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Five Fears of Fatherhood

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FIVE FEARS OF FATHERHOOD

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SNIP

Characters:

TED: Early-mid 30's. A very tired and overwhelmed father. Impulsive.

JILL: Late 20's—late 30's. Enthusiastic and always on the go. Maybe a bit out of touch with Ted.

*All roles subject to color blind casting.

Setting:

A simple bed room. Early evening.

Snip premiered at the Carte Blanche New North American Plays Festival in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Directed by CLAYTON Hamburg. Featuring Derek Woerpel and Ellen Dunphy. January 19-29, 2012.

Snip

(Early evening. TED lies in bed underneath the blanket. He flips through the channels with a remote. He momentarily closes his eyes about to sleep)

JILL: *(Offstage)* I'm home!

(He sits up straight and grimaces at the sudden act. He pulls the blanket around him and prepares. JILL enters. She gives him a peck on the cheek and continues about her routine. She takes off her coat and tosses her purse on the bed)

TED: You're home early!

JILL: Hardly any traffic. I checked in on Ginny. Fast asleep. Have you been in bed all day? *(Joking)* Geez – a guy gets a week vacation and it's spent like this? *(Beat)* I'm kidding. Do you think you could clear the gutters though? All clogged again.

TED: Nope. Sorry, I can't.

JILL: *(Playing along)* Fine, fine. No 'honey-do's' over your vacation. Just know, Ted, I'm keeping a list.

TED: Next week. No problem.

JILL: Looks like you were just about to pass out on me. *(Pout)* No night time snuggles?

TED: *(Lying)* I've got...the flu. Yep. That's why I'm laid out.

(JILL feels his forehead)

JILL: You don't feel warm.

TED: One of those eighteen hour things. I'm probably on hour fifteen or so. Just need some sleep. That's all.

JILL: I get it.

TED: *(Warily)* What?

JILL: You want me to play nurse, don't you? I remember how this goes. (*Affecting a dramatic/breathy voice*) I think we need to do a full body exam, don't you Ted?

TED: (*Quickly*) No! I mean. If I'm really sick, one of us needs to stay healthy for Ginny.

JILL: I guess so. Want me to make an appointment for you to see Dr. Henderson?

TED: I'll be fine. (*Fakes a cough terribly*)

JILL: I should sleep on the couch so I don't bother you. You just rest. Close your eyes. (*She touches his head*) Maybe you do feel a little warm. Let's get this comforter off of –

TED: No!

(*She pulls the comforter off to reveal his pants area completely covered in ice packs and bags of frozen vegetables. Long beat*)

JILL: Ted...

TED: Yes, Jill?

JILL: Did you suffer an injury to your lower body today?

TED: No, Jill.

JILL: Did you hurt yourself, while at bachelor party this past weekend, in a way that affected your nether regions?

TED: Jill –

JILL: Unless you care to volunteer the reason that you're covered from hip to knee in ice bags and once frozen peas, I'm out of rational explanations.

TED: Funny story-

JILL: I truly can't wait.

TED: (*On the fly*) We...we... arrived for Joe's bachelor party and he got cold feet. Called it off.

JILL: (*Fake*) Hilarious! How does this answer my question?

TED: I'm getting to that....so, the rest of us guys went to a bar and just hung out. Around ten all the sports games had ended and we ran out of small talk. So, we just started talking about family and stuff. Jon mentioned his two little girls and one more on the way. Jon also sold his BMW.

JILL: Oh boy.

TED: Bill told me about his three sons and how they're pretty much demon spawn from six am until eight pm. Bill's on Propecia and anti-anxiety medication. His wife's due in May.

JILL: He's already bald!

TED: And then there was the new guy that Jon brought along. Walt's got two sets of twins. And his wife's pregnant with one more. We couldn't pry the bottle away from him.

JILL: What does this have to do with us?

TED: I told the guys how we were trying to conceive again and they just started to laugh. And laugh. Then cry and drink. And then they went home. I stayed for a little bit and just started to think about going through this all over again. Diapers, puke, bath time, bed time, day care, *another* eighteen years until emancipation...and just when I was about to run out of their screaming, Joe came in. By then my head was swimming a bit and he told me about this great idea.

JILL: Does this part involve my now defrosted peas?

TED: He heard about this twenty four hour clinic where they do all types of procedures at a discount – since they're usually unlicensed doctors or med students. I signed a few papers and...snip.

