



Greg Elsassser

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The Baby Who Came to Dinner

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*For Scott and Gina*

The Baby Who Came to Dinner

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The **Baby Who Came to Dinner** premiered at the Gordon Griffiths Theatre in Downey, CA on May 20, 1997. Directed by Greg Elsasser.

**GINA:** Briana Gonzales

**SCOTT:** C.J. Bruner

**MS. HATHAWAY:** Katie MacIssac

**PHILIP:** Jesse Ibarra

## The Baby Who Came to Dinner

**COMEDY.** Gina is afraid to tell her nagging, overbearing mother, Doris, that she is pregnant, married to a teacher, and lives in a dumpy one-bedroom apartment. With her mother 3,000 miles away, Gina thinks her secrets are safe until she gets an unexpected call from Doris, who just happens to be in New York on business. Gina has only minutes to disguise her husband as a plumber and to hide her pregnancy before Doris arrives for dinner. But the anticipation of Doris' arrival is too much for Gina, and she starts to go into labor. And if that isn't enough, Doris arrives at Gina's apartment bearing more than Chinese food—she's brought along a prospective husband for Gina! This fast-paced comedy features plenty of one-liners, hilarious situations, and physical humor to showcase the comedic talents of your actors.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 30 minutes.

**NOTE:** For a full evening, combine this play with another one-act from Greg Elsasser's *Pelican Rapids Trilogy*, a collection of plays that features delightfully wacky characters from Minnesota: *Shoe Booties* (30 mins), *North of Pelican Rapids* (30 mins).

## Characters

(2 m, 2 f)

**GINA:** 20s, 8 ½ months pregnant; pregnancy isn't obvious to the casual observer—she just looks a little hefty; originally from Pelican Rapids, MN, but has settled in New York.

**SCOTT:** 20s, Gina's husband; "plumber" outfit consists of a white tank undershirt, low-hanging jeans (plumber-butt low), and a hat.

**MS. HATHAWAY:** Gina's mom; strong, confident, and dresses accordingly; has moved from Pelican Rapids, MN to Los Angeles.

**PHILIP:** 30s, an executive at Ms. Hathaway's company; clean cut.

## Setting

Friday, 7:30 p.m. The dining/living room of Gina and Scott's simple one-bedroom apartment in New York. The apartment is plain, but not tacky or messy. There is a couch down center with an afghan thrown over the back. To the immediate right of the couch is a phone stand with a cordless phone on it. A small wooden coffee table sits in front of the couch. Gina's purse and an unwrapped Twinkie with a strip of mayonnaise on it are on top of the coffee table. There are also a few magazines fanned neatly across the coffee table. There is a small circular dining-room table with four chairs around it placed at left center stage. Off left is a small hallway that leads to the kitchen; a coat rack stands next to it. Off right leads to the front entrance and to the bedroom.

## Props

Squeeze bottle of mayonnaise	Receipt
Twinkies	Purse, for Gina
Cordless phone	Checkbook
Book, <i>What to Expect When Expecting</i>	Cell phone
Wedding rings, for Gina and Scott	Electric drill
Heavy jacket, for Scott	Dinnerware
Briefcase	Napkins
Magazines	4 Water glasses
Containers of Chinese food	Loaf of burnt bread
Plastic bag	Tongs
	Towel

## Sound Effects

Doorbell  
Cell phone ringing

"I've never seen a woman  
with cramps this bad  
in my life."

—Philip

## The Baby Who Came to Dinner

*(AT RISE: The dining/living room of Gina and Scott's New York apartment. Gina is on the phone, her eyes betraying a look of panic. She hangs up. NOTE: Gina's discomfort/pain from contractions should realistically increase as the play progresses.)*

