

**OH DOCTOR!
I'M PREGNANT!**

by
Kris Thompson

OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

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OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

for Lance, Sarah, and Alex

and for Love...

whatever that may look like to you

OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

CAST: 2 Men, 4 Women

DR. WAYNE WRIGHT	40s OB/GYN, attractive, charming, newlywed
HAILEY BRADSTONE	22-year-old receptionist, promiscuous, airhead
PENNY WRIGHT	30s doctor, smart, attractive, loyal, newlywed
GERTRUDE FORD	40s receptionist, sarcastic, efficient, dowdy
PHILLIP S. MORTIN	30s pharmaceutical rep, gay, smart, funny
LAVINIA BLANKENSHIP	Late 40s rich divorcee, long-time patient, hot to trot

TIME: Current day.

PLACE: The waiting room of Dr. Wright's OB/GYN clinic.

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ACT I SCENE 1

Doctor Wayne Wright's waiting room with chairs, motherhood pamphlets, and magazines. There is a reception window with the classic sliding frosted glass on counter high enough that only the receptionist's shoulders and up can be seen. There is a front door, an office door leading to the receptionist's office, conference room, and doctor's office, and an exam room hallway door leading to exam rooms which opens into the reception room so that, when open, it blocks a ficus tree, and a couple of chairs.

The only light comes through open exam room hallway door where WAYNE and HAILEY are heard giggling and talking in low sexy voices. Wayne and Hailey enter exam room hallway door, disheveled. Hailey hops on one foot trying to put on shoe. Wayne is tucking his shirt into trousers.

HAILEY. *(Trying to get on her shoe, steadies herself on Wayne's shoulder.)* Oh, Dr. Wright. That was hot. *(Loses her balance.)* Whoa...

WAYNE. *(Stops mid-tuck to steady Hailey while she puts on her shoe.)* You think I'm hot, do you?

HAILEY. Everyone thinks you're hot. Even Phillip thinks you're hot.

WAYNE. Phillip?

HAILEY. That pharmaceutical rep? He's totally into you.

WAYNE. *(Flattered, surprised, considering.)* Really?

HAILEY. Yes, but what I meant was...that *(Nods to open exam room hallway door.)* was hot.

WAYNE. Oh yeah? *(Takes Hailey closer in his arms.)*

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HAILEY. Mos def. I mean...I've never been with an old guy before. Honestly, I didn't know what to expect, what with all those commercials for Viagra and all...

WAYNE. An old guy? I'll have you know that I'm only...

HAILEY. *(Puts her finger on Wayne's lips.)* Shhh...You are most definitely hot. Now Doctor-

WAYNE. You know you can call me Wayne.

HAILEY. I think I'll keep calling you Doctor. It kind of makes it a little naughty, don't you think? *(Role-playing.)* Oh, Doctor, your shirt needs a little tucking in. *(Unbuttons/unzips Wayne's pants, starts to tuck shirt.)* Let me help you with that.

WAYNE. *(Excited.)* Again? Already? *(OS sounds of someone trying to open the front door. With Hailey's hand slightly down Wayne's unzipped pants, they both freeze.)*

HAILEY. Why's someone here at this hour?

WAYNE. Shhh...

HAILEY. It's probably the cleaning people, which is weird because-

WAYNE. Shhh...

HAILEY. *(Whispering loudly.)* -because they never come on Wednesdays.

WAYNE. Shhh... *(OS Sounds of key in the lock. Whispering loudly.)* Shit! It's Penny! *(Wayne, trying to escape waiting room, causes Hailey to fall and grasp Wayne's pants, pulling them to the ground as PENNY enters front door.)*

PENNY. *(Can't see scene yet as lights are dim.)* Wayne? *(Hailey is on her knees in front of Wayne, frantically/comically trying to help him pull up his pants as Penny turns on the waiting room lights. Surprised.)* Wayne!

WAYNE. *(Cornered.)* Penny!

HAILEY. *(Confused.)* Mrs. Wright? *(Tries to help Wayne pull pants up.)*

PENNY. *(Hurt.)* Wayne...

WAYNE. *(Apologetic.)* Penny...

HAILEY. *(Embarrassed.)* Mrs. Wright... *(Hailey and Wayne successfully finish pulling up his pants. All three stand for a moment, Wayne and Penny looking at each other and Hailey looking at the floor.)*

PENNY. *(Angry.)* Wayne!

WAYNE. *(Pleading.)* Penny...

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HAILEY. (*Uncomfortable.*) Ummm...I should go.

PENNY. (*Stares at Wayne.*) Yes Hailey. You should go. (*Sarcastic.*) I don't think the doctor will need your...services...any longer. (*Hailey exits front door. Wayne and Penny stare at each other for a moment and then start talking at the same time.*)

PENNY & WAYNE. (**P**) I Can't believe this! How could you? (**W**) I'm so sorry. Penny you must know I- (*Stop talking and stare at each other.*)

WAYNE. God, Penny. I am so sorry. I don't know what I was thinking.

PENNY. Pretty sure I know exactly what you were thinking. My wife is out of town and-

WAYNE. Oh yea. What happened?