JILL: Snip. Snip?

TED: Snip.

JILL: (*Pointing at him*) Snip. (*Long beat - she laughs*) Wow, Ted. Now, we're going to play a little game. We'll call it – which one is worse? Ready to play? First up, hailing from Dumbfucksville USA, Ted! Now, Ted. You've got three choices as to which decision was the worst? Is it 'a' – boldly lying to your wife about a bachelor party and being sick in order to hide a near permanent life altering surgery done behind her back?

TED: Jill, please hear me out –

JILL: Or is it 'b' – getting an advanced medical procedure performed by what sounds to be an utter quack – thereby risking your body and health for years to come?

TED: Please -?

JILL: (*Lessening in anger*) Or 'c' – making an important decision without any discussion or communication towards your wife? Ted, we agreed to that we wanted to have another child. I don't care if you're nervous or worried about any of those things. I am too. I'm not a fool, hell, I expected you to be completely scared about this.

TED: I figured if you knew how I felt, you'd be disappointed in me.

JILL: No way. You're human.

TED: I guess when you hear it from everyone else, it just gets that much more daunting. None of those guys can handle their families. We struggle with one. Some days, I swear if I heard that goddamn 'DoodleBugs' song one more time...

JILL: It's not that bad.

TED: (*Sings*) "And the roly poly caterpillar. Rolls, rolls-

TED/JILL: -Rolls roly poly down the hill."

JILL: Fine, you win that one. But, it makes her happy.

TED: True.

GOOD TALK

Characters:

JEFF: Male, late teens.

TED: Male, 40's.

Set: A parked car.

Properties: Fast food bags/drinks.

Good Talk premiered at the Producers Club, NYC as part of Brief Acts—A Division of Love Creek Productions 'Spring Showers' series. It was produced by Le Wilhelm, featuring Dustin Minore and Anthony Allutto. It was directed by Seth Livingston. May 20-22, 2013.

Good Talk

(JEFF & TED finish their fast food. They eat in relative silence.)

JEFF: Thanks for lunch. Does Mom know you took me to Greatest Burger? It's not on your diet plan.

TED: Our secret?

JEFF: *(Agreeing)* She didn't hear from me.

TED: Good guy.

JEFF: Thanks also for the video game, which I can't tell Mom about. And the new controller. The Yankees jersey. The CD's. That swimsuit calendar which I can't tell Mom about either. The new driver that probably costs more than your entire set of clubs. New tennis racket – probably cost more than -

TED: Don't mention it.

JEFF: My birthday was in March.

TED: I know.

JEFF: My report card was just average.

TED: B's are good.

JEFF: What's going on?

TED: Can't I spend time with my son?

JEFF: There's spending time and there's dropping a paycheck.

TED: Don't worry about it. It's so rare I get to see you these days. It's breakfast, school, practice, homework, dinner, bedtime. And then the weekends are just sleep to recover, games, and your time with Lacey. How's she doing by the way?

JEFF: She's good.

TED: I was kind of surprised to hear about my little heartthrob dating a senior.

JEFF: It's really no big deal, Dad. She's cool.

TED: Had any talks about when and where she's headed to school?

JEFF: A little bit. She's doing the applications and essays right now, but she's also thinking about maybe staying around here for a year. Take a year to save some money and we can go to the same college.

TED: Wow. That's a big step.

JEFF: Not really. She's great.

TED: She is. And so are you.

JEFF: Thanks.

TED: You know, a two hour distance wouldn't kill your relationship with her, right?

JEFF: Probably not. We're weighing all the options. You know? Don't worry. I'm kinda leaning her in the direction of K State.

TED: (*Relieved*) Thank god. You get enough to eat?

JEFF: Two cheeseburgers, fries, some of your onion rings, and a shake. Yeah. I'm good.

TED: Okay.

JEFF: (*Insistent*) What's going on?

TED: I have an ulterior motive outside of spoiling you for a day.

JEFF: Okay.

TED: Your Mom and I thought it would be a good idea to talk to you about... becoming a young man and the responsibilities that come along with that. I know you had some kind of....sex ed... in middle school and I'm sure they did a piss poor job with it. You're getting serious with Lacey and we want to make sure you don't have to grow up any faster than we did. You see... when a man loves a woman.

JEFF: Dad –

TED: This isn't easy for me, please don't interrupt.

JEFF: Dad –

TED: I'm really not good at this, god.