GINA: *(Stunned.)* Goodbye, Doris. *(She hangs up.)* Oh...crap! *(She walks to the coffee table, picks up a Twinkie and starts to nervously devour it.)* What am I going to do...what am I going to do? Okay, wait, think...think...take a bite... *(She does.)* Think... *(As she squeezes another line of mayonnaise onto the Twinkie, her look of alarm turns to surprise, and she slowly stands up, feeling around her abdomen. She gasps to herself and sits back down on the couch, grabs a copy of "What to Expect When You're Expecting" off the cushion and thumbs through it madly. She finds what she's looking for and reads it verbally, mumbling over various passages. She checks her stomach again then takes off for her bedroom, taking the book with her. A couple of moments pass and she comes back out again, assured this is finally happening. She grabs the phone and dials, breathing heavily and excitedly as she waits. She hits "0" on the phone. Into phone.)* Hi, this is Gina Ronalds. I think I'm having contractions, and I think my water is just starting to break. *(Pause.)* Dr. Rounds, yes. Listen, I've heard the statistics, but can you tell me exactly how long a person can be in pre-labor before they start to deliver? *(Pause.)* So you think around 24 to 48 hours might be considered an average? *(She slowly takes off her wedding ring, and stares at it.)* Oh, yeah, sure. Okay, well, listen. I think we're just going to wait awhile to make sure this isn't a false alarm....sure, well, thank you. *(From offstage right, Scott is heard coming in. She looks up, putting the ring back on.)* Forty-eight hours?!

*(Scott enters, wearing a heavy jacket and carrying a briefcase.)*

The Baby Who Came to Dinner

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SCOTT: That naked hot dog vendor with the kazoo and tie clip is back on the corner; he's really drawn a crowd tonight. Did you see him?

GINA: Yes, I bought a couple hot dogs off him.

*(Scott goes over and kisses her. She's distracted.)*

SCOTT: You know, I don't even recognize this city anymore. Every 24 hours, one building is torn down and another one is in its place. *(He takes off his jacket.)* Everybody's wandering around with these confused expressions on their faces. I even stopped to give a hooker directions.

GINA: Really...

SCOTT: Hey, I found out about the CLAD. All I have to do is take a test, and I'll have my CLAD certificate. We'll have the whole summer off.

GINA: Did you eat?

SCOTT: No, not yet. I figured I'd order some Chinese or something. Chinese okay with you?

GINA: Doesn't sound too appealing right now, no.

SCOTT: Whatever you feel like. *(He takes her hands and stands her up.)* Look at you. Eight and a half months pregnant, and from the outset, you don't look any different than the day I married you. I thought women were supposed to gain a whole bunch of weight with their first pregnancy.

*(Pause.)*

GINA: We have to talk.

SCOTT: Again? I thought we closed the subject. I don't like the name Dilbert. It's no name for a child.

GINA: No, it's not that. We have a bigger problem.

SCOTT: What's that?

GINA: *(Reserved.)* My mother called. She's in town.

SCOTT: Here in Manhattan?

GINA: She wants to stop by and have dinner with me...or rather, us.

SCOTT: Us? What "us"? She has no idea there's an "us." Did you tell her?

GINA: Ah, no, not exactly.

SCOTT: Aah, Gina.

GINA: Now, Scott, I tried. I really did. She hung up before I could. You know how she is—I never get a word in. She's always in a rush to get off the phone.

SCOTT: No, I wouldn't know. I wouldn't know at all! Every time she calls, you make me go hide in the bedroom in case I sneeze or breathe too loudly.

GINA: I know, I know...don't get started.

SCOTT: Fine, then, at least she's coming over here tonight. We can finally tell her everything. Everything! The marriage, the baby, everything.

GINA: No, not yet, Scott!

SCOTT: What do you mean, "not yet?" She'll be here shortly, I imagine. I can smell the sulfur in the air. Better hide all the hangers in case Ms. Crawford starts drinking again.

GINA: She doesn't drink anymore and you know it! And we can't tell her tonight, Scott. I swear to you, after tonight is over, I'll call her and...tell her everything. I just can't do it in person.

SCOTT: And what am I supposed to do tonight? Hide in the closet? I guess it'd be easier to just hand her the hangers.

GINA: I'd thought maybe you'd go over to J.R.'s...

SCOTT: Oh, I don't believe this!

