

Big Baby
By Frank Moher

ACT ONE

Scene 1:

(An apartment in a large city. Couch with coffee table, dining area. Front door, doors to bedroom, kitchen, bathroom. Knocking on front door. LIZ, late 40s, in a nurse's uniform, enters. Peeks through peephole, opens door. ALEX, 30ish, stands there. He stares at her for a long moment. Then barges in.)

So, where were we? ALEX

We? LIZ

Before we were so rudely -- ALEX
(LIZ screams.)

What are you doing? ALEX

Screaming. LIZ

Why? ALEX

To alert passersby. LIZ
(As to an idiot.)
(She sticks her head into the hallway, screams again.)

This is an apartment building. ALEX

So? LIZ

We're on the seventeenth floor. There *are* no passersby. ALEX

The neighbours, then. LIZ
(Screams. ALEX plugs his ears.
LIZ continues screaming.)

Would you please -- stop -- screaming. ALEX

Then leave my apartment. LIZ

I can't. ALEX

Why? LIZ

I like it here. ALEX
(Pauses, thinks.)
(He sits.)

You can't just -- LIZ

Do you have something I could drink? ALEX

Barge into my apartment like this and -- LIZ

I am unbelievably thirsty. ALEX

-- expect me to --

LIZ

ALEX

A beer would be nice.

LIZ

-- just ask you to make yourself comfortable!

ALEX

Don't mind if I do.

(He puts his feet up on the coffee table.)

LIZ

When I don't even know who you are.

ALEX

Alex.

LIZ

Huh?

ALEX

Alex. That's my name. Though don't ask me how I know that. How did I know that? I don't know.

LIZ

Well that's just great, Alex. Now how about leaving?

ALEX

And you would be . . . Liz.

LIZ

How'd you know that?

ALEX

I don't know!

LIZ

How did you know my name?

ALEX

Lucky guess, I guess.

Get out. LIZ

It's not Liz? ALEX

I have to go to work. Get out now. LIZ

You're going to work? Whaddaya do? ALEX
(She stands there in her nurse's scrubs, staring at him.)

I'm a fireman. LIZ

Really? ALEX

Get out. LIZ

I'm afraid I can't do that, Liz. I'm really sorry, I really am. Barging in like this. It's terribly rude. But there you go. Apparently, it's where I'm supposed to be. Can I get you anything to drink? You don't mind if I go look in here, do you?
(He heads for the kitchen.)

I'll just see what you got. You used to be quite the gal for raspberry coolers, as I remember. How did I know that? I don't know.
(He exits into the kitchen.)

Mind you, you were never one to overdo it. Everything in moderation, as I remember.
(Sound of fridge opening, bottles clinking about.)

Ah, right, here we go. This'll do. Can I get anything for you? No? You keep the place spic-n-span, I can see that. That's nice. I admire good housekeepers.
(He returns, carrying a Coke can.)

Mind you -- and I hope you won't mind my saying this, Liz -- this room could use a little brightening up. A few throw pillows, something. How many bedrooms you got here? One? Two?

One. LIZ

One. ALEX

Just one. LIZ

Ha. Yeah, I can take the hint. No, I'll be just fine on the couch here. No problem. ALEX

Do I know you? LIZ

I notice none of your neighbours showed up. ALEX

I think I do. LIZ

Typical. Isn't that just the way these days? ALEX

Something about your face. No, not your face. That T-shirt. No, that can't be it. Your skin. I don't know what it is. LIZ

(Beat.)

Dickie Marshak.

Excuse me? ALEX

Dickie Marshak. From NSS. LIZ

Who, me? ALEX

North Shore Secondary. Dickie Marshak. I'd recognize that vacant look behind the eyes anywhere. LIZ

ALEX

I hate to tell you this, but --

LIZ

Good. Now that we've established that -- you can leave.

ALEX

Like I said, I --

LIZ

Look, I know I turned you down for the prom, and I know you said you'd get back at me, but honestly, this is too much.

ALEX

I think you --

LIZ

I mean it's been *thirty years*, Dickie.

ALEX

I'm not Dickie Marshak.

LIZ

Prove it.

ALEX

I'm not Dickie Marshak *really?*

LIZ

Take off your shirt.

ALEX

Oh, well hey now, I don't think --

LIZ

Dickie Marshak had a snake tattooed on his back. If you're not Dickie Marshak . . . take off your shirt.

(Pause. ALEX takes off his shirt. Turns around. No snake.)

Maybe it was on his butt.

ALEX

I'm not Dickie Marshak.

Well then who the hell are you? LIZ

I'M YOUR SON! ALEX

I think I'm your son. (Pause.)

Yes, that's it. I'm definitely your son. (Pause. Thinks.)

My son. LIZ

I guess so. ALEX

I don't have a son. LIZ

You do now. ALEX

I had a daughter. She went away. No son. LIZ

You had a daughter? ALEX

Well yes, but -- LIZ

Holy cripes! ALEX

Look -- LIZ

You know what this means, don't you? ALEX

I don't -- LIZ

I have a sister!

ALEX

No.

LIZ

Yes!

ALEX

No! Look. You're a little confused, aren't you?

LIZ

I sure am.

ALEX

Sure you are. That's okay. Life's like that. But you can't stay here. Do you have someplace to go?

LIZ

No.

ALEX

Well we're going to find you someplace. All right? I'm going to make a few phone calls. I know of lots of places you can stay. But you're going to have to wait outside while I do. Okay?

LIZ

Well . . .

ALEX

No, really.

LIZ

I'll try.

ALEX

Good.

LIZ

(LIZ goes to the door. Attempts to open it. It won't. She tries again. Won't open. She examines the doorknob. Rattles it. Checks to make sure the deadbolt is off. Tries to open it again. No go. Braces one leg against the

wall, pulls on the doorknob. Gives up. Pounds on the door.)

ALEX

You mind if I try?

(He moves to the door. Opens it.)

Huh.

LIZ

How'd you do that?

ALEX

Must need to be oiled or something.

LIZ

Who are you?

ALEX

Like I said. I'm your son.

(He gestures towards the open door.)

You still want me to go?

(Beat. LIZ closes the door.)

LIZ

No.

ALEX

Thanks.

LIZ

But I know ju-jitsu. I'm warning you. One false move and you're --

ALEX

Hey.

(He sits on the couch again.)

I'm just here to relax. And figure out how I got here. Believe me, I'm just as surprised as you are. One minute you're nowhere, the next minute you're knocking on your mother's door asking to be let in.

(Pause.)

Well, not my mother, really. I understand that. I mean I woulda been -- I mean *you* woulda been, if, you know . . . but that's all in the past. So I'll just call you Liz.

(Pause.)

Mind you, I remember that day. Don't ask me how. I don't know how I remember any of this. I'm like a – swimming pool or something, when I need to know things, they just come flooding into my head

(Pause.)

You went to class that day. Biology. You were in . . . second year that year, weren't you? Nineteen. Just turned, a few days earlier. You're forty-five now, right? And may I say, you've kept yourself up. Did a lab, went to the library to pick up a book. After all that time, thinkin like time was runnin out on you . . . Day comes, you got nothin but.

(Pause.)

Not that you needed to think it over anymore. You'd done that. Lots of long nights. Crying. A lot of crying. And then . . . clarity. Suddenly, one morning, clarity. I mean, sure it was your choice, but what choice really did you have? It must have been terrible for you. Well, I don't know, "terrible," what do I know, I wasn't there. I mean I was, but . . .

Onto a bus. Downtown. Well the edge of downtown, beside a muffler shop on Shipley. "That's odd," you thought. "Tasteless, almost." But, what are you gonna do? Up the stairs. The nice lady at the top. Gave your name, you're in, you're out. Quicker than you thought. The nice lady asked you if you needed a ride home. You said, no, you're fine.

And. That was that.

LIZ

I have no idea what you're talking about.

ALEX

No? Well, like I said: it's been a long time.

(He stands.)

And now -- here we are, together again! Like Fleetwood Mac. You want a sandwich or something? I'm kinda peckish myself.

LIZ

No.

ALEX

(Goes to the closet, gets out pillow, blanket.)

Like I said, I'll be okay on the couch. And I promise, I have no intention of hornin in on your life. You go your way, I'll go mine.

LIZ

You're not staying.

ALEX
Well like I said, I --

LIZ
I mean, you're not staying long.

ALEX
(Of the sheet:)
Here, grab an end.
(They make up the couch.)

LIZ
I mean you can stay here tonight, because I want to get to the bottom of this.

ALEX
Absolutely.

LIZ
Because if you're saying what I think you're saying --

ALEX
I agree.

LIZ
That is not funny.

ALEX
I'm not trying to be funny.

LIZ
That is pathetic. That is not something to joke about.

ALEX
You won't find any argument here.

LIZ
And what's more, that is not something you could know about. So I want to know, how you know, and then once I know, you're outta here.

ALEX
Your end is kinda untidy there.

LIZ

Because I just don't have the time.

ALEX

You're a busy woman, I know.

LIZ

And if you think I'm falling for some bizarre story about --

ALEX

Hey. I don't think you're falling for anything, okay? I'm just telling you what I know. Which isn't all that much.

(Pause.)

LIZ

There's ham in the fridge.

ALEX

Ham?

LIZ

For a sandwich. And mustard. Just clean up after yourself afterwards.

(She regards him for a moment more, frowning. Then grabs up her jacket and purse and heads for the door. Tries to open it. Can't.)

Do you mind?

(She indicates the door.)

ALEX

Oh! Not at all.

(He moves to the door, opens it. Gestures in a gentlemanly way for her to leave. She does. ALEX closes the door after her, looks around. Is amazed to find himself there.)

Hm!

(He starts for the kitchen. Fade.)