JEFF: Dad, I'm glad we're here together today, because I needed to talk to you too.

TED: Okay?

JEFF: The birds and the bees...?

TED: What about them?

JEFF: It's too late.

TED: What?

JEFF: Lacey's pregnant with twins. Their mine. Remember that trip I took to go camping last week with the guys?

TED: Yeah.

JEFF: We eloped. Got our certificate at city hall.

TED: I cannot believe this.

JEFF: It's the real reason that she's staying back next year. Figure she can pop out the baby and we'll both go to college while you guys look after the little rug rat.

TED: Are you serious?

JEFF: It'll just be a few years. We might have one more baby while we're in college, but if we time it right, she'll give birth over one of the holidays or summer vacation. In four years, she'll be back to take care of both kids and I'll be ready to go pro.

WHERE THE TRUTH LIES

Characters:

JOE: Early-mid 30's. A sensitive, down to earth young father.

CLAYTON: Late 20's—late 30's. Preppy. A natural leader/Alpha male.

BRYCE: Late 20's—late 30's. A 'yes man' - not smart, but not dumb.

ROGER: Late 20's—late 30's. A follower of Clayton.

PRISCILLA: Late 20's—late 30's. Clayton's girlfriend. Sweet and bright eyed.

*All roles subject to color blind casting.

Setting: A cafe. Early evening in the spring.

Properties: Baby blanket. Baby doll (if necessary) Coffee mug.
Walkie talkie (monitor). Stuffed animal. Check. Pill bottle.

Where the Truth Lies premiered in the Scriptwriters Houston 10x10 Festival in Houston, Texas. Directed by James Reed. The cast featured Bob Galley, Steve Dowell, Cory Kelley, Melanie Martin & Scott McWhirter. August 25-28, 2011.

Where the Truth Lies

(Early evening. JOE sits at a café table. He has a baby carrier and “baby” wrapped inside in blankets - he rocks the carrier as he eats. PRISCILLA hurries along the sidewalk – multitasking as she types into a phone and tries to hurry CLAYTON along)

PRISCILLA: *(Yelling)* Clayton, will you hurry up? We’re already fifteen minutes late.

(CLAYTON walks as slowly as possible. He uses his phone – purposefully buying time)

CLAYTON: *(Distracted)* Coming. You know me – couldn’t stand to be late. Third and ten... on their own forty five... *(Beat – he yells)* Why the hell would you call a draw?! Idiot!

(They enter the café. PRISCILLA sees JOE – she stops CLAYTON in his tracks)

PRISCILLA: *(Hushed)* Ssh! I’m so sorry!

JOE: *(Kind)* Don’t worry about it. We don’t own the place. Just trying to get her acclimated to city life, you know? Figure she’ll be able to sleep through anything.

PRISCILLA: How old?

JOE: Six months.

PRISCILLA: *(Long and elaborate – she’s melting from the cuteness)* Awwww. Clay, look!

CLAYTON: *(Not looking up)* A baby. Awesome. Haven’t seen fifty of those today.

PRISCILLA: Where’s her Mom?

JOE: My sister’s kid, actually. I adopted her. Long story.

PRISCILLA: *(Growing)* Awww!

JOE: And...we're awake again. Excuse me, guys. Have a good night.

(JOE walks gingerly back and forth – rocking the baby carrier. PRISCILLA and CLAYTON stand near the door)

PRISCILLA: *(Trying hard)* Claaay. Maybe we should... you know.

CLAYTON: Ditch the lame dinner and knock boots?

PRISCILLA: No, we're going to this dinner. Jill and Roger invited us, it wouldn't be polite to skip. But, maybe...after...I was thinking...

CLAYTON: Yeah...

PRISCILLA: A nice bath at home. Turn down the lights.

CLAYTON: Good start.

PRISCILLA:...And we'll see what happens. Maybe I'll try on that red, silk nightie you got me.

CLAYTON: I like. I like. I...what's the catch?

PRISCILLA: No catch. You deserve it. And then we sleep in and I'll get you up in plenty of time for football with the guys.

CLAYTON: *(More serious)* What's the catch?

PRISCILLA: *(Quickly)* And maybe a quick stop by Baby Boutique before brunch.

CLAYTON: What? For who?

PRISCILLA: Us, silly.

CLAYTON: *(Long beat – laughs)* Pump the brakes, babe. No way.