PENNY. It was cancelled! (*Pacing.*) Seriously, how could you do this? Why would you work so hard to get me to marry you if you just wanted to keep...sleeping around? You could have stayed a bachelor and had that every night of the week.

WAYNE. (*Inappropriately proud.*) Well, maybe not every night.

PENNY. (*Glares.*) Stop. Just stop. (*Takes deep breath.*) I thought you were ready for something real. You promised you were past all...this.

WAYNE. I-

PENNY. (*Pacing.*) I gave up Doctors Without Borders to be with you. Do you have any idea how much good I could have done in Kenya? Do you? (*Stops pacing, facing away from Wayne.*)

WAYNE. I know. I do. (*Approaches Penny from behind and gently turns her to face him.*) This will never happen again. I promise.

PENNY. You've already made that promise.

WAYNE. Umm... (*Looks up to right, rubbing chin, trying to remember.*)

PENNY. Our wedding vows?!

WAYNE. Yes. Of course! I knew that.

PENNY. I wanted to believe you...but now-

WAYNE. You can believe me, Penny. I swear it.

PENNY. I'm not an idiot! It was foolish of me to think you could change. People don't change. You've always been...looking for something.

Something else? Something more? Something different? I thought it was me. But I was wrong. I love you Wayne, but I can't be married to you.

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WAYNE. *(Panicking.)* Wait, wait, wait. Hold on now. Let's not get ahead of ourselves. We can work this out. I'll do anything. Marriage counseling, whatever. I know I have an ego problem. I guess I like attention too much or...I don't know. But I'm not looking for anything else Pen. I love you.

PENNY. I know you love me. But it's not enough. I can't be married to someone who isn't...all in.

WAYNE. I am! I'm all in. I swear it. I will make sure this never, ever, ever happens again. *(OS sound of a knock at the front door.)*

HAILEY. *(OS front door.)* Wayne?

WAYNE. Yes?

HAILEY. *(OS front door.)* It's me.

WAYNE. *(Impatient.)* Yes?

HAILEY. *(OS front door.)* It's me Hailey.

WAYNE. *(Annoyed.)* What is it, Hailey?

HAILEY. *(Enters front door.)* Sorry. *(Chuckles uncomfortably.)* Boy is this awkward huh? I, ummm...I forgot my purse. I was trying to wait until you guys were done arguing but it sounds like it's gonna be a while and it's almost nine and I have a date at ten so...

PENNY. *(Thinking...you just had sex with my husband and now you have a date with someone else.)* You have a date. Tonight.

HAILEY. *(Oblivious.)* Yea, I know it's late for a date, but Bailey never gets off work before nine so...

WAYNE. Bailey?

HAILEY. I know, right? Bailey and Hailey. Hailey and Bailey. Everybody teases us about that. Ummm...Can I get my purse?

PENNY. *(Sarcastic.)* Please. Be my guest.

HAILEY. *(Exits office door while speaking, chatty, matter of fact, no true remorse, speaking loudly to be heard when inside office.)* Thanks! I'm really sorry about all this Mrs. Wright, but- *(Opens reception window and leans out.)* -Wayne's right. We promise we'll never do it again. For real. *(Retrieves purse from desk, closes reception window, enters office door with purse and heads for front door, talking.)* I really shouldn't have done it any way. Bailey would be so mad if he knew. OK well...I'm out. Again, really sorry Mrs. Wright. And Wayne... *(Looks at Penny.)* err...Dr. Wright... *(Looks at Wayne.)* I'll see you in the morning.

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WAYNE. *(Professionally.)* Alright, Hailey. *(Hailey exits front door. Penny turns and faces Wayne with her hands on her hips.)*

PENNY. *(Dumbfounded.)* Alright, Hailey?

WAYNE. What?

PENNY. *(Angry.)* Alright Hailey? I'll see you in the morning, Hailey? I'm all in this marriage but I think I'll just go ahead and keep the bimbo receptionist Hailey?

WAYNE. But...

PENNY. No. That's perfect. I most definitely think you should keep Hailey employed while we try to work on our marriage.

WAYNE. Well, I mean someone has to answer the phone, but I-

PENNY. In fact, I'm absolutely sure it will make it so much easier for you to concentrate on your profession of love for me, and fidelity to our marriage, to keep employing the woman... *(Laughs angrily.)* Oh, what am I saying? She's a girl-

WAYNE. She's twenty-two but-

PENNY. *(Angrily interrupting.)* -to keep employing the girl you've been screwing so you can spend nine hours a day, five days a week, with her flitting about-

WAYNE. She doesn't really flit...she's not much of a...flitter, but-

PENNY. *(Angrily interrupting.)* -flitting about, fawning all over you *(Mimicking.)* "Wayne...err...Doctor Wright" while I have the extreme pleasure of constantly wondering if...worrying about... *(Gets herself under control.)* Oh, never mind. This is ridiculous. I'm done. I'm filing for divorce. *(Turns to leave.)*

WAYNE. I'll get rid of her! I promise! I swear it! *(Penny, considering, turns back to see if Wayne is serious.)* It shouldn't take very long to find a replacement receptionist and-

PENNY. Oh, for heaven's sake. You're an idiot. Forget it! Goodbye Wayne. And don't even think about coming home. *(Exits front door.)*

WAYNE. *(Defeated.)* What have I done? Oh my God. What have I done? *(Practical.)* And where am I going to sleep tonight?