Scene 2:

(ALEX is unpacking some cans and other pre-packaged foods -- hoagies, etc. -- from a plastic shopping bag.)

ALEX
So I'm walking along Dunbar.

LIZ
(Off.)
Uh-huh.

ALEX
Not a bad neighbourhood you got here, by the way.

LIZ
Thanks.

ALEX
Not too sure about the people in this apartment building, but --

LIZ
Well, you know.

ALEX
Yeah. So anyway, I'm walking along Dunbar --

LIZ
Uh-huh?

ALEX
And I see this sign: "Help Wanted."

LIZ
Said what?

ALEX
"Help Wanted."
(Beat.)

LIZ
Oh yeah.

ALEX

So I figure, hey, I'm not doing anything, what the hell, I'll help somebody out. So I go inside -- it's this store, got the magazines, the slurpee machine --

LIZ

Convenience store.

ALEX

That's it. So I go inside -- turns out the guy wants to give me a job. I mean like pay me. So I say, sure, why not, and next thing you know -- I'm working there!
(LIZ enters, now out of uniform.)

LIZ

You got a job.

ALEX

Yeah!

LIZ

At a convenience store.

ALEX

Right. Aren't you going to congratulate me?

LIZ
(Drily.)

Congratulations.

ALEX

Thanks. So the guy says to me at the end of my, um, *shift*, he says I can take home some stuff against my first paycheck. So I got beans here, spaghetti, this here, a -- egg and bacon muffin.

LIZ

Looks delicious.

ALEX

That's what I thought. So help yourself, you know, I mean you're giving me a place to stay, least I can do is pitch in with food.
(He unwraps the egg and bacon muffin, eats.)

Look, uh . . .

LIZ

Mm?

ALEX

I have this theory.

LIZ

Oh yeah?

ALEX

I have this theory that . . . you're not really here.

LIZ

I'm not?

ALEX
(Looks around.)

No. I have this theory that you're like a . . . manifestation or something, a memory -- though why I'd be thinking about you now --

LIZ

I know. That's the part I can't figure out myself.

ALEX

But, you know, I've been working hard lately, lot of twelve hour shifts --

LIZ

Guilt.

ALEX

What?

LIZ

Guilt. You know. You feel guilty.

ALEX

No no.

LIZ

No, I'm just saying.

ALEX

LIZ
I do not feel guilty.

ALEX
No, of course not.

LIZ
I do not feel guilty. That was the right thing to do. I wasn't happy about it, but I don't feel guilty about it either.

ALEX
Absolutely.

LIZ
Then why did you -- ?

ALEX
No, I'm just saying, *some* people might feel guilty, and, like you say, that might cause them to have this psychological reaction, twenty-five, thirty years later. But you don't. So that's good.

LIZ
So you're saying you *are* a psychological manifestation?

ALEX
Hey. I'm open to any theory at this point.

LIZ
All right then. We're going to find out. I'm just going to close my eyes, I'm going to remind myself, I am a sensible woman, with no regrets about my past, I'm going to close my eyes, and when I open them . . . you'll be gone.

ALEX
You go right ahead.

LIZ
(Uncertain.)

Okay.

(She closes her eyes.)

Liz . . . you are a sensible woman, what you did was necessary, you know that, you've always known that, there's no reason to begin doubting yourself now. This can't be happening, it's obviously some sort of . . . psychological . . . trick of the mind, so you're going to open your eyes, and when you do, everything will be back to the way it was before.

(Meantime, ALEX has snuck around to another part of the apartment behind LIZ, where she can't see him. He stands there eating his sandwich.)

LIZ

So.

(She opens her eyes. Looks around. Looks pleased. Spots the cans. Squints.)

ALEX

This isn't bad, actually. Could use a bit of salt.

(LIZ starts. Turns. ALEX waves.)

So. Not a psychological manifestation after all, I guess. Not a bad theory, though. Had me goin there for a minute myself.

(Knock on the front door.)

LIZ

Maybe you should get it.

ALEX

Oh, yeah, jeez, I don't know what's going on with that. Maybe we should call a locksmith or something.

(He opens the door. DAISY is there, dressed in an evening gown.)

DAISY

Hello, darling.

ALEX

Hey.

DAISY

Is Liz in?

LIZ

I'm right here, Daisy.

DAISY

Oh my sweet, I came down to see if everything's all right. I heard screaming. I thought something might be wrong.

(Beat.)

That was yesterday.

LIZ

Yes, well you can't be too careful. You know, with the screaming and all -- it sounded rather dangerous.

DAISY

Alex, this is Daisy.

LIZ

Hello.

DAISY

Daisy lives upstairs.

LIZ

I must look a mess, don't I?

DAISY

No no. You look fabulous.

ALEX

Ohh, well isn't that sweet of you to say. But no, I do, I look a mess, but that's what happens when you've been up for eighteen hours writing.

DAISY

Writing?

ALEX

Daisy's a screenwriter, Alex.

LIZ

Oh really?

ALEX

Well, one has to do something.

DAISY

What's a screenwriter?

ALEX

Huh. He's kidding, right?

DAISY

ALEX

No no, it's just I have all these -- gaps in my knowledge. What's a screenwriter?

DAISY

I write movies.

ALEX

Ohh, movies, you mean like -- I have no idea what that is.

LIZ

Alex is new in the neighbourhood, Daisy.

DAISY

Apparently.

LIZ

Alex thinks he's my son. Even though I have no son. Nevertheless, that's who he says he is.

DAISY

Oh yes?

LIZ

Yes.

DAISY

Well, stranger things have happened.

LIZ

They have?

DAISY

Oh yes. You don't work in my business without seeing strange things happening every day. There was the time Vin Diesel arrived on the set claiming to be the reincarnation of Marlon Brando. We pointed out to him that Marlon Brando is alive and well and living next door to Jack Nicholson, and then everything was fine.

(Beat.)

LIZ

Alex, why don't you go get us something to drink?

ALEX

To?

LIZ

Drink. To go with your sandwich. In the kitchen. I'm sure Daisy will have something, won't you?

DAISY

Absolutely. Rewrites leave me parched.

LIZ

(Hustling ALEX off.)

Thankyou.

ALEX

What'll you have?

LIZ

Whatever's in the fridge will do. And make sure it's nice and cold. If there isn't any ice -- freeze some.

(ALEX goes into the kitchen.)

Daisy. You have *got* to help me get rid of this guy.

DAISY

Why? He seems so nice.

LIZ

He's a lunatic!

DAISY

Really?

LIZ

Yes really!

DAISY

I think he's just shy.

LIZ

That doesn't strike you as odd? His barging in here, claiming to be my son, when I don't even have a son?

DAISY

Well . . .

LIZ

How can that not be odd?

DAISY

My father had dozens of children. All over the world. He hardly met any of them.

LIZ

That's a little different.

DAISY

I suppose.

LIZ

I mean I did have -- I told you I had -- I did get pregnant when I was nineteen, and I *thought* about having the baby, and I was *going* to name him Alex, after my grandfather. But then I didn't. I mean have the baby, or name him . . . you know . . . and then of course there was Glynis.

DAISY

(Remembering.)

Glynis.

LIZ

Mm.

DAISY

How *is* Glynis?

LIZ

I have no idea.

DAISY

Oh dear.

LIZ

You *know* I have no idea.

DAISY

Oh well yes I know, but I thought you might have heard something. Anyway, not to worry darling, there are lunatics everywhere these days. Every downtown neighbourhood has a few, it'd be embarrassing if we *didn't* have any.

(Beat.)

I know how you can help me. LIZ

Anything dear. DAISY

Find out if he's crazy. LIZ

You just said he is. DAISY

Yes I know, but I mean if he's *crazy* crazy. If he is, I'll find someplace for him to stay. If he's not, I'm calling the cops. LIZ

You mean you'd kick him out? DAISY

Yes! LIZ

That seems a little extreme. DAISY

It does? LIZ

Well if he is your son -- DAISY

He's not my son! LIZ

Oh yes, you mentioned. DAISY

And I need to know how he knows all those things about me. See if you can find that out too. LIZ

Well I'm just one woman -- DAISY

I mean he won't tell me. LIZ

Did you ask him? DAISY

Yes! He just gives me some cockamamie story about -- filling up like a swimming pool or something! LIZ

I see. Well I'll do my best. DAISY

Thankyou, Daisy. LIZ

I'll do my best. But tell me something first. DAISY

Yes? LIZ

Why do you ask me? DAISY

You're the only one here. LIZ

No no, I mean: why is it the moment a person of potential craziness walks into your apartment you ask me to investigate? It's almost as if you think / might be crazy. DAISY

(Beat.)

No. LIZ

It's almost as if you think I have some special insight into the subject. DAISY

Of course not. LIZ

Oh I think you do.

DAISY

It's because . . . you're a writer.

LIZ

Oh I see.

DAISY

You're a writer. And you do, you do have special insight into the subject. Writers have special insight into -- everything!

LIZ

Yes. Well that's true.

DAISY

Here we go!

ALEX
(Off.)

But if he's as crazy as I think he is, it's really not good to have him walking around knowing all those things about me. And if he's *not* crazy — maybe I am.
(ALEX enters, with glasses on a tray.)

LIZ

You had lots of ice. Only gingerale, though. I hope that's all right.

ALEX

It'll be fine.

LIZ

Ta.

DAISY

Don't you love the way this stuff sort of tickles your nose when you drink it? It's fantastic! I mean, somebody actually thought of that: it should taste good, *and* it should do that to your nose.

ALEX

(He drinks. LIZ and DAISY regard each other.)

Well I think I'll go drink mine in the bedroom.

LIZ

ALEX
You will?

