettier light, then you won't feel so bad all the time, honey.

KILE: (*sarcastically*) OK. I'm gonna just close my eyes and when I open them, I'm gonna see the world in a pretty new light. A brand new shade of red or white or blue.

(*Back at the table with her.*)

JUNE: You can do it, if ya'd put in the effort and had some faith.

(*A moment passes*)

JUNE: What are ya thinking about, honey...those ducks again?

KILE: What?

JUNE: Thinking about ducks?

KILE: No... I don't know...just...everything, at the same time, just, just, everything.

JUNE: Do you still feel violent?

KILE: Not 'till you mentioned it.

JUNE: Try not to get agitated, It's not productive.

KILE: I can't help it.

JUNE: Gotta call the doctors.

KILE: They don't help me. They don't help.

JUNE: You have your psychiatrist on Tuesday. Don't forget that.

KILE: He won't see me anymore.

JUNE: What do you mean, why not?

KILE: He got mad at me.

JUNE: What? What for? Why'd he get mad?

KILE: 'Cause I grabbed him.

JUNE: Oh, Kile, why'd you grab him?

KILE: 'Cause he won't see me anymore.

(He's up and agitated again.)

JUNE: You're not supposed to grab him, He's a doctor.

KILE: He's a heartless bastard! He's mad at me 'cause I don't have the kind of insurance that will let him drain a pile of money from me.

JUNE: You're not paying, why should you care?

KILE: It's the system, Mom. It's corrupt and he's, he's part of it.

JUNE: You don't see things clearly, Kile.

KILE: Thank God for delusion, I couldn't take it otherwise.

JUNE: Don't be smart—

KILE: --That doctor talks down to me, Mom, 'cause I'm getting assistance.

JUNE: He can't help talking down to you; he's a professional.

KILE: He doesn't listen and He speaks like he's dead inside!

JUNE: What?

KILE: *(getting worked up)* Just another walking, talking, greedy, lying, dead man.

JUNE: How can he lie and be dead at the same time? You're sounding crazy again—

KILE: ---I'm sick of it all, God damn it!

JUNE: --Don't blame the Lord!... If you're gonna act up, I'm gonna go to my room to knit and listen to the radio. Paul Harvey's on, I find him soothing. He's been on for years. He's familiar. I guess that's what's comforting.

(It's quiet for a bit as Kile wanders anxiously, and June knits and hums.)

JUNE: How about Father Jim?

(Kile finds a broom.)

KILE: What about him?

JUNE: You need to talk to him. You need to come to church with me.

KILE: I have talked to him.

JUNE: Good, good. He's a real nice young man.

(Kile sweeps)

KILE: He looked a little too deeply into my eyes, like he was looking for something.

JUNE: What is that supposed to mean?

KILE: I don't know, he's the priest; he's supposed to console me. I'm trying not to think about it.

JUNE: Of the last five priests that have come and gone, I like him the best; He even looks a little like Jesus.

KILE: I thought Jesus had brown eyes and brown hair.

JUNE: Not in my favorite picture; He's blond, with blue eyes, just like father Jim.

KILE: Father Jim talks like he's trying to convince himself.

JUNE: Convince himself?... of what?

KILE: Of everything he says.

JUNE: That's his job, to be convincing.

KILE: Well, I'm not convinced.

JUNE: He brings grace into my life. I look forward to Sundays.

KILE: How about Mondays?

JUNE: Mondays are hard for us all. Just remember that Jesus died for your sins. Your life could be a whole lot worse.

KILE: I didn't know how to sin till I learned about him.

JUNE: You better be getting down on your knees to pray, Kile-before ya go to bed.

KILE: *(flopping onto the couch)* I've tried that.

JUNE: Well, stop trying and just do it, 'cause it helps, It really does. It makes my knees throb, but the comfort I get from the Lord is worth the pain. Besides, Jesus expects us to suffer.

KILE: Why is that again, Mom?

JUNE: Because he died for us; the least we can do for him is suffer.

KILE: Is that really how it works?

JUNE: Yes, faith, faith and constant prayer.

KILE: I've prayed to everyone.

JUNE: What's that, son?

KILE: I've prayed to 'em all; all the action figures.

JUNE: Who are you talking about?

KILE: Jesus, Allah, Buddha, Krishna, Moses. The whole God damn collection!

JUNE: Language, Kile.

KILE: I've prayed till my knees throbbbed, too and I've listened, and ya know what I hear?... nothin', just me throbbing.