PRISCILLA: I'm not getting any younger! I don't care if we get married. I don't care *what* your mother calls me. My body is ready.

CLAYTON: And mine...is not. I like sleeping in. I like your figure. I like my full head of hair.

PRISCILLA: *(A bit sad)* I know. Look, we're here already. Can we at least talk about this later? Please?

CLAYTON: Fine.

(JOE reemerges – he picks up the stuffed animal)

JOE: *(To them – in jest)* Almost forgot Bear Bear.

(He sits – PRISCILLA shuffles through her purse and pulls out a small container)

PRISCILLA: *(Most heartfelt)* Aww.

CLAYTON: Priscilla!

PRISCILLA: I know. *(A smile)* Tonight, we can still... you know...

CLAYTON: *(Excited/cool again)* All right...

PRISCILLA: No more birth control though.

(She throws her pill container as far as she can out the door and runs quickly into the restaurant off stage)

PRISCILLA: See you inside! We've got a booth in the back.

(CLAYTON processes this and darkly stands back)

CLAYTON: *(Realization – to JOE)* It's you.

JOE: Excuse me?

CLAYTON: *(Shock)* Holy shit.

JOE: *(Casual – aside)* Language-

CLAYTON. It is you. 'The Baby Maker'.

JOE *(Indicating himself)* Umm...Joe, actually.

(CLAYTON runs off stage to the reserved table)

CLAYTON *(Off stage)*: Yeah, I don't care. Get out here, now!

(He returns with BRYCE and ROGER. CLAYTON points grandly)

'The Baby Maker'.

(The two look back and forth and then have the same realization)

BRYCE/ROGER: *(Awed reverence)* 'The Baby Maker'.

BRYCE: Remember me?

JOE: Afraid not.

BRYCE: Central Park. Last Thursday right before sunset. Becky and I were looking for a nice secluded spot, if you catch my drift. We're walking along the path – she's eyeing me up and down and what do you know. Who's coming down the path – singing some dippy song about some alligator chasing his tail and this little kid giggling along? You know where we went instead? Becky's gym – to see if they had 'Mommy Lamaze' and 'Mommy and Baby Water-robics'.

ROGER: Did they?

BRYCE: *(Almost angry)* Dude...you've seen this guy before, right?

ROGER: Yep. Lighthouse Café. Last Tuesday for dinner. Jill was already three glasses deep in Bordeaux...

CLAYTON: Awesome-

ROGER: Right? And then we see 'The Baby Maker' and his kid. Kid's got spaghetti all over her head, the table, him, huge friggin' mess. And you know what? Nobody cared! Everybody was laughing – the manager, the waiter, the kid....Jill. And then Jill started to cry. And then we went home. And hugged. And then she fell asleep and woke up hung over at noon. Who do you think got to clean up the Bordeaux and lasagna that evacuated onto our bathroom floor?

JOE: Geez, sorry guys. What do you want from me, exactly?

FUZZY RED HAT

Characters:

RICH/SANTA: Early 40's+. A mall Santa. Tired and grumpy.

JOE: early 40's—early 50's. Earnest and sad.

KATE: Early—mid-20's. Upbeat and friendly.

*Casting is open to ethnicity.

Setting: A dive bar. Simple bar table with three chairs.

Properties: Beer glasses and bottles.

Note

Duffle Bag

Santa hat

Fuzzy Red Hat premiered in Chicago Illinois as part of n.u.f.a.n. ensemble's Seven Plays in Seven Holi-Days. It was directed by Jane Allyson and starred Paul Barile, Mark D'Arienzo and Megan Farris. December 16-18, 2011.

Fuzzy Red Hat

(A basic bar. RICH sits slumped in his chair – watching a game. His posture and mood reflect that this isn't his first beer)

RICH: Friggin' Hawks.

(KATE crosses to his table. Without looking he taps his beer bottle – indicating a refill is needed. KATE turns on her heels and exits)

KATE: A 'please' would be nice.

RICH: Please do your job.

(KATE re-enters she sets the bottle down but doesn't let go)

KATE: I *could* cut you off.

RICH: And I *could* consider that rude service and not tip you. Plenty other bars who want my money.

(KATE lets go and exits. Long beat as he takes a drink)

RICH: Friggin' Hawks.

(JOE enters warily from the side. RICH does not see him. JOE conspicuously confirms that RICH is who he was seeking and pulls up a chair. He sits cautiously at RICH's table eyeing him. RICH doesn't move, but eyes JOE)

RICH: You need somethin'?