LIZ
Yes. I worked a twelve-hour shift last night, I'll probably have a little lay down.

ALEX
Oh. All right.

LIZ
You two can have a little chat.

DAISY
Ha! You're right! It does tickle your nose!
(DAISY regards them both, grinning away.)

LIZ
Oh good lord.
(She exits into the bedroom.)

ALEX
Wonderful woman.

DAISY
You think so?

ALEX
Great, great woman.

DAISY
Yes, well, she's the kind of woman men like.
(Beat.)
She thinks you're crazy, you know.

ALEX
She does?

DAISY
Mm. Absolutely loony.

ALEX
Oh. Well that's rather disappointing.

DAISY

Yes, well I've always found her that way inclined myself.

ALEX

What way inclined?

DAISY

Suspicious. You know. Always ready to assume the worst about people. Always inclined to assume someone is crazy when they're not.

ALEX

That's too bad.

DAISY

I think that's why Glynis ran away.

ALEX

Who?

DAISY

Glynis. Her daughter.

ALEX

Oh right.

DAISY

Ran away when she was fifteen. Well, didn't so much "run away" as exeunt, dramatically. Met a thirty-six year old investment analyst whom, naturally, Mom didn't care for. Mom said it's either me or him, and Glynis was gone.

ALEX

Wow.

DAISY

Mm.

ALEX

Wow. I mean she mentioned she had a daughter, but —

DAISY

She did?

Well yes and I --

ALEX

That's unusual.

DAISY

It is?

ALEX

Oh yes. It's not something she usually brings up.

DAISY

No?

ALEX

No, not something she usually gets into. Too painful, you see. Too close to the surface even now.

DAISY

Ah.

ALEX

But after all she *is* your sister.

DAISY

Exactly.

ALEX

Your sibling. Your long-lost womb-mate.

DAISY

Well --

ALEX

Not that you were twins --

DAISY

No.

ALEX

DAISY

And if you say you're Liz's long-lost son, who am I to disagree?

ALEX

Well, thanks.

DAISY

Who am I to quibble?

ALEX

I really appreciate that.

DAISY

You say you're the child she was carrying thirty years ago and chose not to have, and that somehow you've shown up here now, all grown up and ready to move in — why not?

ALEX

Yes, well I wish I could get Liz to be as reasonable about things. I mean I can understand this is all a bit of a shock for her, but really, there's a time when you have to accept things as they are and move on!

DAISY

Absolutely!

(Pause.)

ALEX

I mean, it's not like I was expecting it either, was I? Just suddenly finding myself standing outside her door, no idea where I'd come from, no idea how I'd got there. Knock knock knock and here we are. And if I can't stay, what then? Where will I go then? Back to nothing? Somehow it doesn't seem *fair*. But, maybe it won't come to that. I hope not. I like it here. It feels comfortable, you know? Safe.

(Pause.)

DAISY

Thankyou for that, Alex.

ALEX

For what?

DAISY

That. All of that. It's true, isn't it? Everything you're saying.

ALEX

Well, I like to think so.

DAISY

You're not a grown up at all, are you? You're a baby. Just a big baby. Just a big *tabula rasa* waiting to be – *smudged*.

(She is very close now.)

You know . . . I have an Oscar upstairs you might be interested in.

ALEX

Oscar. Small trophy given to honour achievement in the motion picture arts and -
- *that's* what movies are!

DAISY

Bingo.

ALEX

Movies! Of course.

DAISY

You're learning.

ALEX

I am, aren't I?

DAISY

Not nearly fast enough.

(She starts to lead him towards the front door.)

ALEX

But wait a minute, shouldn't we -- ?

DAISY

No.

ALEX

But won't Liz -- ?

DAISY

Liz will be fine.

(She leads him out the door closes it behind.)

After a moment, LIZ enters from the bedroom.)

LIZ

You know it is sort of amusing the way the bubbles get up your --

(She sees no one is there.)

Daisy? Alex? Hello?

(She looks to the front door. Realizes. Runs to it. Tries to open it. It won't, of course. She raps on it.)

Daisy! Daisy! Don't you dare! Do you hear me, Daisy? DON'T -- YOU -- DARE!

(Blackout.)

Scene 3:

(LIZ, ALEX, and DAISY eating brown beans at the table.)

DAISY

So I said to him, "am I wrong?"

ALEX

Well of course.

DAISY

"Am I wrong, Steven? Am I the one who's wrong here?"

ALEX

Naturally.

DAISY

I mean would you go to see a movie about a lost elephant? Well you *might*, but what, I said, if the elephant . . . were an *alien*.

ALEX

I see.

DAISY

And the alien . . . was trying to get back to its home planet? Et voila. "Ay-Tay."

LIZ

"Ay-Tay?"

DAISY

The French title.

Oh. LIZ

Amazing. ALEX

It's something all right. LIZ

DAISY
And that bastard . . . that evil little . . . *bearded man* . . . takes my idea and totally pushes me off the project. And what do I get for my flash of inspiration? A split of champagne.

A what? ALEX

Champagne, darling. Just eat your beans. DAISY

These are all right, aren't they? ALEX

Alex. Next time your boss offers you beans or money -- take the money. LIZ

Oh. You don't like 'em? ALEX

They're fine. LIZ

They're delicious! DAISY

They're perfectly -- good -- beans. LIZ

Picky. DAISY

Hm? ALEX

Picky. Ignore her.

DAISY
(Of LIZ.)

Daisy?

LIZ

Yes, dear?

DAISY
(Beat.)

Nothing.

LIZ

ALEX
Well I like 'em. The way they glisten. The way they poke out of their sauce, as if to say "Hi." And have you noticed how they hardly ever fall off your spoon? They just sort of slide around to the bottom and stay there. Whereas with other foods -- peas, rice -- it's spill city.

(Pause.)

I like a lot of things, actually. The smell in bakeries. The way the ocean changes colour all day long. I went to the park this morning and just watched the water pouring out of the fountain. The way the drops catch the sunlight. Lovely.

(Pause.)

And you, Daisy. I really like you.

Do you, darling?

DAISY

Really *really* really.

ALEX

Oh for --

LIZ

Well isn't that sweet?

DAISY

That thing we did up in your apartment --

ALEX

Yes, well, we don't need to get into that, do we?

DAISY

No no, I'm just saying it was --

ALEX

We all know what it was, Alex.

LIZ

You should try it, Liz.

ALEX

Excuse me?

LIZ

Try it. You know.

ALEX

(Beat.)

LIZ

I have.

ALEX

And did you like it?

LIZ

Alex --

DAISY

Alex dear, that's not the sort of thing one generally discusses at the dinner table. Pass the ketchup.

ALEX

Oh? Why not?

DAISY

It just isn't. If we discuss that sort of thing at the dinner table there'll be no reason to put it into movies. Is this Heinz?

LIZ

Plus some people might have to account for their behaviour, mightn't they?

DAISY

Oh now that is --

LIZ

Don't you start with me, Daisy.

DAISY

-- ridiculous, I have no reason to --

LIZ

Because if you want to get into it, I --

DAISY

-- apologize for anything I've --

ALEX

Anyway, I'm thinking how lucky I am to have two such great women in my life. Hey, maybe the three of us should go out for pizza this weekend. Or just hit the mall or somethin. Whatever you want.

(Pause.)

LIZ

Look, um . . . do you think you could you leave Alex and me alone for a moment?

DAISY

Why should I?

LIZ

Because it's my apartment and I'm asking you to.

DAISY

Oh I see. I'm being asked to leave.

LIZ

Yes. You are.

DAISY

Well I can take a hint. I'm expecting a call from Hong Kong anyway, something to do with the new Ang Lee movie. Alex, I'll see you later?

ALEX

You bet.

LIZ

No you won't.

DAISY

You know there's no reason to be bitter, Liz, really. Some women lead lives that are fulfilled. And some women just don't.

(She goes out the door.)

Whad she mean by that?
ALEX

Who knows?
LIZ

Did she have to leave?
ALEX

Yes, Alex. She did.
LIZ

Look. This has got to stop.
(Beat.)

What does?
ALEX

I can deal with you sleeping on my couch. I understand that you're happy you got a job, and I, in turn, am happy for *you* – I guess. *But you may not fall in love with Daisy.*
LIZ

Do what?
ALEX

Fall in -- look, I cannot go on explaining every little thing to you.
LIZ

Fall in love?
ALEX

Why all police cars are white. Why some balloons go up and some don't.
LIZ

Is that what's happening?
ALEX

It's endless.
LIZ

It is, isn't it? I'm falling in love.
ALEX

LIZ

I'm afraid so.

ALEX

No no, that's *great*. I mean, I listen to people singin about it on the radio all day long and I think, gee, that must really be something. And now it's happening to me!

LIZ

Yes, well --

ALEX

Love. True love!

LIZ

Only it's not that simple.

ALEX

It feels simple.

LIZ

Of course it does, but --

ALEX

Why is it not that simple?

LIZ

Because there's something you don't know about Daisy.

ALEX

Yes?

LIZ

Daisy is . . .

ALEX

Yes?

LIZ

Daisy is . . .

ALEX

What?

(Pause.)

LIZ

Nothing. Just don't fall in love with her. That's all.

(Pause.)

ALEX

Oh. Oh. I get it.

LIZ

And now it's time to clean up.

(She starts to clear the dishes.)

ALEX

I get it. You don't want me to be happy.

LIZ

(Of his bowl:)

Are you finished with this?

ALEX

You don't *want* me to enjoy myself.

LIZ

Not if it means I have to "hit the mall" with Daisy.

ALEX

Yeah, I begin to see it all now. The bitterness. The jealousy. No wonder Glynis ran away.

LIZ

Excuse me?

ALEX

You heard me.

LIZ

How -- ?