GINA: Please, honey! Please! I promise you, I'll tell her. I'll call her first thing Monday morning.

SCOTT: If you're going to tell her in two days, why not just do it now? Get it over with.

GINA: Because I can't. I just can't. I can't tell her to her face. I can't see her expression. You don't understand.

SCOTT: No, you're right. I don't. You've never told me what this woman did to you that has made you so afraid of her.

GINA: I'm not afraid. She's just the type of person who...well, she loves me in her own way...it's just that if I don't go down the path she has picked out for me, she chooses not to love me at that particular moment.

SCOTT: Just hearing you say that out loud makes me wonder why you even speak to her! Let's forget for a second that she has no business running your life. Let me ask you one question: What is wrong with the life you chose for yourself? We met, married, got pregnant right away. What did we do wrong? Nothing! We did everything right and in the right order! Does it have something to do with my career and the fact that we live in a dump? Is she going to hate you and disown you because you married a teacher?

GINA: She would never hate me. Or disown me. She'll be...she'll be...

SCOTT: What?

GINA: She'll be disappointed.

SCOTT: That's it? You've lied to her about our marriage, about her grandson on the way, all because she'll be disappointed? Give me something more to work with here, Gina. Tell me she hid you in a closet growing up or gave you black eyes!

GINA: All right, fine. If you really want to know, I'll tell you. But I think you'll need to sit down for this. *(Pause.)* No, seriously, I think you'll want to sit down. *(He does.)* Okay. Comfortable?

SCOTT: Gina...

GINA: Give me a minute! This is difficult for me, okay! Fine, I'll just come right out and tell you. Ever since I was a little girl, my mother had high hopes, or dreams you might say, that someday I would become...a lesbian.

*(He gets up.)*

SCOTT: Forget this...

GINA: I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

SCOTT: You're not even trying!

GINA: I realize that. Listen, she's going to be here any minute. Can't all this wait until Monday?

SCOTT: I want to live normally. I want to be able to answer the phone sometimes instead of you always doing it. I can't stand being alone, having the phone ring, and then screen the call in case it's her. I'd like to be able to send her pictures of the baby, and invite her to come for a visit, and then pray she doesn't. It's time to tell her about our family.

GINA: You're right, Scott, you're absolutely right. *(She grabs the jacket off the couch and shoves it at him.)* Just not tonight, okay? Here, put this on. Go down to the deli and grab a sandwich, then wait over at J.R.'s. I'll call the minute she leaves.

SCOTT: No. I'm not going.

GINA: *(Resigned.)* Fine. I understand.

SCOTT: Look, honey, I'm not doing this to punish you. I'm doing it to help you.

GINA: *(Gets an idea.)* Okay, fine, stay. But will you do one thing for me? Just one?

SCOTT: What?

GINA: It would be ugly and uncomfortable if we just surprise her with the news. Let's wait until after dinner.

SCOTT: Then what are we supposed to tell her about me? Who am I?

GINA: We'll tell her you're the...landlord...or something. And you've come to fix the sink in the kitchen. Mother and I will eat, chat a bit, and then you can come out, and we'll tell her everything. That way if she freaks out, she can leave right away, and I won't have to worry that she hasn't eaten.

SCOTT: *(Points to her stomach.)* And what are you going to tell her about little Dilbert there?

*(Gina grabs Scott's jacket from him and puts it on.)*

GINA: I'll hide my stomach.

SCOTT: Oh my...

GINA: No, seriously, it'll work! You said yourself I don't even look pregnant. Yesterday, I trained some woman at work who didn't even know! I can hide behind things...stay at the table!

SCOTT: I can't believe I'm agreeing to this. But you promise you'll tell her everything after dinner?

GINA: Everything! I swear! Now, listen, she'll be here any minute. Why don't you go get into some junky clothes and then go into the kitchen, grab some tools, and –

SCOTT: I know what I'm doing. I'll be out in a minute, waiting to meet "mother." Are you cooking dinner?