JOE: You don't remember me?

RICH: Nope. Didn't invite you to sit here either.

(KATE crosses through)

KATE: It's not your table, this guy can sit wherever he wants. Get you somethin'?

JOE: Just a beer for me. And one for Santa here.

RICH: Oh, brother.

KATE: (*Giggles*) You two know each other?

RICH/JOE: No, I do not./Yes he does!

KATE: I'll get your beers.

(*KATE exits*)

RICH: Still got no clue who you are. You can sit there quietly until I finish the beer. Then you gotta go.

JOE: So, you don't remember me?

RICH: You asked me once and I said no.

JOE: But...

(*KATE crosses back with the beers and sets them down*)

RICH: You called me Santa – so it's gotta be somethin' with me working in this damn mall every holiday season. What... you didn't get your turn? There's another Santa out there right now. I'm off the clock.

JOE: You don't understand!

RICH: (*Condescending*) Aw, sure I do slugger. Someone had to tell you. (*Whispers*) I'm not the only mall Santa. We even got a union – 5,500 strong. You can get 'em in any size, ethnicity, whatever.

(*RICH starts drinking the beer JOE has bought*)

KATE: *You're* a mall Santa?

RICH: What can I say? Toss on a wig, an outfit and a few extra pillows. I'm jolly old St. Nick. Thanks for the beer, pal. I think you're time's expired.

JOE: If you'll just let me talk-

RICH: Talk. Hawks are out of it. Time's running out and I've gotta find the little boys room.

JOE: Okay. I'll be quick. You might not remember *me*, but my daughter!

RICH: I remember her.

JOE: Really?

RICH: Of course I don't. I saw probably a thousand kids in three hours.

KATE: Be nice.

JOE: She asked you for a car –

RICH: Thousand kids. Three hours.

JOE: I was hoping she'd be a little more specific-

RICH: (*Belches*) Times up. Nature calls.

(*RICH stands and exits towards the restroom. JOE sits back dejected*)

KATE: (*Sweet*) What'd she want? A convertible for her dolls or something? I bet those are on sale over at Toy Depot. Open 'til 9 tonight if *Santa* can't help.

JOE: Thanks. I wish it was that simple.

KATE: I had one of those when I was girl. Loved it right up until my brother drove it out the second story window. My Dad said he'd take it to the auto shop. He didn't. Never saw it again. By the time next holiday rolled around, I was into other things. Look at me, talking your ear off. So what's the problem?

(*RICH re-enters*)

RICH: Let me guess. She *needs* one in each color and Daddy just spent his last ten spot on a beer for lil' old me. What do you want me to do about it?

JOE: I'd like for you to ignore her wish.

KATE: Huh?

RICH: (*Lost*) What'd she ask for again?

JOE: (*Hesitant*) I think deep down what she really *wants* is one of those girly pink convertibles for her dolls – or something like that.

KATE: What'd she ask *Santa* to get her?

(*Sighs – he pulls out a handwritten note*)

JOE: And I quote – “A reliable, used – but not *too used* sedan that will get Daddy from point ‘a’ to point ‘b’ with no frills. Okay, maybe a tape deck. Daddy likes old people music. A nice American brand. Okay, fine foreign, but Japan or Germany if you must. Daddy needs it for his job. Love, Patricia.”

KATE: So sweet.

RICH: (*Soberly*) I remember her now.

JOE: So, please, ignore her wish and get her what she really wants.

(*KATE crosses up and gets a beer for each of them*)

RICH: What's your name?

JOE: I'm Joe.

(*KATE returns and places the beer down. They all sit*)

KATE: Round's on me. 'Tis the season, right?

RICH: I feel for you, Joe. Job market stinks.

JOE: Oh, I've got a job. I just ride my bike. Both ways. Uphill. Waist deep in snow.

KATE: Funny.

BOOK OF LOVE

Characters:

WILL: early 30's. Exasperated husband. Loves his wife.

TARA: Late 20's—early 30's. Intent upon getting pregnant.

Set: Bed. Various blankets/pillows.

Properties: Pen & notebook. Condom.

Book of Love premiered with *Cone Man Running* in Houston at the Obsidian Arts Space on October 28th and 29th. It was directed by Sam Schnuer and featured Eddie Rodriguez and Trish Needom.