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SCENE 2

Two weeks later waiting room is empty, reception window closed. GERTRUDE, in loose clothes that hide her figure, nurse shoes, hair up in a bun, big glasses, no makeup, is straightening waiting room and then exits office door. PHILLIP, dressed professionally, is humming as he enters front door with sample case and laptop. He goes to reception window, puts his case on the floor, and taps on reception window. Gertrude opens reception window.

GERTRUDE. *(Curt.)* Can I help you?

PHILLIP. *(Familiar.)* Well, hello Gertrude.

GERTRUDE. Do you have an appointment?

PHILLIP. An OB/GYN appointment? Now Gertrude...I may be gay, but I'm not that gay!

GERTRUDE. Let me rephrase. Mr. Morton, isn't it? Is Dr. Wright expecting you?

PHILLIP. It's Phillip S. Morton to be precise and-

GERTRUDE. I don't see you on his calendar. Weren't you just here last week and then again on Monday?

PHILLIP. Oh, I just stopped by to say hello to Dr. Wright. We have some new samples I'd like to share with him.

GERTRUDE. You can leave the samples with me.

PHILLIP. *(Disappointed.)* Oh...is he out today?

GERTRUDE. No. He's with a patient.

PHILLIP. Well then, I'll just wait! I'm on my lunch hour anyway.

GERTRUDE. *(Suspicious.)* You're visiting doctor's offices on your lunch hour?

PHILLIP. *(Flustered.)* Well, I just had a little extra time and thought...

GERTRUDE. Uhh huh...Well, Phillip S. Morton, as much as you're here you might just be the most dedicated pharmaceutical rep to ever walk the earth. Take a seat. *(Closes reception window.)*

PHILLIP. Well, alrighty then. *(Sits in waiting room chair next to the fichus tree which is next to exam room hallway door. This door, when opened, blocks the view of the fichus tree and a couple of chairs from the*

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hallway. He puts his case on the floor and his laptop on the next chair. Pulls out his cell phone and sees it's dead.) Dead! Damn it! (Pulls phone charger out of his case, walks around the room looking for an outlet, reluctantly goes to reception window, and taps.)

GERTRUDE. *(Opens reception window.)* Can I help you?

PHILLIP. My phone died and-

GERTRUDE. My condolences.

PHILLIP. Right, but I was wondering if there was somewhere I could charge it.

GERTRUDE. Well, if you had made an appointment for a meeting, I could have put you in the conference room and you could have charged it in there.

PHILLIP. Oh. Is there someone in the conference room now?

GERTRUDE. No.

PHILLIP. Well then...could I charge it in there?

GERTRUDE. No. It's only for scheduled meetings.

PHILLIP. OoooooK. Is there another outlet I could possibly use?

GERTRUDE. There's one behind the fichus tree. *(Closes window.)*

PHILLIP. *(While talking to himself walks to the fichus tree and hunts for the plug.)* Jeez...Talk about your customer service. I wonder what ever happened to Hailey.

GERTRUDE. *(OS from behind closed reception window.)* I heard that!

PHILLIP. *(Still looking for plug.)* Sorry, Gertie!

GERTRUDE. *(Slowly opens reception window and speaks hopefully.)*

Gertie? Did you call me Gertie?

PHILLIP. Sorry! I meant Gertrude. *(Finds outlet behind fichus tree and plugs in charger to outlet.)* No disrespect.

GERTRUDE. *(Wistful.)* No one has called me Gertie since I was a teenager.

PHILLIP. I had an Aunt Gertrude. She was a no-nonsense gal like you. Strict, but had a good heart. My brother and I called her Auntie Gertie. *(Plugs phone in.)*

GERTRUDE. *(Wistful.)* Auntie Gertie. Always wished I could have been an aunt. Well, isn't that nice. *(Pause.)* Listen...can you keep a secret?

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PHILLIP. *(Suspicious.)* Um...sure. *(Gertrude waves Phillip over. Phillip rests charging phone on chair arm and goes to reception counter.)*

GERTRUDE. You were asking what happened to Hailey?

PHILLIP. Well, it's just that she left quite abruptly.

GERTRUDE. So I've heard. Rumor has it she was a young, pretty thing.

PHILLIP. True. But she wasn't nearly as organized as you are Gertie.

GERTRUDE. Thanks, but you don't have to butter me up.

PHILLIP. I wasn't. I was just-

GERTRUDE. Yes, you were. Doesn't matter. I've decided to like you.

PHILLIP. *(Pleased.)* Oh? Well, that's so-

GERTRUDE. Do you want to know what happened to Hailey or not?

PHILLIP. Yes. Of course! Is it juicy?

GERTRUDE. Very.

PHILLIP. Well then dish, Gertie, dish!

GERTRUDE. *(Conspiratorially.)* Word is- *(Looks over shoulders.)* -that she and the Doctor were having an affair.

PHILLIP. No! An affair? But she was so young!

GERTRUDE. Barely legal as I hear it.

PHILLIP. And he just got married a few months ago!