GINA: No, Mom...Doris...said she'll pick up Chinese from the place around the corner. I'm just going to throw a loaf of bread in the oven to heat it up.

SCOTT: Bread? With Chinese food?

GINA: I didn't have any breads at all today, and Dr. Rounds said –

SCOTT: Okay, okay. I'm going to get dressed.

GINA: Wait! You need to grab all of your stuff in the bathroom and put it into the bedroom. No men stuff anywhere!

SCOTT: What if she goes into the bedroom?

GINA: Do you think I'd let her into that bedroom? Here, give me your wedding ring. *(He does. She takes off her wedding ring, and gives it to him.)* Put them on the bureau. *(She hands him a Twinkie.)* Oh, and this goes in my nightstand.

SCOTT: You're hiding them in there now?

GINA: Well, sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night.

SCOTT: I'm going to go change before you get any more screwy ideas.

*(He exits SR. Gina collapses onto the couch and tries to regulate her breathing. She protectively holds her stomach as she goes through a series of breathing exercises. She finally hoists herself up and begins to straighten the already straightened magazines and searches the*

*room for messiness. She tosses her book under the couch. Satisfied, she exits toward the kitchen SL to put the bread in. The stage is empty. There is silence for a moment. Doorbell rings. A few seconds later, Gina enters. She is still wearing Scott's jacket. She closes it and sucks in her stomach. She exits SR to answer the door.)*

GINA: *(From offstage right.)* Hello, Doris.

MS. HATHAWAY: Hi, honey...it is freezing out there. I always have such a hard time adjusting to this city. I told you it wouldn't take long, didn't I?

GINA: No, you were right. We practically just got off the phone.

*(Ms. Hathaway enters first. She carries a plastic bag, which holds Chinese food. Philip enters behind her. Gina follows looking somewhat confused. They all stop CS, and Ms. Hathaway turns to Gina.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: Gina, this is Philip. Philip Maxwell. He's my new assistant. Philip, Gina.

PHILIP: I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to finally meet you, Gina. Your mother has told me so much about you.

GINA: *(Puzzled.)* Nice to meet you. I wish she had done the same for me.

MS. HATHAWAY: Philip had to make the trip back with me to meet with the new company that's merging with us. Merging is when...oh, it can wait. We only have a few short hours together. *(Reaches into one of her bags and grabs a receipt.)* Dinner came to \$20.83 and since Philip is a guest, I thought you and I could split his meal...so the total comes to \$10.42 each.

GINA: Oh, okay. Hold on. *(She finds her purse and searches through it.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: Philip, would you like to sit down? Take off your coat.

PHILIP: *(To Gina.)* Oh. Do you have somewhere I can hang it?

GINA: Here, I have a rack. *(Under her breath.)* At least till he starts eating solids... *(She takes their coats and hangs them up on the coat rack.)* Mom...Doris, I don't think I have enough cash on me. I didn't get to the ATM today.

MS. HATHAWAY: I'll take a check.

GINA: Oh, okay. *(She gets her checkbook from her purse and begins to write a check.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: We nearly got lost finding the place. The city keeps changing.

GINA: That's funny, that's what...I mean, I was just saying that to someone recently. It's not just the tourists anymore who carry maps. The prostitutes, too! *(She laughs, then flinches with a strong contraction...the severity shocks her. She casually leans over, lifts up her dress a bit, and checks. Relief: no baby. Recovering, she hands her mother the check.)* Here.

*(Ms. Hathaway reads it.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: Oh.

GINA: *(Alarmed.)* What? What'd I do?

MS. HATHAWAY: Oh, nothing.

GINA: No, what? Did I write it for the wrong amount? *(She takes it back.)* It wasn't ten dollars?

MS. HATHAWAY: Never mind, don't worry about it. I'm sure you have some change in the kitchen. I'll get this stuff on plates.

*(Ms. Hathaway exits into the kitchen. Awkward pause.)*

PHILIP: *(Indicating the coat rack.)* Nice rack.

GINA: Oh, thank you.