Book of Love

(Late evening. TARA methodically organizes the room and gets ready for bed. WILL enters from the bathroom and pauses a moment, realizing what's about to happen. TARA produces a pen and notebook from the side of the bed – she scribbles and compares notes. She speaks while all this happens. WILL sits on the bed facing away from her)

TARA: *(Casually)* I never will understand why Dr. Lima's office is so insistent upon seeing us at the Downtown Center. They *know* the Annex is half the drive for us. Oh well, I guess they're the professionals, right? *(He makes an indifferent affirmation sound)* Though, I guess they did the same thing for Nick and Bess. You remember them from our fertility group? *(Again a sound – she checks the chart)* Let's see Thursday...endurance. Are you listening? Endurance. *(Laughs as she pulls out a condom from the drawer)* Going to need one of these! *(She finally turns and notices him sitting away. She reaches across to hand it to him)* Will? *(Singsong)* Will? *(He turns and looks at her and then the condom)*

WILL: No thanks.

TARA *(Still attempting to be upbeat)* Silly. What do you mean? It's Thursday. Endurance night! You have to wear *this*, otherwise we'll never make those little swimmers into Olympic medalists. Remember? Just like Dr. Lima said

WILL: How long have we been trying to have a baby?

TARA: No, no, no. Not *trying*. That's conditional talk. Remember fertility group! Upward, finite language. Now, ask me again.

WILL: *(Sighs)* When are we going to have a baby?

TARA: Soon. Five more weeks to go according to our plan. Then we wait a few weeks for the pregnancy test. And once that's positive, just nine short months!

WILL: Right.

TARA: We've gotten a lot accomplished so far. Meditation, acupuncture, homeopathic counseling, group sessions, and following our personalized chart to the letter. Go ahead, put it on.

WILL: What if I don't feel like it tonight?

TARA: (*Faltering*) Then... I'll ask you to do it just for me. A favor. One day closer to a baby. You should be thankful! I hear that sex goes out the window once you have newborn. (*Upbeat*) Consider yourself lucky! Bess told me that Nick couldn't get it up for a week –

WILL: I don't want to hear about that –

TARA: Totally threw off their plan! We've had a few setbacks along the way, but we can do this. Come on -

WILL: I'm tired.

TARA: You can just lay there then. I'll do everything. (*Silly – she tip toes the condom up his leg*) Now, remember the brave knight needs his ribbed-for-her-pleasure armor before battle! Otherwise he vanquishes the dragon *way* too fast!

WILL: (*Erupting*) What if the problem is you?

(*TARA stops and crawls off the bed. She immediately scribbles into her journal*)

WILL: I'm sorry. Will you put that damn thing down and talk to me?

TARA: (*Reading aloud as she scribbles*) Partner refused. And we put a big, fat 'x' in Thursday's slot. Our schedule is *totally* shot.

(*She angrily starts to trace over the 'x' until she's practically drawing through the page. WILL stops her*)

WILL: Listen to yourself. Please. 'Partner'? My name is Will. Your husband. I'm not a statistic or a means to an end.

TARA: (*Stops writing - sadly*) If we don't practice tonight, we'll lose another two weeks on our chart. I'm not getting any younger, Will.

WILL: (*Gently*) I asked you a question and I'd really like to hear your answer. How long have we been trying to have a baby?

TARA: Planning!

WILL: Trying!

TARA: We've been 'planning' for our baby –

WILL: (*Tired*) Tara-

TARA: For over two years.

WILL: I'm going to say this again. This time please try to hear it in the most supportive, best husband kind of way I can muster. (*Beat*) What if it's you?

TARA: My Mom had us three kids. My sister has two. My brother has one. Your sister has two –

WILL: Dr. Lima's even asked you.

TARA: That's his job. He's a doctor.

WILL: Then what's all this for? The prescribed sexual regime. The god-awful hippie fertility tea that I didn't even have to drink, but had out of solidarity.

TARA: It's better with honey.

WILL: The rules. The boring positions. The joyless sex. Tara, I've jumped through every hoop and I'll keep doing it, but what if it's all in vain?

TARA: (*Angry*) Maybe it's *you*!

WILL: I'm fertile. There's a copy of my physical in your notebook.

TARA: Right. (*Long beat*) So, it's me

WILL: Why are you afraid? Let's just find out. If you aren't able, it sucks but life can continue. We can adopt.