GERTRUDE. Right. Good Lord. Some men just can't keep their pickle in their jar.

PHILLIP. *(Laughing.)* Oh Gertrude...

GERTRUDE. Gertie, if you don't mind.

PHILLIP. Gertie, you are a hoot! So...they were having an affair. What happened?

GERTRUDE. *(Conspiratorially.)* Word on the street- *(Looks over shoulders.)* -is that the Mrs. walked in on them.

PHILLIP. No way!

GERTRUDE. Way! And while they were in the act!

PHILLIP. No way!

GERTRUDE. Way! And right here in this very waiting room!

PHILLIP. Are you serious? *(Scans the room for likely places.)*

GERTRUDE. Probably right about where you're standing.

PHILLIP. *(Steps aside gingerly.)* Ohhhh...Well that doesn't seem at all sanitary.

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GERTRUDE. My thought exactly. First thing I did? Had the floors and furniture professionally cleaned.

PHILLIP. Smart. Well...that is just scandalous, Gertie.

GERTRUDE. I know, right?

PHILLIP. So, what happened to Hailey? I would imagine Dr. Wright would be worried about a sexual harassment lawsuit if he fired her.

GERTRUDE. Quite right. He got her a better paying job with Dr. Holquest over in West Chesterfield.

PHILLIP. Ahh...the plastic surgeon. She should get along well there. And what about Dr. Wright's wife?

GERTRUDE. They're divorcing.

PHILLIP. *(Hopeful.)* Really? Hmm... *(Runs his fingers through his hair, subconsciously primping.)* Well, that's a downright shame, isn't it?

GERTRUDE. Harumph. *(Sarcastic.)* I'll bet you think it's a shame. But you're barking up the wrong tree mister.

PHILLIP. *(Innocently.)* Me? What?

GERTRUDE. Dr. Wright doesn't go that way. Believe you me.

PHILLIP. Well...a boy can dream now, can't he? *(Exam room hallway door opens just slightly, and the voices of Wayne and LAVINIA can be heard chatting, but they do not yet enter.)*

LAVINIA. *(OS Exam room hallway.)* Oh, come on Wayne. Just come over tonight and I'll make you forget all your troubles. *(Gertrude rolls her eyes, points Phillip to his chair, and quietly slides the reception window closed. Phillip moves quickly to his chair next to the ficus tree and, just as he sits, Wayne and Lavinia open the door wider and step into the room, not seeing Phillip who is virtually hidden from them by the open door. Phillip looks around for something to do so he doesn't appear to be eavesdropping, quickly picking up a pregnancy magazine, pretending to read although the magazine is upside-down.)* I know you want to. It'll be fun. Just like old times. What do you say?

WAYNE. A tempting offer. If I wasn't married...

LAVINIA. Wayne, Wayne, Wayne. *(Faces Wayne and starts rubbing his arms.)* I know how it is. You're hoping she'll take you back but, deep down, you know she won't. It's quite a long shot and, as I recall, you're a

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man who likes a sure thing. (*Phillip is squirming or otherwise visibly uncomfortable listening to this exchange.*)

WAYNE. Well...

LAVINIA. A man who has (*Puts Wayne's hand on her hip.*) wants-

WAYNE. (*Becoming interested.*) Yes...wants.

LAVINIA. (*Puts Wayne's other hand on her other hip.*) -and needs.

WAYNE. (*Excited.*) Yes...needs.

LAVINIA. How long, Wayne?

WAYNE. (*Serious.*) How long? Well, I've never actually measured, but it's very-

LAVINIA. (*Laughing.*) Oh, I remember that measurement. Kind of hard to forget. I meant how long have you been without any- (*Slides hands up Wayne's arms to shoulders, moving her body closer.*) -physical attention.

WAYNE. Oh that. Um...about two weeks.

LAVINIA. Two weeks? Poor baby! That must seem like an eternity for a man like you. (*Puts her hands around Wayne's neck, looking into his eyes, poised for a kiss. Wayne can fight it no longer, pulls Lavinia tightly against him and they start kissing passionately. Suddenly Phillip's cell phone rings with a loud, obnoxious showtune ringtone. Startled, Wayne and Lavinia break apart. Gertrude opens reception window to see where the music is coming from. Phillip tries to grab his cell phone but, in his haste, knocks it off the chair arm and into the fichus tree. Phillip stands, bends over into the fichus tree attempting to retrieve/turn off his cell phone as Wayne and Lavinia come around the door to see who is there, finding Phillip's backside which both Wayne and Lavinia look at appreciatively.*)

GERTRUDE. Phillip S. Morton to see you Dr. Wright.

SCENE 3

Months later waiting room has a few 4th of July decorations to show passing of time. Gertrude is behind closed reception window. Penny enters front door, dressed smartly but in clothes that do not show her small baby bump. She looks around, hesitantly approaches window and taps lightly.

GERTRUDE. (*Opens reception window. Speaks curtly.*) Can I help you?

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PENNY. I wonder if I might have a word with Dr. Wright.

GERTRUDE. Do you have an appointment?

PENNY. No. But if-

GERTRUDE. You'll need to schedule an appointment.