ALEX

It all adds up.

LIZ

How do you know her name?

Who? ALEX

Glynis! LIZ

How do I know anything? ALEX

Daisy told you. LIZ

Well yeah, but — ALEX

You leave Glynis out of this. LIZ

Why should I? She's my sister, isn't she? ALEX

No! LIZ

Sister, sister, sister. ALEX
(Sing-songy.)

She's nothing to you! LIZ

Oh I think she — ALEX

Besides, she'd be your half-sister. LIZ

Half-sister, half-sister, half-sister. ALEX
(Sing-songy.)

And you have no right to come barging into my life and bringin up stuff like that! LIZ

Oh no? ALEX

No! LIZ

I think I -- ALEX

Because this is my life and you are not supposed to be in it!
(Beat. ALEX starts to clean up.) LIZ

What are you doing?

Cleaning up. ALEX

Oh so now I suppose I've hurt your feelings. LIZ

No. ALEX

Yes I have. You accuse me of driving Glynis out into the cold, but somehow all of a sudden I'm Cruella DeVille. LIZ
(She watches him clean for a moment.)

All right, look. Say you are who you say you are. Say you are -- Alex.

All right. ALEX

Not that I'm *saying* you are. Just -- say you are. LIZ

Right. ALEX

So what is this? Some sort of strange Charles Bronson/Freddie Krueger/Chucky Meets Jason/"I'm baaaaaaaaaaaaaac!" scenario? LIZ

I'm afraid you've lost me. ALEX

LIZ
Are you here to humiliate me? Here to drag up every painful little item in my past just to get back at me? To hurt me?

Of course not. ALEX

I think that's it. LIZ

I told you -- ALEX

Oh I know what you told me. LIZ

I think you did the right thing. ALEX

Yeah, but you don't mean that. LIZ

Yes, I do. ALEX

No. LIZ

Yes. I -- ALEX

Oh come on. LIZ

Come on what? ALEX

Say it. LIZ

Say what?	ALEX
Say you're mad at me.	LIZ
I'm not.	ALEX
Say it.	LIZ
No!	ALEX
Say you're angry.	LIZ
I'm not angry.	ALEX
Say you're really really mad.	LIZ
I think I'll --	ALEX
Liar.	LIZ
Please don't --	ALEX
You lie.	LIZ
Let's not --	ALEX
Liar, liar, liar.	LIZ (Sing-songy.)

ALEX

Look, what do you want from me?

LIZ

I want you to tell —

ALEX

ALL RIGHT! I'M MAD AT YOU! IN FACT SOMETIMES I HATE YOU! AND WHILE I'M ON THE SUBJECT, IF I WANNA GET PAID IN BEANS, I'LL GET PAID IN BEANS, AND THERE AIN'T NOTHIN YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!

(Beat.)

LIZ

You're *mad* at me?

ALEX

Yes!

LIZ

HOW DARE YOU BE MAD AT ME?

ALEX

But I thought you said —

LIZ

Ooo, I knew it, I *knew* it, I knew under that milquetoast exterior lay the heart of a snivelling little weasel.

ALEX

Now look, there's no need to —

LIZ

So, does this mean you can go now? Now that you've spilled your guts? Now that you've vomited your self-pity, time for you to go?

ALEX

Is *that* why you did this?

LIZ

Did what?

ALEX

So you could get *rid* of me?

LIZ

Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't.

ALEX

Then no, no I'm not ready to go yet. I may not be ready to go *ever!*

LIZ

Fine!

ALEX

Fine!

(Beat.)

ALEX

You know, I really wasn't mad when I first got here, no really, I wasn't. I was just glad to see you. Glad to see you were here, glad to see you were doing okay. But now. Now when I realize everything I missed out on – the ocean, daffodils . . . *gingerale* . . . well yeah, you bet I'm mad at you!

LIZ

I'm heartbroken.

ALEX

You should be.

LIZ

I may never recover.

ALEX

You may never figure out how much you missed! And to think that all this time I could have been feeling this way, feeling the way I do about Daisy, *feeling in love!* – my god, it's like I got gypped and I didn't even know it.

LIZ

(Starting out.)

I've heard enough of this.

ALEX

Oh sure, leave. That's handy isn't it?

LIZ

I don't need you to tell me --

ALEX

That's sort of your specialty, isn't it? Doing what comes *handily*. Glynis was handy, so you had her. I wasn't, so you —

LIZ

IT WASN'T A QUESTION OF WHAT WAS HANDY, YOU LITTLE BRAT. IT WAS A QUESTION OF WHAT WAS POSSIBLE!

(Pause.)

You wanted a life? Is that what you wanted? Well so did I, and believe you me darling, just as bad as you do now. And if I hadn't done what I did, I wouldn't have had one. Not to speak of. *Neither* of us would. You think that woulda been a life, growing up with a nineteen-year-old mom who didn't know any better than to get pregnant by some guy she met at a Doug and the Slugs concert? I don't think so. You think I would of finished my degree and we'd be living in a cushy building like this in the West End? Think again, my little spawn. We woulda ended up in some one room decrepit suite over a Chinese butcher shop. And yes, when the time was right, I did have a kid, by a very nice gay man who didn't mind giving me a bit of his sperm. And Glynis and I had fourteen great years, before she started stickin needles in her arms for I don't know what godforsaken reasons, and runnin around with guys about three times her age! So you just leave her out of it, cause every time you mention her name I get a pain that goes through me like this! — like a knittin needle goin right through me! And I'm sorry if you feel gypped, but I swear to god, you keep on tryna make me feel bad about it and I'll kick you out of my life again!

(Pause.)

ALEX

So you admit it. That was me you were carrying around.

LIZ

Well it wasn't a bag of groceries!

ALEX

Right. Well that's fine. Just so long as we're agreed.

(Beat.)

LIZ

Well we are!

ALEX

Fine.

LIZ

Fine. So. Let's get these dishes cleaned up.

(She starts to clear again. Looks to ALEX.)

You want anything for dessert?

ALEX

No. Thankyou.

(LIZ starts for the kitchen with some dishes. Stops. Turns. Regards ALEX for a moment. Suddenly falls to the floor.)

ALEX

Oh my lord. Oh my lord!

(He runs to her.)

Liz? LIZ? Are you all right?

LIZ

(Coming to.)

I'm . . . fine.

ALEX

Oh my lord. What happened?

LIZ

I'm not sure. But don't worry about it. I'm fine.

(She rises, picks up the bowls, looks to ALEX, exits to the kitchen.)

ALEX stands looking off after her. Fade.)

Scene 4:

(Dark. LIZ is asleep on the couch. ALEX enters from the bedroom. A TV flickers and murmurs from the room behind. ALEX regards LIZ for a moment. He walks to her, places a hand to near her mouth. Withdraws, alarmed. Regards her. Approaches again. Bends his ear to her mouth. Withdraws.)

LIZ starts to roll off the couch. He runs to catch her. She wakes up.)

LIZ
What? What?

ALEX
You're falling off.

LIZ
What?

ALEX
The couch. You're falling off the couch.

LIZ
(Looks around.)
Oh.

ALEX
I came in earlier, you were asleep, you'd fallen asleep on the couch. I didn't want to disturb you, so I just . . . went into your bedroom to watch some TV. I hope you don't mind that, it's just I got . . . kinda bored just sitting here watching you.

(Beat.)

You know, they have some really excellent shows on these days. There's one, it's about these people who have to sell things, that's all they do, just sell things -- jewelry, baseball cards, perfume -- and you get the feeling that if they don't sell enough of these things -- makeup, osterizers -- something terrible is going to happen. It's very dramatic.

LIZ
Yeah, I think I've seen that one, Alex.

ALEX
Don't you think it's dramatic?

LIZ
Yeah, sure. Just a little short on plot.
(Pause.)

ALEX
Oh by the way, we didn't do it.

LIZ

Do what?

ALEX

When I was upstairs, visiting Daisy. That's where I was before I came back. We didn't do it this time. You know. The thing we don't talk about.

LIZ

Oh.

ALEX

I just thought you might like to know.

LIZ

Yeah, well. Thanks.

ALEX

I mean we were gonna. After we went to a movie. But then we decided not to go to a movie, so we just sat around and Daisy chatted to people on Yahoo.

LIZ

Right.

ALEX

And then she fell asleep.

LIZ

There's a lot of that going around.

ALEX

But I can understand how that sort of thing might upset you. Not falling asleep I don't mean, I mean, you know, me and Daisy getting so close. I mean here she is, she's your friend, you're getting along so well together, and then I come along and hey presto, I'm --

LIZ

It's not that, Alex.

ALEX

No?

LIZ

No. I'm glad you like Daisy. Really.

ALEX

You are?

LIZ

I am. I'm happy for you. And her. It's a nice thing, liking someone that much. I remember. And you can "do it" all you like. You're both adults -- sort of -- and it's no business of mine. Only tomorrow we're going to go to London Drugs and get you a nice big pack of rubbers.

ALEX

Rubbers?

LIZ

Let's save that one for the morning.

(She starts for the bedroom.)

ALEX

I think I know what happened earlier.

(LIZ turns.)

LIZ

When?

ALEX

When you fell down. I think I know what happened.

(Pause. LIZ waits.)

You see, I was just so mad at you at that moment, because of what you said and everything, not that I blame you, perfectly reasonable in every way. But nevertheless, I was just so mad at you, and just when I felt like I was going to explode, that's when you . . . fell.

(Pause.)

And then I was thinking about it while I was watching TV, so I came out here to try a little experiment. I looked at you, and I thought about it again, how, you know, you finally admitted I was more n just a guy who showed up at your door, but it took you so long to do it, and -- bam! -- I was mad again. An then I walked up to you lyin there on the couch and I held my hand up to your mouth and . . . you weren't breathin. But then I thought, no, no I love her, an it doesn't matter what happened twenty-six years ago, it's what I feel now that counts! An I went back up to ya, and I held my ear up to your mouth . . . an you were breathin again.