*(Scott enters SR. He is dressed like a plumber, wearing a white tank undershirt and low hanging jeans – plumber-butt low. He has a hat on backward. He's heard this last exchange.)*

SCOTT: Excuse me?

*(Gina looks over his plumbing outfit.)*

GINA: Oh, Mr. Ronalds. Thank you for coming over. This is Philip. Philip Maxwell. Mr. Ronalds has come over to fix the plumbing.

PHILIP: Hi. *(He puts out his hand but withdraws it quickly.)* Oh, aah, I'd shake your hand, but it looks like you've been working in a mess back there!

SCOTT: I haven't done anything yet.

PHILIP: Oh. Whoops.

SCOTT: I have naturally dark palms. Runs in my family.

*(Gina's cell phone is heard ringing from inside her purse. She goes to answer it.)*

GINA: Excuse me. I don't know why people don't try me at home first... *(She pulls the cell phone out of her purse and pushes a button. Into cell phone.)* Hello? *(Pause.)* What? *(Pause.)* Where are you? You're calling me from the kitchen, aren't you? *(Pause.)* Doris, could we not do this right now? *(Pause.)* Yes, I've heard about the cancer thing; you told me six times over the last year... *(Pause.)* I know... *(Pause.)* Hello? Hello? *(She hangs up and puts the phone back. Ms. Hathaway enters, carrying the food, plates, etc.)* Doris, why are—?

MS. HATHAWAY: I knew you'd answer it.

GINA: Well, of course. You called me—

MS. HATHAWAY: Josh Gunderson's cousin died from cell phone usage.

GINA: He was using the antenna to take toast out of a toaster,  
Doris!

MS. HATHAWAY: Dead is dead, isn't it? We'll throw it away  
right after dinner. *(Ms. Hathaway sees Scott. To Scott.)* Hello.

SCOTT: Hi.

GINA: Doris, this is Scott...Scott... *(She looks at Scott for  
guidance.)*

SCOTT: ...Ronalds. Scott Ronalds.

GINA: He is the...

SCOTT: ...landlord.

GINA: Yes, and he has come to fix the plumbing. The pipes  
are leaking in the kitchen and bathroom.

*(Ms. Hathaway begins to set up the table.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: What an awkward time to fix the  
plumbing. Isn't it late?

SCOTT: Yes, well, I've been putting it off for a long time. In  
fact, there are a lot of things that need to be fixed around  
here that have been ignored for quite some time.

GINA: Shall we sit down and eat?

MS. HATHAWAY: Gina, why don't you take off your coat.

GINA: Oh, no, I'm fine. I can't seem to get this apartment  
heated the way I like it. *(Everybody begins to sit down for  
dinner. Scott begins to sit down as well, and the rest stare at him.)*

You may go about your work, Mr. Ronalds.

SCOTT: Of course, forgive me. I'll just be in the kitchen fixing  
the...

GINA: Plumbing!

SCOTT: Yes, of course.

*(He exits SL. Gina sits down at the head of the table SL. Philip and  
Ms. Hathaway sit next to each other at the table, with Philip to  
Gina's immediate right. Throughout the scene, food should be eaten  
at a normal pace and when it is appropriate. Gina's contractions are  
becoming more noticeable.)*

GINA: You have to leave town tomorrow, Doris?

MS. HATHAWAY: I'm afraid so. Philip and I have to be back in LA by Saturday night so we can work on a presentation all day Sunday.

PHILIP: You know, I hope I'm not overstepping my boundaries here, but I was wondering why we're all on a first name basis here.

MS. HATHAWAY: What do you mean?

*(Gina gets a contraction. She groans.)*

GINA: He's wondering why I call you "Doris."

PHILIP: Well, I was just curious. Maybe I should mind my own business.

MS. HATHAWAY: No, no, it's fine. It's certainly not an issue or anything. Gina used to work for me back when MicroNet was in Minnesota, and we both felt that it would be better if she called me by my first name while we were at work. It helped the other employees understand that I wasn't going to play favorites. Then we made the move to Los Angeles and it just sort of...stuck, I guess. She was the one who actually made it a habit of calling me Doris outside of the office. Don't you prefer it, Gina?