PENNY. I only need a few moments. If you would-

GERTRUDE. I'm sorry but Dr. Wright is a very busy man.

PENNY. *(Sarcastic.)* Oh...you don't know the half of it!

GERTRUDE. Excuse me?

PENNY. I'm sorry. If you will please just tell him Penny is here to see him, I would be grateful. I know he takes his lunch at one.

GERTRUDE. And how would you know...oh wait. You're Penny? Penny Wright?

PENNY. Yes, that's correct.

GERTRUDE. You're the ex-wife.

PENNY. Well...we're not quite to the ex-stage yet.

GERTRUDE. No? He said that you were already -. Hmm...Well, have a seat. I'll get him. *(Closes reception window. Penny walks around the room, picks up pregnancy pamphlet and begins to read. Wayne enters office door. Penny hides pregnancy pamphlet behind her back.)*

WAYNE. *(Happy to see Penny.)* Penny! I didn't know you were stopping by today. *(Penny and Wayne embrace formally, somewhat awkwardly.)* Did you get the documents? My lawyer said he sent your lawyer everything she asked for.

PENNY. Yes, yes.

WAYNE. And those boxes that were in storage? From your mother's house? I had them sent over.

PENNY. They were from my father's house.

WAYNE. Oh yes...that's right. You got them?

PENNY. Yes. I did. Thank you.

WAYNE. And anything else you need-

PENNY. Yes. I know.

WAYNE. -or want.

PENNY. You've been very...accommodating...Wayne. Thank you.

WAYNE. I kind of thought you would be on your way to Kenya by now.

PENNY. I'm putting Kenya on hold. For a little while anyway.

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WAYNE. *(Hopeful.)* Oh?

PENNY. There are some things I need to...take care of...before-

WAYNE. *(Disappointed.)* Oh. Yes...the divorce. You know you don't need to be in the court room. Your attorney can appear on your behalf.

PENNY. Yes. I know. *(Pause.)* About court, Wayne. I...I wanted to talk to you before...before... *(Starts crying.)* before we go down there and-

WAYNE. Pen. What is it? What's wrong?

PENNY. -before we go down there and...and- God, Wayne, what if it's a mistake?

WAYNE. A mistake? *(During dialogue, Penny becomes increasingly agitated, pacing and slapping the pamphlet against her palm to accentuate points while Wayne, confused, follows.)*

PENNY. I thought I already made the biggest mistake of my life by marrying you, but...what if I'm wrong? What if this is the mistake? And then we'll be halfway across the world, and she'll never know you.

WAYNE. She?

PENNY. Or he...and you'll never know him!

WAYNE. Him?

PENNY. Or her. I don't know yet! How could I know yet?

WAYNE. Know what yet?

PENNY. She or he. Him or her. *(Stops pacing.)* Oh God, Wayne. *(Notices pamphlet in her hand and gives to Wayne.)* I'm pregnant!

WAYNE. *(Looks at pamphlet, confused.)* You're pregnant?

PENNY. I know. Great timing, right? Barely married. Cheating husband. Divorce on the horizon. This is just a disaster.

WAYNE. *(Shakes head, tosses pamphlet.)* Oh, Penny, No.

PENNY. *(Thinks he's saying no to the pregnancy.)* Oh God. I knew this was a mistake. I don't even know why I came here. *(Rushes to front door, grabs knob.)*

WAYNE. *(Stays Penny's hand.)* No, it's not a disaster. It's not a mistake. *(Turns her around.)* It's wonderful. I always said you would make a fabulous mother.

PENNY. I don't want to be a single mom! I don't want to pass a child back and forth like some kind of...time-share property. Every other

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weekend and two weeks during the summer. That was my childhood! I swore I would never...Oh Wayne, this is not how I want to start a family.

WAYNE. Pen, don't you see? We can do this. Together. You and me. Do it right. I'm ready. I really am. I'm all in this time. I'm ready to be a good husband. A good father. Please. Please forgive me. Please give me another chance. Give us a chance. *(Puts a hand on Penny's belly.)* All of us.

PENNY. *(Puts hand over Wayne's on her belly, looking down.)* I want to believe...

WAYNE. *(Tips her face up by her chin to face him.)* Then believe...
(Wayne and Penny embrace, kiss passionately, and do not notice Gertrude open reception window and Phillip open front door simultaneously. Phillip and Gertrude see the embrace, raise their eyebrows at each other, then both look disappointed and shrug their shoulders. Gertrude motions for Phillip to leave and quietly closes reception window while Phillip backs out of and closes front door.) Come on Pen. Let's go see how far along you are. *(Wayne and Penny exit exam room hallway door. Gertrude opens reception window and calls out to front door.)*

GERTRUDE. Mr. Morton. *(Pause.)* Phillip S. Morton!

PHILLIP. *(Opens front door. Peeks in.)* To be precise! Is the coast clear?

GERTRUDE. Yes. They've gone to an exam room.

PHILLIP. *(Enters front door, puts his sample case and laptop in a chair while speaking.)* An exam room! Good Lord. The doctor knows no shame! I guess he really is hopeless. Barely divorced and literally playing doctor in the middle of the day. And in an exam room no less! Ugg.

GERTRUDE. Well, apparently not divorced yet.