(Pause.)

An that's when you started falling off the couch.

So? LIZ

I killed you. ALEX

What? LIZ

ALEX
I did, for that little bit there, I killed you. Or *I* didn't, what I was *feeling* did, an the same thing happened after dinner. I mean you kept telling me, "You're angry, you're angry," until I finally realized, yeah, I *am* angry, an then just everything got outta hand. But I don't *wanna* kill you, it's just, I can't help myself, it's just what I feel!

That you want to kill me. LIZ

ALEX
No no, that's what I *don't* want to do! That's just what *happens!*

Alex, that's ridiculous. LIZ

ALEX
No, it's not, I'm telling you, that's why you fell down!

Alex, I'm going to bed. LIZ

You gotta believe me about this! ALEX

I'll see you in the morning. LIZ

You don't believe me about this? ALEX

Alex: enough! LIZ

(She glares at him. Turns. Pauses a moment.
Falls.)

ALEX

Oh no. Oh no.

(LIZ lies motionless on the floor.)

Oh no I did it again!

(He rushes to her.)

Liz! I'm sorry. I did it again.

(LIZ stirs.)

Are you alive? You're alive! Oh jeez, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to --

LIZ

I fell.

ALEX

I know you fell. That's because you were dead.

LIZ

Let me up.

ALEX

Here let me --

LIZ

Let go of me, I'm perfectly fine!

(She stands, stares at him, falls
again.)

ALEX

Oh cripes, this is hopeless. Liz? Liz? You really got to trust me on this one. Okay.
Okay. I love you, and I really don't want to do this to you, and --

(LIZ comes to again.)

-- and if you keep on disagreeing with me about this we could be doing this all
night.

LIZ

You can't -- just --

ALEX

Yes, I can, y'see, that's the thing, I *can*. You still don't believe me about this?

No. LIZ
(Struggling to rise.)

No. (She falls again. Is still. After a moment comes
to, rises a bit,
looks to ALEX.)

No! (Falls. Is still. Comes to. Uses a chair to help
herself to her feet. Rises to her full height.)

No.

I'm afraid so. ALEX

(LIZ falls. Is still. ALEX
regards her for a moment, then
begins to bend to her, as . . .

Lights fade.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene 1:

(LIZ, DAISY. A pause.)

He can kill me. LIZ

What? DAISY

Kill me. LIZ

Oh. DAISY

(Beat.)
You mean kill you as in "He kills me"? As in make you laugh aloud?

No. LIZ

Oh. *Oh*. DAISY

Kill me as in kill me. As in render me un-alive. LIZ

I see. DAISY

Apparently when he gets mad enough at me he lets loose with this blast of . . . psychic . . . steam, and poof, I'm poached. LIZ

This happened? DAISY

Last night. LIZ

My goodness. So why are you still here? DAISY

He can bring me back to life too. LIZ

Ah. Well that's a positive thing. DAISY

I suppose this must all seem pretty strange to you. LIZ

No. No, I can see that happening. DAISY

You can? LIZ

Mm. It's sort of a Freudian, kill-the-mother, slay-the-wicked-witch sort of thing. Very Bruno Bettelheim. DAISY

Oh. Good.

LIZ

DAISY

Very early-period Disney. And in a way it's poetic justice, isn't it?

LIZ

What?

DAISY

Well yes, you know: you kill him, he kills you. You yin, he yangs. Somehow it all adds up.

LIZ

It most certainly does not add —

DAISY

But look, what I came to tell you is —

LIZ

I don't want to hear what you came to tell me!

DAISY

Oh I think you do.

LIZ

No! No! What I want is for things to get back to normal!

DAISY

Oh, "normal," what is that *really*?

LIZ

I want things to go back to the way they were three days ago! At least then I could open my own front door!

(The front door opens. ALEX enters.)

DAISY

Alex, dearheart —

ALEX

Don't talk to me.

LIZ
What are you doing home?

ALEX
Don't talk to me! When I want to talk, I'll let you know.
(He exits into the kitchen.)

DAISY
That was odd.

LIZ
I'll say.

DAISY
Not to mention a little hurtful. Usually he's delighted to see me.

LIZ
(Checks her watch.)
He's not supposed to get home till about six.
(ALEX returns with a beer.)

ALEX
All right. I'm ready to talk.

LIZ
Is there something wrong?

ALEX
No! No, there's nothing wrong! The world's just full of two-faced, hypocritical, uptight little *losers*, that's all!
(DAISY and LIZ regard each other.)
I got fired.

DAISY
Fired?

LIZ
Why?

ALEX
Because I don't know when to keep my big yap shut, that's why. Because I probly never shoulda been hired there in the first place!
(Beat.)

This guy comes into the store today —

DAISY

Oh goody, is this a joke?

ALEX

No.

DAISY

Oh.

ALEX

This guy comes into the store, got a camera in one hand and a notebook in the other. An he's wearin a tie, that shoulda been my first hint. Guys who wear ties — very sneaky. So he starts taking pictures and writing things down in his little notebook, and I'm thinking, well, maybe he's interested in opening up a store of his own, maybe I can help him out. So I go up to him, I say, can I help you? He says, where's the manager, I say he's at the off-track next door, which he is. He says, "Aha," and makes a little note. Then he says, "I'd like to see your slurpee machine, I'd like to try a slurpee." Now this makes me very happy, because just this morning I decided to try something a little different with the slurpees, something a little inventive. So I take him over, he pours himself a slurpee, he takes one sip, says, this slurpee tastes odd. I say that's because I put some vodka in it, sir. He says what, I say, vodka, sir, y'see I've noticed how happy Mr. Yee's vodka makes him while he's at work, so I thought, why not spread it around? An I show him, I show him where Mr. Yee keeps his vodka bottles behind the counter, his mix, his lime slices, and just as I'm doing so, this kid bursts through the front door, yells, "I want another Slurpee!" and then barfs on the guy's shoes. And ten seconds later, I'm fired.

LIZ

Because . . .

ALEX

The guy's a quality control manager, come all the way from Portland to check the store out.

LIZ

That's what I thought.

DAISY

Oh *Alex*. That's *terrible*.

ALEX

Well yeah, especially since, you know, they didn't even wait to see if the vodka thing might catch on!

(Pause.)

And then later while I was getting my stuff I saw Mr. Yee . . . cryin, because, you know, he'd come back and he was gonna get a bad report and probly lose his store. And I thought: wow. / did that to him. I'm the reason he's cryin. And that was probly the worst thing of all. I didn't even know I could do that to someone.

(Pause.)

DAISY

Well I have some news that'll cheer you up!

LIZ

Daisy, maybe we should --

DAISY

I'm pregnant! Alex and I are going to have a baby!

(ALEX looks to DAISY, looks to LIZ. LIZ looks to DAISY, looks Back to ALEX. ALEX starts to bawl.)

DAISY

Oh now dearest --

LIZ

You're what??

DAISY

Don't cry.

LIZ

You're *what*?

DAISY

Pregnant.

LIZ

Pregnant!

DAISY

Yes. With Alex's child. Oh isn't that sweet, he's crying tears of joy!

A baby? ALEX
(Weeping.)

Yes! DAISY

I can't have a baby! ALEX

What? DAISY

I can't have a baby! I'm only three days old myself! ALEX

Well! Isn't that just -- DAISY

Look, Daisy. You're sure you're pregnant? LIZ

Yes. DAISY

And you're sure this is Alex's child? LIZ

What are you insinuating? DAISY

Nothing, but -- how can you even know already? LIZ

Why not? DAISY

Well that was only . . . the day before yesterday. LIZ

What was? DAISY

LIZ

You know.

DAISY

No, what?

LIZ

Your unprincipled seduction of an innocent young man.

DAISY

Oh *that*. Well I don't know how I figured it out. I just had a feeling. So I went and I got the little kit and the stick turned pink!

(Going for her purse.)

Would you like to see?

LIZ

No! No, look. Why don't you go upstairs and I'll take care of Alex. Alex, would you like another beer?

ALEX

(Crying.)

Noooooooo.

LIZ

All right. Well, Daisy is going upstairs now. Why don't you say goodbye?

ALEX

(Crying.)

Goodbyyyyyyyyye.

DAISY

But I don't understand why he's --

LIZ

Just go upstairs, would you Daisy, and I'll come up and see you later.

DAISY

Well all right. I suppose I should tell all my friends on Yahoo the good news.

LIZ

Exactly.

DAISY

But don't do anything to make him mad, all right?

We need you alive to babysit.

(Sotto voce:)

(She goes.)

ALEX
Oh god. Oh god. I don't know why I'm crying. Really I don't.

LIZ

I do.

ALEX
I mean I should be happy. I'm having a baby!

LIZ

Yes, well, it's a wonderful thing, provided it was your idea. Mind you, sometimes you got the whole thing planned out . . . and that doesn't work out either . . .

(Pause.)

Look, Alex, I'm gonna help you with this, okay? I know exactly how you feel, and I'm gonna help you out.

ALEX
(Sarcastic.)

You know exactly how I feel.

LIZ

Yes.

ALEX
How could you know exactly how I feel?
(LIZ just looks at him.)

Oh, yeah. I guess you could.

LIZ

So we're gonna sit here and pull ourselves together. And then I'm gonna go upstairs and have a little chat with Daisy.

ALEX

About what?

LIZ

Daisy and I are going to discuss the fact that having a baby is not something you do just because you had some spare time on your hands. And then once Daisy thinks it over, I'm sure she'll know what to do.