GINA: Yeah. Sure, I do.

MS. HATHAWAY: And speaking of work, how are you liking your job, Gina?

GINA: Oh, about the same. Too much work, very little time to do it.

MS. HATHAWAY: You know, Philip is my program administrator. But I really should allow him to have more interaction with the employees. It seems good-looking people demand respect. Wouldn't you agree, Gina?

GINA: That is true...to an extent. Though I've met a lot of good-looking people who don't deserve –

MS. HATHAWAY: I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that. I was asking if you thought Philip was good looking enough to demand respect.

GINA: Well, yes, he seems very...I don't know... *(She can't think of the right word.)* ...clean? *(Changing the subject.)* Philip, have you always lived in Los Angeles?

PHILIP: I was born and raised in LA County, yes. About 20 minutes from the city.

MS. HATHAWAY: Maybe you should consider a visit to Los Angeles, Gina. It's changed quite a bit since you left. You might even someday consider moving back there.

GINA: *(Looks directly at her.)* What?

MS. HATHAWAY: I realize you're content with your job position here in New York, but there are many fabulous opportunities in LA for the business-minded woman administrator. There might even be a few openings at my company. We're always looking for new motivated people.

*(Gina has another contraction. She takes a deep, deep breath and exhales.)*

GINA: You would want me to work for you? Again?

MS.HATHAWAY: Perhaps, yes. Now that you are more responsible, I could use someone with your people skills. And it would be quite a step up from when you worked in the mailroom. Of course, I would have to speak to the administrator you're employed with now. Do you think she would give you a good recommendation?

GINA: I've never had any complaints, if that's what you mean. I've gotten better, Doris, I really have.

PHILIP: And I could be the one to train you.

MS. HATHAWAY: Now, Philip, you know you don't work directly with the people...yet. But perhaps, in this case, I could make an exception. I think the two of you would really get along.

*(She is holding a fork halfway to her mouth. He reaches over and puts his hand on her hand.)*

PHILIP: It would be my pleasure. You seem like an interesting person, Ms. Hathaway.

*(Gina figures out what this dinner is all about. She starts to panic.)*

GINA: Ronalds.

PHILIP: What?

GINA: Aah, Mr. Ronalds. I wonder what's keeping him in the kitchen.

PHILIP: The life of a plumber. Always plumbing.

GINA: Maybe I should go check on him.

MS. HATHAWAY: I'm sure he's fine. Let's just finish dinner.

We can talk about business after we eat. *(Gina has another contraction and contorts with pain. She pushes her plate away.)*

What's the matter? Are you sick?

GINA: No, I'm just losing my appetite.

MS. HATHAWAY: You're not having...problems again, are you? *(To Philip.)* For a while, back in Pelican Rapids, Gina was a sick bulimic. I can either attest it to her constant efforts to achieve some sort of unattainable perfection, or to the weather. Minnesota has very harsh winters. *(Back to Gina.)* But that does not seem to be the case now. You do seem much...healthier.

GINA: Are you saying I'm fat?

*(He takes her hand again as Scott enters SL, holding an electric drill. Gina doesn't notice him because she is too busy grimacing and bending over slightly. Her head touches the table.)*

PHILIP: She's not inferring that at all. You're not fat...you're very... *(He, too, cannot think of the right word.)* ...hollow.

GINA: Hollow?

*(Scott sees the hand holding. Annoyed, he squeezes the drill's trigger, causing the drill to start up. This gets everyone's attention.)*

SCOTT: Dinner almost finished?

*(Gina takes her hand away from Philip.)*

GINA: Actually, no. We're just getting started.

SCOTT: No, I think dinner is almost over, right, Gina?

GINA: I really don't think it's time for dinner to be over, Mr.

Ronalds. *(She has another contraction, which causes her to bend over in agony, this time quicker and with more force.)*

SCOTT: Oh, but I think it is time, Ms. Hathaway.