PHILLIP. No? But he said they were already- *(Pause.)* Hmm...Well, that's even worse. The man really can't...how did you put it?... keep his pickle in his jar?

GERTRUDE. That parts still true...believe you me. The man doesn't even know he has a jar. *(Pause.)* But they're not back there *(Makes air quotes.)* playing doctor. They're back there determining her due date!

PHILLIP. No! Not even divorced and he's already knocked up some bimbo?

GERTRUDE. That's no bimbo. That's Mrs. Wayne Wright.

PHILLIP. The wife!

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GERTRUDE. (*Disappointed.*) Exactly. I can't believe it. I just can't believe it.

PHILLIP. (*Disappointed.*) So, they're getting back together? And here I thought that maybe, just maybe...

GERTRUDE. You and me both sister. (*Hailey enters front door. Gertrude and Phillip look at her, Phillip raising his eyebrows in surprise.*)

PHILLIP. (*To Hailey.*) Hailey?

GERTRUDE. (*To Phillip.*) Hailey?

PHILLIP. (*To Gertrude.*) Yes. Hailey!

GERTRUDE. (*Under her breath.*) Speak of the bimbo.

PHILLIP. Hailey! So, um, great...to see you...right here...and right now.

HAILEY. Hey Phillip.

GERTRUDE. Timing is everything.

PHILLIP. Oh...pardon me. Hailey, this is Gertie.

GERTRUDE. (*Unimpressed.*) Gertrude, if you don't mind.

PHILLIP. Right. Gertrude. Gertrude, this is Hailey.

HAILEY. (*Unimpressed.*) My replacement, huh? Figured he'd go for some old chick this time. Well, I need to see him. Now.

GERTRUDE. I'm afraid this old chick doesn't offer same-day appointments. (*Consults appointment book.*) How's next Thursday? Two o'clock? Consider it booked. Reminder card?

HAILEY. Yea, I don't think I'm going to wait till next Thursday. I mean it was fine when Bailey thought it was his but then we got in this big fight, and I might have made some inappropriate comparisons of him to

Wayne... (*Looks at Gertrude.*) err...Dr. Wright (*Looks back at Phillip.*)

...and then he was like "How would you know that?" and I was like "I don't know." and he was like "You slept with him didn't you?" And I was like "I'd hardly call it sleeping." And he was like-

PHILLIP. Hailey! What are you trying to say?

HAILEY. Bailey broke up with me!

GERTRUDE. (*Sarcastic.*) My condolences.

PHILLIP. But what did you mean by, "when Bailey thought it was his."?

HAILEY. (*Nonchalant.*) Oh that. I'm pregnant

PHILLIP & GERTRUDE. (P) Oh dear. **(G)** Well, ain't that the crapper.

OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

HAILEY. Tell Wayne, err...Dr. Wright, I'm pregnant and I want to see him now!

GERTRUDE. Damn that doctor.

PHILLIP. And his pickle!

HAILEY. Pickle? What?

GERTRUDE. *(Like speaking to a child.)* It's what happens to a cucumber when you soak it in a brine, dear.

HAILEY. *(Pause.)* I don't know what you're talking about. *(Looks back and forth between Gertrude and Phillip.)* Is he with a patient? *(Pause.)*

OK. Then I'll just find him myself. *(Hailey heads for exam room hallway door. Phillip blocks door.)*

PHILLIP & GERTRUDE. **(P)** No! Wait! You can't! **(G)** Help yourself!

PHILLIP. Gertie!

GERTRUDE. What? Not like he doesn't deserve it.

HAILEY. Deserve what?

PHILLIP. Gertie! Isn't the doctor with a very important patient right now? Perhaps you could come back later today, Hailey?

HAILEY. I'm not going anywhere until I see Wayne... *(Looks at Gertrude.)* err...Dr. Wright. I'll just wait right here until he comes out.

GERTRUDE. Well...How can you argue with that?

PHILLIP. Gertie! What has gotten into you? *(Pause.)* Listen, considering the delicacy of the situation-

HAILEY. Situation?

PHILLIP. *(To Hailey.)* Condition. The delicacy of your condition. *(To Gertrude.)* Don't you think it might be better to put her in an exam room where she could rest until Dr. Wright finishes up with his very important patient? *(Pause.)* Gertie?

GERTRUDE. *(Rolling eyes.)* Oh, all right. Let me see which rooms are available. *(Closes reception window.)*

PHILLIP. So, Hailey, how are you feeling?

HAILEY. Actually, with all the talk about cucumbers and pickles, I'm a little hungry. I haven't had lunch yet.

PHILLIP. I actually meant the pregnancy. How have you been feeling, you know, with the pregnancy?

OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

HAILEY. Oh that. I used to be sick all the time. Now I'm just hungry all the time.

PHILLIP. Excited about the baby?

HAILEY. (*Apathetic.*) Guess so. Never really thought about having a kid.

PHILLIP. Really? I've always wanted kids. Ever since I was little, I knew I wanted to be a father.

GERTRUDE. (*Opens reception window.*) Exam room three. I assume you know the way.

HAILEY. Ahhh...Exam room three. I'm very familiar- (*Raises eyebrows up and down at Phillip.*) -if you know what I mean. (*Exits exam room hallway door.*)

PHILLIP. Eww...