What? ALEX

I think you know too. LIZ

No. ALEX

I think you do. LIZ
(Pause.)

Oh. ALEX

Mm. LIZ

Oh no. No way. Nosirreebub! ALEX

Alex – LIZ

No way! We are not doing something like that! ALEX

We? LIZ

Just forget about it. ALEX

Alex, first of all, I'll let you in on a little secret. You won't have to do a thing. LIZ

Still. ALEX

And second of all, there is absolutely, positively no way Daisy can have that baby. LIZ

ALEX

Well she seems to think she can!

LIZ

Yes well, Daisy thinks a lot of things. That doesn't make them right.

ALEX

Well yeah but --

LIZ

Daisy thinks she gets calls from Hong Kong. But have you noticed? Her phone doesn't even work?

ALEX

It doesn't?

LIZ

No. That's because she hasn't paid the bill for two years. And if you go upstairs right now and watch her chatting, I believe you'll discover that there's no one chatting back.

ALEX

What are you talking about?

LIZ

Alex, there is a very simple reason why Daisy cannot have that baby. Daisy - is crazy.

ALEX

Well, she's a little bit eccentric, but --

LIZ

No no no. *Daisy is crazy*. Non compis mentis. A lunatic. I didn't tell you before because I didn't want to spoil your fun, but Daisy is a sad young woman who got lost in the woods many years ago and hasn't enough breadcrumbs to find her way out.

ALEX

I hardly think she could have written all those screenplays if --

LIZ

She doesn't write screenplays! She isn't a screenwriter! If it wasn't for "Entertainment Tonight," Daisy wouldn't even know who Vin Diesel is!

(Pause.)

Daisy has been living upstairs insisting she's a screenwriter for about seven years. No no, I take that back. At first she wanted to be a screenwriter. And then one day she *was* a screenwriter. And then, one day, she was Daisy Huculak, Oscar-winning close friend of Steven Spielberg and Nicole Kidman. And I didn't mind. Really I didn't. I mean, once upon a time I wanted to be Chrissie Hynde *and* the Pretenders. I thought it was sort of nice that she got to live her dream, even if it was all a . . . dream.

(Pause.)

And the fact is, Glynis had taken off about then, and I was feeling kind of . . . you know . . . unwanted. Plus I couldn't figure out how it had all happened. I mean, there I was one day with this lovely little girl . . . and all of a sudden she was this monster with the black eyeliner under the eyes, and a tattoo on her nipple, for chrissake, and livin with a guy who insisted I address him as "Mister." Daisy, oddly enough, was predictable. And she needed my help. So I decided the best way I could help her was to just sorta . . . play along.

(Pause.)

But Daisy can't have that baby, Alex. She wouldn't know what to do with it.

ALEX

If she's not a screenwriter . . . how come she's got an Oscar up there?

LIZ

Alex. Real Oscars aren't six inches tall with a coin slot in the base. I bought it for her. At a souvenir shop on Hollywood Boulevard.

ALEX

Her computer?

LIZ

My old one.

ALEX

Her dresses?

LIZ

She worked as an extra on a Cybill Shepherd movie. Most of them showed up in her closet shortly after that.

ALEX

Well this is just a little bit hard to believe.

LIZ

Granted.

ALEX

I mean you want me to believe that Daisy is -- and that you -- and that everything she's said is --

LIZ

I'm afraid so.

(Beat.)

Look, I know that this is the first time you've had a girlfriend, and the fact that she's not everything she says she is . . . well that's pretty much par for the course, actually, but I can understand why you're upset. But I really do think it's best that you know the truth.

ALEX

Oh I agree.

LIZ

You do?

ALEX

Oh absolutely.

LIZ

Well good! And this doesn't mean that Daisy can't continue to be your friend. Though really, Alex, maybe we can find someone a bit closer to your own age. Whatever age that is.

(Pause.)

ALEX

I think you're just jealous.

LIZ

What?

ALEX

Jealous. You're too old to have a baby now, so you don't want Daisy to have one.

LIZ
What? *Jealous*?

ALEX
Or I know: just because you didn't want a baby the first time you got pregnant, you think Daisy shouldn't either.

LIZ
That is ridiculous!

ALEX
Is it?

LIZ
Yes!

ALEX
I don't think so, I think that's why you made this whole story up.

LIZ
Alex, I did not make up any —

ALEX
You think that Daisy should get rid of the baby because, hey, you didn't want one so why should she?

LIZ
That's not what I --

ALEX
In other words, when you didn't want to have a baby, that was your choice. But when Daisy *does* want to have one --

LIZ
No!

ALEX
That means she's crazy. Of course! Naturally! Makes sense to me! The only thing is that's sort of a rotten thing to do to your kid, isn't it? Trying to convince him his girlfriend, the mother of his child, the woman he loves, is *crazy*? I don't think you'd find that in the better parenting books. No, I'm pretty sure you wouldn't.

LIZ

If you don't believe me, just --

ALEX

Only, I'm forgetting one thing, aren't I? One very important thing. You're not really my mother.

LIZ

Alex. Don't --

ALEX

Because that would definitely be giving you too much credit.

LIZ

Alex. Alex, don't.

ALEX

Because a mother is someone who raises you!

(Beat. LIZ bolts for the door, tugs at the doorknob. It won't open. She turns to look at ALEX.)

LIZ

Ah, shit.

(Falls to the floor.

Pause. ALEX moves to her. Looks down to her. Lifts her arm, lets it fall again.)

ALEX

Not a screenwriter, huh? And I suppose you're not really dead.

(He takes her by the arms. begins to drag her away.

Fade.)

Scene 2:

(ALEX, DAISY. It's only a few days later, but DAISY is noticeably more pregnant.)

DAISY

I think the Baja might be nice, don't you?

ALEX

(Preoccupied.)

I don't know. What's a Ba-ha?

DAISY

And then we might tour the southwest. I've always wanted to visit Taos. If it's good enough for D.H. Lawrence, it's good enough for me.

ALEX

Who's -- ?

(He looks up and at her for the first time.)

Woh.

DAISY

What?

ALEX

Are you getting fat or is that the baby?

DAISY

You know, if you weren't the father of my child, I might have to come over there and slap you.

ALEX

It's the baby?

DAISY

Of course it's the baby. Here, feel.

(She holds ALEX's hand to her belly.)

ALEX

But you've only been pregnant for three days.

DAISY

I know. Odd, isn't it? But you know children these days. They grow up so fast.

ALEX

Woh.

DAISY

And then we'll come back here and -- I don't know. Do you really think we need to get married? I don't. How about if we just have a nice lawn party? Liz can arrange it. Where is Liz, by the way?

ALEX

Who?

DAISY

Liz?

ALEX

Oh. Um. Out.

DAISY

Out where?

ALEX

Out -- there.

DAISY

Hm. That's odd. She's usually home by this time. Oh well. She's probably out buying diapers.

ALEX

Look. I have an idea. Why don't we forget about Liz and just -- go?

DAISY

Go?

ALEX

Yeah, you know. Just -- leave and never come back.

DAISY

You mean elope?

ALEX

If you say so.

DAISY

What a delicious idea.

ALEX
Right so let's just --

DAISY
But where would we go?

ALEX
The Ba-ha.

DAISY
Well yes, but we don't want to live there, do we? It's in *Mexico*, for heaven's sake.

ALEX
Well okay, how bout --

DAISY
Though I do admire the work of Antonio Banderas.

ALEX
Isn't he from -- ?

DAISY
No no, it's out of the question. I mean, it would have been lovely when I was younger, but now -- it's just not behaviour befitting a mother-to-be. Besides, I think Liz deserves the opportunity to be a grandmother, don't you? After all she went through with Glynis. A chance to have little Jennifer nipping at her heels.

ALEX
Jennifer?

DAISY
Our child.

ALEX
You've already named it?

DAISY
Yes. Lovely, isn't it? Jennnnn-ifer.

ALEX
But what if it's a boy?

DAISY
Well what are the chances of that?

Yes you do. DAISY
(Pause.)
Oh. ALEX
Mm. DAISY
The thing we don't talk about. ALEX
Hmm. DAISY
The thing we just do. Well, you go on upstairs and I'll be up in -- ALEX
No, not upstairs. Here. DAISY
Here? ALEX
Right here. In there. DAISY
(The bedroom.)
In -- ALEX
-- there? (Looks.)
Mm. Quick. Before Liz gets home. DAISY
Right. Liz. Right. Well -- ALEX
You go on in and get ready. And I'll just go get us a little -- gingerale. DAISY
Gingerale. Excellent. With the bubbles and, uh . . . ALEX

(DAISY goes into the kitchen. ALEX looks around. Moves to the bedroom, enters. Returns dragging LIZ by the arms. Looks around. Starts to drag her towards the couch.)

DAISY
(Approaching, off.)

I don't think there is any gingerale, will --

(ALEX turns about and drags LIZ into the bathroom instead. DAISY enters.)

-- Pepsi do?

DAISY
(She looks around.)

Alex?

ALEX
(Pops his head out of the bathroom.)

Right here.

Oh. Pepsi? All right?

DAISY

Fine by me.

ALEX

Right.

DAISY

(She returns to the kitchen. ALEX drags LIZ into the living-room, takes the seat cushions off the couch, lays LIZ on the couch, puts the cushions atop her. Her arm sticks out. He shoves it under the cushions, takes his blanket from on top of the couch, and throws it over the cushions and LIZ.)

DAISY returns, with Pepsis.
ALEX sits on the couch,
trying to look nonchalant.)

Ready?
As I'll ever be.

DAISY
ALEX
(She smiles, heads towards the bedroom, ALEX following. DAISY turns.)