MS. HATHAWAY: What business is it of yours, Mr. Ronalds?

GINA: Please, don't. Now everybody just relax and eat. *(All of a sudden she makes a horrible facial expression.)* Oh my gosh!

MS. HATHAWAY: What is it?

*(Gina backs her chair away from the table and acts as if she's going to get up. She sits back down.)*

GINA: I forgot. I have a bun in the oven...I have a bread in the oven!

MS. HATHAWAY: Bread? With Chinese food?

SCOTT: That's what I said.

MS. HATHAWAY: When is it supposed to come out?

GINA: Twenty-four to 48 hours...I mean two *minutes!* *(She looks at Scott. To Scott, quietly.)* It's here.

SCOTT: What? *(He suddenly realizes what she means.)* It's ready?

GINA: Yes, the bread is cooked and is coming out of the oven whether we like it or not!

MS. HATHAWAY: I don't understand why the landlord cares about your bread.

GINA: Trust me, Doris, he doesn't want to see the bread burn any more than I do. Do you think you might go and get it out of the oven for me, Mom?

MS. HATHAWAY: I thought we agreed on "Doris."

*(A pain hits Gina hard. She grimaces.)*

GINA: Doris! Whatever!

*(Ms. Hathaway puts her napkin on the table and gets up.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: Well, don't panic. I'll get the bread out.

GINA: Maybe you can go along with her, Philip. I'd like you to see the kitchen. You can see how I keep the place clean.

*(Afterthought.)* You'll fit right in.

PHILIP: I would be honored.

*(Ms. Hathaway and Philip exit SL. Scott rushes over to Gina.)*

SCOTT: Is this it, or were you really talking about bread? 'Cause if you were, I'm going to feel really stupid!

GINA: No, honey, Drabble's coming. *(She bends over again.)* He's really coming. My water broke. I think I've gone into labor already!

SCOTT: Seriously? Are you sure? Labor pains usually don't hit so soon after the water breaking...

GINA: Don't tell me what I'm feeling, or I'll make you feel it!

SCOTT: Okay, okay, I'm sorry.

GINA: To be honest, I started having contractions earlier tonight. *(She groans.)*

SCOTT: What? *(He shakes his head.)* Never mind now...we have to get you to the hospital. I'll call Dr. Rounds...

GINA: No, wait! We have to wait. I don't want her... *(Indicating mother.)* ...to know yet.

SCOTT: Are you insane? Forget this! We don't even have time for an explanation! Let's just make a run for it while she's grabbing the bread.

GINA: No, not yet. *(She gets an idea. She grabs her water glass and dumps it all over the floor in front of her and on her lap. She places the cup on the table, tipped over.)* There.

SCOTT: What are you doing?

GINA: She's going to wonder what's all over the floor. I'll just show her the spilt water.

SCOTT: You are not normal! Do you understand this?

GINA: Scott, I can't tell her! I really can't! She wants me to go work for her in LA!

SCOTT: What does that have to do with anything?

GINA: Don't you get it? She thinks I'm responsible now. She wants me to work with her. She wants me around! She has confidence in me!

SCOTT: Gina, the woman fired you!

*(Gina has another violent contraction.)*

GINA: *(Pain passes.)* Yeah, but it really was deserved.

SCOTT: Deserved?

GINA: I was making all those personal phone calls at work! You should have seen the phone bill when it came in!

SCOTT: Personal phone calls? Gina... *(With emphasis.)* ...you were calling your mother at the Betty Ford Center! Would you stop for a second and listen to yourself?

*(Gina has another contraction.)*

GINA: You don't get it! We can finally get along!

SCOTT: Why, why, why? You tell me she's a horrible, nasty person, yet you won't give specifics. And then when I point out to you some of these specifics, you defend her! *(No answer.)* I suppose you won't tell her about the baby, either!

You gonna keep that hidden from her, too? If that's the case, I hope she gets you a desk with a big drawer!

*(Ms. Hathaway and Philip come back in. Ms. Hathaway is carrying in a loaf of bread. It's burnt.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: The bread burned. *(She drops it on the table.)* I did explain to Philip that this usually doesn't happen when you cook.