GERTRUDE. Where's my Lysol?

PHILLIP. Listen Gertie...we've got bigger fish to fry.

GERTRUDE. Fish...yes. I am hungry now that you mention it.

PHILLIP. How can you think of your stomach at a time like this? We've got to get Mrs. Doctor Wright out of here before she sees Miss Afternoon Delight!

GERTRUDE. And this is our problem, why? It would serve him right.

PHILLIP. Gertie, come on now. He's a good man. He's just made a few (*Pause.*) impulsive choices. Let's figure a way out of this before something else goes wrong.

GERTRUDE. Oh, I think a prominent OB/GYN with a pregnant almost-ex-wife and a pregnant ex-employee in the same office at the same time is about as wrong as it could possibly get.

LAVINIA. (*Enters front door.*) Is the doctor in? I've got a bit of personal (*Pats her small baby bump.*) news for him.

GERTRUDE. I stand corrected.

LAVINIA. Pardon me?

PHILLIP. He's with a patient.

LAVINIA. I'll wait. (*Sits in chair. Puts her purse in chair next to her.*)

GERTRUDE. This should be good.

PHILLIP. Gertrude! Don't you think you should put Mrs.-

GERTRUDE. Mrs. Blankenship

LAVINIA. That's Miss. I'm divorced.

OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

PHILLIP. -Miss Blankenship in an exam room?

GERTRUDE. Oh gosh, I don't know, Phillip. The exam rooms are pretty full right now...if you know what I mean.

PHILLIP. Right. *(Pause.)* The conference room?

LAVINIA. *(Picks up magazine and begins to read.)* I'm fine here.

GERTRUDE. That's for meetings and by appointment only.

PHILLIP. I think you could make an exception for Miss Blankenship given the...delicacy of the situation?

LAVINIA. Situation?

PHILLIP. I mean your condition of course. The delicacy of your condition. The waiting room can be such a...germy place.

GERTRUDE & LAVINIA. (G) *(Serious.)* True. **(L)** *(Wistfully.)* True. *(Stare at each other suspiciously.)*

PHILLIP. Gertie!

GERTRUDE. *(Snaps out of it.)* Oh, all right! You can show her to the conference room, Phillip-S.-Fix-it-all! *(Closes reception window.)*

PHILLIP. This way Miss Blankenship.

LAVINIA. *(Confused.)* I'm sorry...Do you work here?

PHILLIP. No. Just a friend of the doctor.

LAVINIA. *(Sigh.)* Me too. Me too. *(Phillip leads Lavinia, without her purse, and they exit office door. Moments later Wayne enters exam room hallway door, with a big smile on his face, walks to reception window and taps. Gertrude opens reception window.)*

GERTRUDE. Can I help you?

WAYNE. *(Cheerful.)* Gertrude, cancel all my afternoon appointments.

GERTRUDE. Um...well...Dr. Wright...you do have someone waiting for you in the conference room.

WAYNE. Oh no. *(Brightens.)* Wait. Is it Phillip?

GERTRUDE. Well...um...Phillip is in the conference room.

WAYNE. A lunch date I'll bet. I really need to write these things down. He's such a sweet man, don't you think?

GERTRUDE. Oh, he's sweet alright.

WAYNE. I'll just go have a chat with him. I'm sure he'll understand. *(Exits office door.)*

OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

PHILLIP. *(Enters exam room hallway door.)* Ok. I got Miss Blankenship settled in the conference room and I checked on Hailey in exam room three. She's on her cell so sufficiently distracted for the foreseeable future.

GERTRUDE. Doctor big pickle just went into the conference room looking for you. He thinks you had a lunch date.

PHILLIP. Oh no! He'll be getting the *(Makes air quotes.)* happy news from Miss Blankenship without warning? He's going to be in shock! *(Wayne enters office door, shoulders slumped, shock on his face.)*

WAYNE. *(In shock.)* Oh...there you are Phillip. I thought you were in the conference room, but it was...someone else.

PHILLIP. That's alright Wayne. Are you ok?

WAYNE. *(In shock.)* Oh sure, sure. Um...Oh yes. I'm sorry I can't have lunch with you today. I'm...I'm...Where am I going Gertrude?

GERTRUDE. Mrs. Wright? Your wife? *(Pause.)* Exam room three?

WAYNE. *(Still in shock, talking while walking to exam room hallway door.)* That's right. My wife. Mrs. Wright. Exam room three. Rain-check Phillip?

PHILLIP. Sure Wayne...whenever you want. *(Wayne exits exam room hallway door.) (Beat)* Exam room three? Did you say exam room three?

GERTRUDE. Oh crap. That's where Hailey is!

PHILLIP. Oh no...Poor Wayne.

GERTRUDE. Big day for Dr. Don Juan. *(Lavinia enters from office door. Phillip and Gertrude stare wide-eyed as she walks to reception window.)*

LAVINIA. *(Noticing the stares.)* What?

GERTRUDE. Can I help you?

LAVINIA. Wayne said I should make an appointment for next week. Put me down for Tuesday at three-fifteen.