JUNE: God hears everything.

KILE: His ears must be enormous.

JUNE: You let yourself get angry, that's the problem.

KILE: It's the only way I know I'm alive.

JUNE: Better sweep the floor, honey. Take your mind off your torment. "An idle mind is the Devil's playground."

KILE: My mind's not idle, it's louder than hell. The Devil's gonna need a P.A. System to cut through this (*points to his head*) playground.

(*Kile begins to sweep.*)

JUNE: Stop thinking so much, it's harmful. You need to get a job.

KILE: I've had a lot of jobs, Mom.

JUNE: But they always ask you to leave, honey.

KILE: They don't ask.

JUNE: You don't want to live on disability your whole life, do you?

KILE: I've got a disorder, Mom, a mental one, you know that!

JUNE: Well, maybe it's about—

KILE: (*angry*) --I can't help it, I can't control it, I can't get rid of it, it-it-it, just...is!

JUNE: If you could just learn to not argue with people. They don't need to know how disturbed you are.

KILE: I try to keep it a secret, Mom.

JUNE: Everyone's head is filled with sick thoughts; they just work hard to not let people know.

KILE: Really? Does that include you, Mom?

JUNE: Thankfully, my thoughts are guided by The Virgin Mary, the loving Father, and the Holy ghost.

KILE: You've got a whole team working for ya and a ghost.

JUNE: You've gotten worse, ever since you broke up with that Ginger person; she was a terrible influence on you.

KILE: I told you not to talk about Ginger, Mom.

JUNE: She made you miserable.

KILE: You haven't dated anyone in thirty years.

JUNE: I don't date. I'm the bride of Christ.

KILE: And you get everything you need, right?

JUNE: That's right, that's right, I do. And you shouldn't have the government take care of you, it's not their responsibility.

KILE: What is their responsibility?

JUNE: It's not to spend money on you.

KILE: Who should they spend it on.

JUNE: (*Not sure*) ...On the people who...who...in areas where it, it helps everyone the most.

KILE: What area is that, Mom?

JUNE: Well, I, I, guess we don't know just yet, do we? 'Cause things are changing. That's what's great about our wonderful democracy; at any moment we get to move in an exciting new direction.

KILE: Straight into hell-exciting.

JUNE: Stop it. The Government is designed to, to, serve and protect, "the People"—

KILE: (*still sweeping*) --Then how come there are so many unserved and unprotected?. the government is run by egomaniacal monsters, who poison our spirit with paranoia—

JUNE: Oh, boy—

KILE: --To push their sick agendas.

JUNE: ...Crazy talk. Crazy talk.

KILE: --They promote fear, to keep us in line!

JUNE: Your dad would never even take food stamps.

KILE: 'Cause he never ate food-He only drank booze.

JUNE: He loved my casserole.

KILE: I know, Mom. Stop talking about that!

JUNE: What, the Pea-wiggle?

KILE: --The Pea-wiggle and Dad and the weird priest and the greedy damn doctors and the loser president and his heartless, corrupt, blood-thirsty government! and, the, the—

JUNE: --Your negativity!

KILE: --My negativity! My negativity! Stop talking about...

(*June crosses to her room.*)

KILE: ...all this stupid stuff-Where are you going? What are—

JUNE: ...I'm gonna go pray to the Virgin Mary, it helps me. You should do it, too, She'll help you.

(*She closes her door.*)

KILE: Mom?... (*Kile drags the broom to the front door, opens it, and sweeps dirt into the hall.*) The Virgin Mary, The heavenly father, The Holy ghost, The commander in chief, The Goddamn bullshit!!

(Swinging the broom with anger, it flies from his hands and down the hallway.)

NANCY (O.S.): Ow! Ow! God....

(Kile looks into the hallway.)

KILE: Shit! I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

NANCY (O.S.): What are you doing?

KILE: I'm sorry! I didn't mean to, I was just—

NANCY: --Fuck!

(Kile stands at the door.)

KILE: -- I, I didn't see you—

NANCY (O.S.): --Are you out of your mind?

KILE: I was just, I was...Oh, no! I, I'll get you a towel. Come in, come in—

NANCY (O.S.): No thanks-you just attacked me.

KILE: No, I, I--

(June pops her head out of her room.)

JUNE: --Kile, I am trying to pray.

(Kile runs to the refrigerator and grabs a towel.)