GINA: Let's just sit back down and let our dinner settle. I'll get dessert after awhile.

SCOTT: I don't think there is time for dessert, Miss Hathaway.

MS. HATHAWAY: *(To Gina.)* I didn't see any dessert in your refrigerator, or the cupboards, or the pantry, or in the linen closet.

SCOTT: You mean you missed the mayonnaise Twinkies in the nightstand?

*(Ms. Hathaway notices the water.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: What happened here?

GINA: I spilt my water, Doris. Here, sit down. I invited Mr. Ronalds to join us in conversation and some dessert.

*(They all sit.)*

SCOTT: *(To Gina.)* I'm telling you, there's no time for dessert.

*(Gina has a contraction – a great pain this time.)*

GINA: Aahhhh... *(Recovering.)* ...hhh...yes, there is...still...lots of time.

*(Philip grabs Gina's hand again.)*

PHILIP: Is something wrong, Gina?

SCOTT: Get your hands off her, buddy!

PHILIP: Do you have a problem?

GINA: No, it's okay. I'm just having some cramps, that's all.  
Some severe cramping.

PHILIP: Cramping?

MS. HATHAWAY: I don't think this is a respectable  
conversation to be having at the dinner table.

GINA: No, really, it's really fine. My stomach hurts a bit,  
that's all.

MS. HATHAWAY: Is it your stomach or your ovaries?

*(The pains are coming on stronger and quicker now. Gina grabs her  
fork and bends it in half.)*

GINA: Aaaahhhh...I'm pretty sure it's just my stomach. *(She  
starts repeatedly jabbing her fork down next to her side in an effort  
to forget about the pain.)* I need some ice! Ice! I need ice!

*(Ms. Hathaway hands her glass over.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: I still have some left in my glass. Here.  
Why are you panicking?

*(Gina grabs the water and pours some ice chips in her mouth. She  
starts crunching them madly while still waving her fork around.)*

SCOTT: *(To Gina.)* That's it. I don't care where you go, but I  
am going to the hospital!

*(In another moment of intense pain, Gina's accidentally jams the fork  
into Scott's leg. He screams.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: Gina! What in the world? What are you  
doing?

PHILIP: The hospital? For what?

GINA: Um, he didn't say "hospital." He said "hostel." He lives in a hostel and he has to be going home!

*(Scott is still moaning. He pulls the fork out of his leg.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: Why on earth would you live in a hostel, Mr. Ronalds?

*(Scott tries to answer, but Gina shoves a piece of bread in his mouth.)*

GINA: Because he's a landlord, and that's all he can afford, Doris!

MS. HATHAWAY: The owner doesn't give him a free apartment?

GINA: Nothing's free in New York, Doris. You of all people should know— *(Another pain hits her. She stands up in her chair.)*

MS. HATHAWAY: Gina! Gina, what is going on here? What is the matter with—?

*(Still in pain, Gina steadies herself and looks up at the dining room light above the table.)*

GINA: Dust! There is dust all over the light! Hand me a napkin!

SCOTT: Gina! Let's go! I'm not kidding anymore, you are—

*(Gina has another contraction. She grabs his hair and yanks his head back and forth.)*

GINA: Give me a napkin!

PHILIP: Here, I didn't even use mine. It's clean. *(By now she is a madwoman, furiously waving Philip's napkin toward the light, moaning, and still yanking Scott's head around. Scott is yelling as well.)* I've never seen a woman with cramps this bad in my life.

MS. HATHAWAY: Gina, can I get you a Midol?

GINA: Kill me! Just kill me, I beg you!!

SCOTT: *(Gina still has him by the head. With his head bobbing.)*

Gina, please! *(To others, shouts.)* Someone kill her!

GINA: *(Shouts.)* Help me...I'm having a baby!

MS. HATHAWAY: Now don't exaggerate, Gina, I'm sure it isn't that bad. You must have a Pamprin at least, right?

**[End of Freeview]**