GERTRUDE. Put you down? As much as I'd enjoy that-

LAVINIA. *(Confused.)* Pardon me?

GERTRUDE. Not likely.

LAVINIA. *(Confused.)* What? *(As Lavinia and Gertrude are talking in low voices at reception window they do not notice as Penny pokes her head in from exam room hallway door, looking around.)*

PENNY. *(Whispers loudly to Phillip.)* Hi. Have you seen Dr. Wright?

OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

PHILLIP. Oh! (*Shoots a quick look at Lavinia to see if still occupied and whispers loudly to Penny.*) I think he's waiting for you in his office.

PENNY. Oh...silly me. I must have misunderstood. (*Phillip, assuming she would take the back way, watches with dismay as Penny enters exam room hallway door, crossing waiting room toward office door. Gertrude closes reception window as Lavinia heads for front door and bumps into Penny.*)

LAVINIA. (*Holds belly protectively.*) Watch it there. Precious cargo.

PENNY. Whooops. Sorry about that. Me too. You ok?

LAVINIA. Seem to be. You?

PENNY. Oh, fine.

PHILLIP. (*Trying to distract Lavinia.*) Miss Blankenship!

LAVINIA. What?

PHILLIP. (*Trying to get Lavinia away from Penny.*) Let me get the door for you!

PENNY. How far along are you?

LAVINIA. About three months. You?

PHILLIP. (*Opens front door. Motions grandly to Lavinia.*) Here you go.

PENNY. About the same.

LAVINIA. Well, if you'll excuse me.

PENNY. Good luck with the baby! (*Lavinia exits front door, Penny exits office door. Moments later Wayne enters exam room hallway door, shoulders slumped, shock on his face.*)

WAYNE. (*In a fog.*) Oh, hello Phillip. Did we have a lunch date today?

PHILLIP. We'll do it another day Wayne.

GERTRUDE. (*Opens reception window.*) Doctor, your wife's waiting for you in your office.

WAYNE. (*Confused.*) My office. Right. My wife. Penny. (*Perks up.*) She's pregnant you know!

PHILLIP & GERTRUDE. We know.

WAYNE. (*Still confused, not moving.*) OK.

GERTRUDE. (*Prompting.*) Your office Doctor?

WAYNE. Oh. Yes. That's right. (*Phillip opens office door for Wayne.*) That's right. My wife. My office. Rain check Phillip?

OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

PHILLIP. Sure Wayne. Maybe next week. (*Wayne exits office door and Phillip closes it behind him. Moments later Hailey enters exam room hallway door and walks to reception window.*)

GERTRUDE. You again.

HAILEY. Wayne...er...Dr. Wright said to make an appointment for next week.

GERTRUDE. As we've discussed in some detail, I've already made you an appointment for next week. Is pregnancy zapping your synapses or is English your second language?

HAILEY. What? Hey...I don't think receptionists are allowed to insult patients.

GERTRUDE. That wasn't an insult dear.

HAILEY. OK then. I accept your apology! Now, since I used next week's visit today can I make another appointment for next week?

GERTRUDE. (*Big sigh.*) Fine. Thursday. Two o'clock. (*Writes and holds out card to Hailey.*) Here. Take a reminder card. You'll need it.

PHILLIP. Gertie!

GERTRUDE. (*Fake sweet smile.*) I mean...in case you need it.

HAILEY. Harumph. (*Ignores card and, huffing, exits front door.*)

PHILLIP. Well then. (*Huffing, Hailey enters front door, grabs card from Gertrude, exits front door.*)

GERTRUDE. (*Shaking head.*) And she's reproducing. (*Lavinia enters front door, looks around the room, spots her purse, grabs it, and notices Phillip and Gertrude staring at her.*)

LAVINIA. What?

GERTRUDE. We were just talking about the survival of our species.

LAVINIA. Oh, for heaven's sake. You are so strange. (*Exits front door.*)

PHILLIP. Don't mind her, Gertie. At least you're not the almost-50s, desperate divorcee who's schlepping her OB/GYN into an embarrassing mid-life pregnancy.

GERTRUDE. I've never been divorced. At least I have that going for me.

PHILLIP. How about I buy you lunch?

GERTRUDE. Mexican?

PHILLIP. Perfect. We'll eat nachos, drink margaritas, and gossip.

OH DOCTOR! I'M PREGNANT!

GERTRUDE. I'm in! Not sure about the margaritas though. *(Penny and Wayne enter from office door talking ad-lib about her pregnancy.)*

WAYNE. Phillip you're still here?

PHILLIP. I'm taking Gertrude for Mexican food.

WAYNE. Wonderful! We're on our way out to lunch as well. Vietnamese *(Wayne holds open front door for Penny who exits front door with Wayne behind her. Wayne pauses, turns back, looks at Gertrude and Phillip, holds his finger up in front of his mouth motioning to shhhh, keep his secrets, then exits front door.)*

GERTRUDE. Very strange that he would want to keep his penchant for Vietnamese a secret.

PHILLIP. Very funny Gertie. But seriously, how in the world is Wayne going to manage it? He's got himself into quite a-

GERTRUDE & PHILLIP. *(Looking at each other.)* -pickle!

END OF ACT I

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