JUNE: Don't talk to yourself so loud. Why are you running, are you having an episode?-you're having an episode!

KILE: *(returning to the front door.)* No, this girl-lady- was walking by and I, I--

(June follows him out the door.)

JUNE (O.S.): --Who is she? She's bleeding from the head. What's wrong with her? What happened? Has she been shot!?

(They enter back into the apartment with Nancy)

NANCY: He hit me with a broom.

JUNE: Kile, you got violent, you got violent.

KILE: I didn't try to...

JUNE (O.S.): ...Come in, sit down. I've got ice, I've got some ice.
Do you like butter cookies?

(Nancy is holding her head back with the towel to her nose, to stop the bleeding.)

(They sit Nancy at the couch. The towel is red with blood.)

JUNE: My-my...I had a brother who bled like that. He was a hemophiliac. One day he bled to death internally and no one even noticed.

(Kile hurries into the kitchen for ice.)

KILE: Mom.

JUNE: We were at the supper table and he just sat there, not eating. Mother thought he was being stubborn so she whacked his head with the belt buckle.

KILE: *(from the kitchen)* Mom!

JUNE: --And he dropped right into his Goulash. 'course that made her furious-she'd slaved all day-so she whacked him again and that's when we noticed, He was lifeless--

(Kile enters with the ice wrapped in tissue.)

KILE: --Ok. Ok—

JUNE: -- He'd gone to the Lord.

KILE: She's bleeding here, she's bleeding.

NANCY: I think I'm done. *(looking into the towel)* Yup, I'm done. Whew. Wow.

JUNE: Well, you're not a Hemophiliac, that's the good news. We gotta count our blessings.

NANCY: Yah, it's my lucky day.

KILE: I wasn't trying to hit ya.

NANCY: You got lucky too, huh? Whew!... my head is flying.

JUNE: Oh dear, Oh dear. He has a mental condition, He get's all worked up and creates these kinds of dramas—

KILE: -- Mom, just—

JUNE: -- You've always had a problem with it.

KILE: Alright, but—

JUNE: --When he was thirteen he was still wetting himself.

KILE: Ok!

JUNE: --And vomiting in public places.

KILE: --Ok! Ok!

JUNE: He's always been a worrier.

KILE: Shut up!

JUNE: Then he yells at me, see; blames me for everything.

KILE: Jesus!

JUNE: And yells the Lord's name and that's a sin; of course he won't go to confession.

KILE: Mom, stop talking for a second?

JUNE: It's hard on me, it's so hard; No one has any idea. What's your name again, I, I, didn't get it?

NANCY: I didn't tell you.

JUNE: Let me guess, I love to guess names. You look like a...a...

KILE:--My name's Kile.

JUNE: I know your name.

KILE: I was telling her.

JUNE: I bet you're a Mary.

NANCY: I'm a Nancy.

JUNE: I was seeing Mary.

NANCY: You were close.

KILE: I was wondering who moved in next door.

JUNE: Does it still smell in there.

KILE: Ok, Mom.

JUNE: That old railroad man died in there.

KILE: Ok, Mom.

JUNE: Well, he did. Poor old Gerald; 88 years old, lived on nothin' but oat meal and orange pop. And he loved his marching band music.

KILE: Mom, drop it.

JUNE: Every day at four, he'd start ranting and raving at people who weren't even there-his Mother, his father, someone named Donald.

KILE: He was senile.

JUNE: At least he had someone to talk to.

NANCY: Screaming is mandatory in this dump. It was on my rental agreement.

JUNE: Well, it's an old building but at least it's, it's—

KILE: --got brand new rats.

JUNE: Hush. It's an antique building. Just think, a hundred and fifty years ago there were people living in this same spot, before we had social security, or anesthesia or all this wonderful pain medication.

KILE: I bet they screamed all day.

JUNE: I've got some holy water from the church, if ya need some to throw around, ya know, to Christian your new place.

NANCY: I already burned some sage.

KILE: That's like, uh... how's that work again?

NANCY: The Native Americans use it to ward off evil spirits. It's a plant.

JUNE: Holy water works so beautifully. It sizzles away evil like nobody's business.

KILE: As you can see, she's a big Catholic.

NANCY: Oh, Me too.

JUNE: Really?

NANCY: Yes. Do you know Father Jim, from St. Leo's?

JUNE: I do! I do!

KILE: *(to Nancy)* So, you're a little cuckoo too, huh?

(June slaps Kile in the back of the head.)