DAISY
(Handing the Pepsis to ALEX.)
Wait. Maybe I should bolt the door.
(She moves to the door. He follows behind, stands at the end of the couch to block her view. She bolts the door, turns, is surprised to see him there.)

Pepsi?
Aren't you sweet?

ALEX
DAISY
(She moves to him, takes her Pepsi. They clink glasses, sip. LIZ's arm falls out from beneath the cushions.)

Alex.
DAISY
(Whispers.)

Yes?
There is someone on the couch.

Really?
ALEX
(DAISY puts a finger to her lips, sneaks over to the hand, tentatively touches it, then shakes it, then removes the pillow from on Liz's face. Screams.)

Liz? Liz? DAISY

Now hang on just a second -- ALEX

Liz, is that you? DAISY

She's not going to answer you. ALEX

What did you do to her? DAISY

I -- ALEX

You killed her, didn't you? You killed her again! DAISY

Well yes, but -- ALEX

Again! DAISY

Well yes, but, I think we should keep in mind that the first three or four times weren't exactly on purpose. ALEX

And this *was*? DAISY

This was, yes. ALEX

Why? DAISY

Because! Because she is just extremely -- irritating and -- judgmental and -- and simply not prepared to accept the opinions of others. ALEX

DAISY

And so you killed her.

ALEX

It -- just seemed like the right thing to do.

DAISY

Oh honestly Alex. You can't go about killing people just because they irritate you. Not even your mother. Now help me . . . sit her up or something.

(DAISY take LIZ's arms and tries to sit her up.)

ALEX

That wasn't the only reason.

DAISY

Oh I'm sure.

ALEX

She also said some very unpleasant things about you, Daisy. Very, very unpleasant. That's also why I got mad.

DAISY

Like what?

ALEX

You don't want to know.

DAISY

Then why did you --

ALEX

She said you shouldn't have the baby.

(Beat. DAISY drops LIZ.)

DAISY

What?!

ALEX

She said you shouldn't have the baby. That you wouldn't be able to take care of it.

Well that's just silly.

DAISY

I *know!*

ALEX

Of course I can take care of it. Or, if necessary, I'll hire a nanny to do so.

DAISY

That's another thing. She says you don't have much money.

ALEX

Oh honestly.

LIZ

She says you can't even afford to pay your phone bill.

ALEX

Alex. Do you have any idea how much I get paid for a simple dialogue polish?

LIZ

She says you're not a screenwriter.

(Pause.)

She says you're not a screenwriter, that you just think you are. That you don't even know Steven Spielberg. She says you're crazy, and that's the reason you shouldn't have the baby. Because you wouldn't know what to do with it.

(Pause.)

Liz said that?

DAISY

I'm afraid so.

ALEX

That I'm not a screenwriter?

DAISY

Yes.

ALEX

DAISY

Well, I don't know . . . why she'd say something like that. I mean she knows it's not . . . true.

(Pause.)

What else did she say?

ALEX

Well I think that pretty much covers it.

DAISY

No no, tell me. Did she mention the problem with the jewellery?

ALEX

No, I don't --

DAISY

How about the thing with the puppies?

ALEX

I don't think --

DAISY

Oh look Alex, it's obvious you've misunderstood her in some way.

ALEX

I haven't!

DAISY

Or even if she did say all those things, she obviously didn't mean them.

ALEX

Daisy, I'm telling you --

DAISY

No no no! This is just the way women talk to each other, you see. It's a means of communication which, as a man, you're in no position to understand.

ALEX

I --

DAISY

What Liz was expressing was an emotional truth which, in that moment, was very real for her. I.e., "I can't stand my dreary existence," hence "Daisy is not a screenwriter." "I wish I was not a lonely old spinster," and so, "Daisy should not have the baby."

ALEX

She --

DAISY

But what I can't understand is why you can't put your murderous impulses aside long enough to come to some sort of understanding with your mother. Now you will bring her back to life immediately, and after you do, I hope you apologize.

ALEX

I can't.

DAISY

Why not?

ALEX

I tried.

DAISY

You did it before, didn't you?

ALEX

Yes, but --

DAISY

Well if you did it once, you can do it --

ALEX

No! I can't! I don't have it in me! I'm sorry! I'm glad she's dead! And she did say those things! And she wasn't just expressing an "emotional truth!" She meant every word she said!

(Pause.)

DAISY

So you won't bring her back to life.

ALEX

I can't!

DAISY

Well. I certainly don't intend to raise this baby without her.

(Pause.)

Liz! Dearheart! How are you? I've been worried about you, you've been looking a bit peaked lately.

(She hoists LIZ to a sitting position on the couch, sits beside her.)

Of course it's no wonder -- everything you've had thrown at you lately. Alex, go get us something to nibble on, would you? Liz looks like she use a little something to eat.

(ALEX just sits in a chair at the table, watches.)

I've been thinking. What would you think if the three of us -- or rather, four of us -- got a little house in the suburbs? I mean really, I'm not sure this building is the sort of place where I want to raise a child. You do? Oh good. And we could have a big yard. Garden gnomes. A shed from Canadian Tire. And one day, Jennifer, standing out on that front lawn in her prom dress. Having her picture taken, beside her big galoot of a boyfriend. Lovely. Lovely. So sweet.

(ALEX watches her. Fade.)

Scene 3:

(Night. LIZ still sits motionless on the couch, eyes closed. ALEX enters from the Kitchen with a sandwich. A TV murmurs and flickers in the bedroom.

He stops, watches LIZ for a moment.)

ALEX

We're out of milk. I'll pick some up in the morning.

(He goes to the couch, sits next to LIZ.)

Thought maybe a snack'd help me sleep.

(He takes a bite of his sandwich, chews. Long pause.)

Well you're right. She is crazy.

(Pause.)

I don't know how I missed that. Though, y'know, half the time since I got here, I look at things . . . and I don't know if they're totally wonderful, or totally weird.

(Pause.)

That's life eh, I guess. That's life.

(Pause.)

I sort of envy her, though, the way she can talk to you and you answer back. I could use a little of that right now, a little -- y'know -- motherly advice. I mean, here I am, I'm gonna be raising this kid, and taking care of Daisy too, like you used to, and -- I don't have any idea what I'm doing. Any idea how I'm gonna do this. An I don't even have anybody to tell how awful it feels.

(Pause.)

And I'm guessin that's how you were feeling when you -- y'know -- decided to -- decided you had to do -- what you did. I mean, boy, if you were feelin anything like I'm feelin right now, that musta been -- woo! -- that must have been -- hard for you, and uh . . .

(Pause.)

I just wanted to say that I understand that now. I just want to say that I understand.

(Pause.)

So! This has been good. Having this little chat like this. And I want say, too, that I'm sorry for doing this to you, and I wish I could fix it, but for some reason I can't. So, I'll just have to leave it at that and uh . . . well. I'll just leave it at that.

(Pause.)

So. I guess I'll go and see if my sandwich worked.

(He exits to the bedroom.)

There is a pause.

LIZ's eyes open.

Fade.)

Scene 4:

(LIZ, DAISY, and ALEX at the table. LIZ and DAISY laughing gaily, ALEX dour.)

DAISY
And he actually said to me: "I've killed Liz."
(They laugh.)
Very serious: "I've killed Liz."
(They laugh.)

LIZ
Really?

DAISY
Just like that.

LIZ
My god.

ALEX
Could I have the pepper please?

DAISY
(Handing it to him.)
And I said to him, "Of course you haven't killed Liz, she's sitting right there."

LIZ
He thought I was dead?

DAISY
Yes! Dead as anything!

LIZ
My god.

ALEX
Could I have the margarine, please?

LIZ
(Passing it to him.)
Well, you know, I have been on a low carb diet lately. Maybe a little *too* low!
(LIZ and DAISY laugh. DAISY rises from the table. For the first time we can see that she is now very, very pregnant.)

DAISY

Well, I'd best be going. It's time I had a nap. After all, I'm sleeping for two.

LIZ

You know, if I didn't know better I'd swear you were . . .

DAISY

What?

LIZ

Nothing. That is just the biggest four day old zygote I've ever seen.

ALEX

Oh yeah, that reminds me, Liz has something she wants to talk to you about.

LIZ

I do?

ALEX

Yeah, you know, about . . . what to do.

LIZ

Oh that.

DAISY

Well tell me.

ALEX

Well Liz thinks --

LIZ

Yeah, no, I don't think that's necessary, Alex.

ALEX

You don't?

LIZ

No.

ALEX

You mean she doesn't have to have a --

LIZ
No.

ALEX
Oh.

DAISY
If somebody doesn't tell me what's going on, I —

LIZ
It's nothing, Daisy, we were just saying how — your next movie should be a comedy.

ALEX
A comedy, yeah!

DAISY
My next what?

ALEX
Your next movie, you know, the next screenplay you write.

DAISY
Screenplay?

ALEX
Yeah, you know —

DAISY
Why would I write a screenplay?

LIZ
What?

DAISY
Why that would make me a screenwriter. Why would I want to be a screenwriter? I can't imagine anything more pointless to do with your life, making all those people yap-yap-yap.

(Beat.)
I *am* looking forward to putting my parenting skills to use, though. You know, I come from a family of fourteen. And what with Father away at war and Mother ministering to the sick in India, I pretty much had to raise them all myself. Did I mention I invented the Lamaze Method?

ALEX

Wouldn't that have been invented by -- ?

LIZ

Shut up, Alex. That's fantastic, Daisy. What a lucky child you're going to have.

DAISY

It's true, isn't it? Well, ta-ta. We'll go shopping for maternity clothes tomorrow, Liz. Well, maternity clothes for me. Just big ones for you.

(She goes.)

ALEX

Did she just say that she isn't -- ?

LIZ

She did, yes. Well what do you know. Hollywood's loss is motherhood's gain.

(Pause.)

Alex?

ALEX

Yeah?

LIZ

You've barely looked at me all morning. Why is that?

ALEX

I dunno. Just enjoying my food, I guess. Hey, do you mean that, about Daisy having the baby?

LIZ

Yes, I do.

ALEX

Huh. What changed your mind?

LIZ

Well, Daisy looking like she's wearing a sunporch, for one thing. But, uh . . . other things too. Alex look at me.

ALEX

No.

LIZ

Look at me.

ALEX
No!

LIZ
Is it because you think you might kill me?

ALEX
Something like that.

LIZ
Well that's not going to happen, now that we're all agreed about Daisy. Besides, you can't walk around staring at the floor for the next twenty years. So look at me.

ALEX
I don't think this is a good idea.

LIZ
I'll take my chances. Please.
(Pause. ALEX looks at her.)
Thankyou. That's much nicer.

ALEX
It is, isn't it?

LIZ
Much.
(Pause.)
Look, I know I was dead.

ALEX
You do?

LIZ
Yes. And I know that presents us with certain difficulties --

ALEX
But you told Daisy --

LIZ
I told Daisy what she wanted to hear. There's little point in doing anything else, is there?

ALEX
Well no, but --

LIZ
As you may have noticed.

ALEX
Yes.

LIZ
But of course I was dead. One minute I'm trying to get out the door, the next minute I'm sitting on the couch in the dark. That was my first clue. Besides, I missed "Boston Public." I never miss "Boston Public."

ALEX
Ah.

LIZ
But here's the thing. I think we can work around this, see.

ALEX
How?

LIZ
You and Daisy move in down here. I move upstairs. You two are gonna need the space, and I don't.

ALEX
Oh, jeez, I don't think --

LIZ
And that way you and I won't be in each other's face all the time, and maybe that way we can --

ALEX
I don't really think that's gonna work.

LIZ
Well we could try.

ALEX
Well we could try, yeah, but --

LIZ

And maybe that way you won't feel like you have to kill me!

ALEX

Well yeah, but we'd still be running into each other, right?

LIZ

Well, yes but —

ALEX

And, you know, I'm in a bad mood or something one day and I see you in the elevator and -- blam.

LIZ

Blam what?

ALEX

Blam you're on the floor again.

LIZ

Oh.

ALEX

Or in the lobby, or in the street somewhere.

LIZ

Well sure, but —

ALEX

Because the thing with Daisy, that's not the only reason I get mad at you, y'know.

LIZ

Well, no, I know, but —

ALEX

I mean there's still all those other things.

LIZ

Well *okay* then --

ALEX

So that's why I'm thinking — maybe I better leave.

(Pause.)

Do what? LIZ

Leave. You know. Just go. Away. ALEX
(Pause.)

You can't leave. LIZ

I could. ALEX

Well sure you *could* but . . . LIZ

What? ALEX

. . . How can you leave? You're going to have a baby! LIZ

But that's the thing, see? ALEX

What's the thing? LIZ

The baby! Who's gonna take care of the baby? ALEX

Well — LIZ

Because Daisy can't, that's for sure. Not by herself. And that leaves you and me. And it can't be both of us, right? ALEX

Well wait — LIZ

ALEX

Because it *is* gonna happen again, we both know that. And what about if one of these times I can't bring you back to life? What then? / raise the baby? I don't think so. I can't even set the timer on the microwave. But if you're here and, y'know, *alive* —

LIZ

Oh, look Alex, this idea —

ALEX

As opposed to *dead* —

LIZ

This idea is just a -- non-starter.

ALEX

I mean I know it's a lot to ask of you —

LIZ

Just not good.

ALEX

But I don't know what else to do!

LIZ

Well maybe if we —

ALEX

What?

LIZ

I don't know . . . maybe if we . . . keep getting to know each other . . . I mean, I finally catch on to what's happening, I finally get a clue, and now you're going to leave?

ALEX

I know, but —

LIZ

Just when we have a chance to start living like a real mother and son?

ALEX

Whad you just say?

I said — LIZ

Say that again. ALEX

What? LIZ

What you just called me. ALEX
(Beat.)

Son. LIZ
(Pause.)

Yeah. That feels good. I kinda like that. ALEX
(Beat.)

But I still gotta go. (He starts out.)

Well wait, Alex. All you have to do is figure out what you did to bring me back to life last night. LIZ

What I – ALEX

Did! When you brought me back to life, what was it? LIZ

I don't know. ALEX

You must have done something. LIZ

I wasn't even in the room! ALEX

LIZ

Because whatever it was, it worked. And if it worked last night, it'll work again, right? And that's all it takes! So what did you say?

ALEX

I'm telling you, I —

LIZ

Think!

(Pause.)

ALEX

Well I — said I was having a sandwich.

LIZ

Yes?

ALEX

And I said, you're right, Daisy is crazy —

LIZ

Uh-huh, and --

ALEX

And I said I guessed I understood why you did what you did.

(Beat.)

Oh.

LIZ

Ah. You said that?

ALEX

Yeah.

LIZ

And you meant . . . ?

ALEX

Yeah.

(Pause.)

I guess maybe that was --

LIZ

It's okay, Alex. I think I got it.

(Beat.)

All right. So how bout now . . . if I say that / -- understand -- why you might be mad at me for what I did. Would that help?

ALEX

Well I dunno --

LIZ

Make you less angry at me?

ALEX

Well maybe, but --

LIZ

Because I do, Alex, I do. I understand completely now. I lost twenty-four hours of my life. Gone. Blank. Never to be recovered. And frankly that pisses me right off. Pisses me right off, and scares the shit out of me. And you lost *twenty-six years!* Twenty-six years that should have been yours, gone, zapped, because your mother was just too scared and broke and sad to have you! But I *understand* that now, y'see, I understand why you're mad at me, and if we can just keep that up -- if we can just -- keep on trying to -- talk to each other and remember we love each other and just -- start from today! . . . then maybe we can work things out. Maybe we can. The three of us. Four of us. Don't you think?

(Pause.)

ALEX

That'd be nice, wouldn't it?

LIZ

Well we can. We *can*.

ALEX

I don't know. I don't think so, Liz. Them twenty-six years is still gone.

(Pause.)

So if you don't mind, I'll just --

LIZ

All right, look. You think it's time to leave? Fine. Here's what we'll do.

(She moves to the front door.)

I'll try this door. If it's time for you to leave, it'll open. If it's not, it won't. Agreed?

ALEX

We both know you can't open the door.

LIZ

Oh? Well it certainly knew when to open and when not to a few days ago.

ALEX

That's not --

LIZ

You think it won't know what to do now?

ALEX

Fine. Open the door.

LIZ

And?

ALEX

If it opens, I go. If it doesn't . . . I'll think about it.

LIZ

Good. That's all I ask.

(LIZ reaches for the doorknob. Pauses a moment. Turns it, pulls. The door opens.

Pause.)

ALEX

Well. Least it's fixed.

(LIZ slowly closes the door, wanders away.)

It's twenty-seven years, by the way.

LIZ

What?

ALEX

I just figured out. Today woulda been my birthday.

(There's a knock at the door. ALEX moves to open it. DAISY is there.)

DAISY

It's coming.

ALEX
What is?

DAISY
The baby. The baby is coming!

ALEX
Jennifer?

LIZ
Oh my god! Quick, Alex, call the hospital!

DAISY
I think it's too late for that.

LIZ
All right. All right. Now just stay calm and -- come sit over here.
(She leads DAISY to sit on the couch.)

DAISY
On the couch?

LIZ
Yes.

DAISY
Do you want me to sit like this?
(She turns herself around so her legs go up over the back of the couch.)

LIZ
No! No! We're not going to do it here!

DAISY
Well where then? We're running out of time!

LIZ
All right, then! Into the bedroom!

DAISY
That's more like it.

LIZ
And Alex -- call for an ambulance. Dial 911! Just in case!

(LIZ and DAISY hurry off to the bedroom.
ALEX stands there a moment, goes to the
phone. Dials 911. Pause.)

ALEX

Uh, hello, 911, how are you today? . . . My what? . . . Oh well, I'm not sure it exactly qualifies as an emergency, my friend is having a baby, see, and . . . no, no, she's fine, we just thought it might be a good idea to call an ambulance just in case . . . that's right . . . an ambulance, yes. We're at . . . how'd you know the address? . . . You do? Really? Isn't that amazing? The world really is a fascinating place. By the way 911, have you ever had beans? . . . Beans . . . You have? They're very good, aren't they? I particularly like the way they roll around your spoon but don't -- hello? Hello? 911? Are you there?

(911 is gone. ALEX hangs up the phone.
Looks around the apartment one last time.
Goes.

A pause.

We hear a newborn baby crying in the
bedroom.

LIZ calls from off.)

LIZ

Alex? It's a boy!

(She sticks her head out the bedroom door.)

Alex, get in here, it's a --

(She looks around.)

Alex?

(She walks into the living room. Looks to the
front door. Runs to it, opens it, calls.)

ALEX? ALEXXXX?

(No answer. The baby's cries grow louder.
DAISY enters, holding it in a towel.)

DAISY

It's a boy.

LIZ

Yes.

DAISY

A boy.

Yes. LIZ

Well I'm certainly going to have to reconsider its name.
(LIZ moves to DAISY.) DAISY

Can I hold him? LIZ

Yes. DAISY

Can I keep him? LIZ

No. DAISY
(She hands the baby to LIZ.)

Hello. Hello, little boy. LIZ

Welcome to our place.

Welcome to the world.
(They stand, looking down at the baby.)

Lights fade.
The baby's cries grow louder in the dark.)

End

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