



WHOSE BABY?

by John Collings

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Characters.

Old – 50ish working class

Punk – 18-25

Posh – 30-35

Nurse – 25-30ish

On stage is 3 chairs in a semi-circle spaced out.

(Posh enters and sits on the chair stage right. Punk enters and sits on the middle chair. Old enters and sits on the remaining seat. All the women are at least six months gone or later in their pregnancy, more the better, and carry rolled up exercise mats and lunch boxes.)

Old: You here for the antenatal clinic?

Punk: No I'm going to a wedding.

Old: My back is killing me.

Punk: So is mine.

(Pause.)

Punk: (Looks off stage left.) They're taking their time.

Old: Yes. Typical of the NHS.

Punk: I'm starving.

Old: So am I.

Punk: I'm going to have mine now.

Old: Yeah why not.

Posh: Don't you think we ought to wait?

(Punk takes the mickey out of Posh's accent.)

Punk: Ought to wait.

Old: You'll wait forever if you wait for the NHS love.

(The women unpack their lunch boxes.)

(Posh unpacks her lunch box reluctantly.)

Punk: What you got?

Old: Raw sausages.

(Old shows Punk a raw sausage stood erect.)

Punk: Oh put it away it reminds me of my boyfriend.

Old: What you got me duck?

Posh: Caviar of course.

Punk: Caviar! They are crocodile eggs aren't they?

Posh: No Sturgeon.

Punk: That's what I said crocodile eggs. You're eating all those tiny little crocodile eggs. They could have grown up to be full grown crocodiles. It's not right, it's barbaric, its murder.

Old: Don't Caviar come from Ducks?

Punk: Nar. Crocodiles I tell yeah.

(Pause.)

Old: I've been eating talcum powder. But I prefer raw sausages.

(Pause, for munching.)

Punk: (To Posh.) What you going to call yours?

Posh: Oh Trishdon if it's a boy. Annabel if it's a girl.

Punk: (To Old.) I suppose you're going to call yours Burt, after your dead husband if it's a boy.

Old: Nar anything but Burt.

(Pause.)

Posh: I know this is a sensitive subject. But how did your husband die. If you don't mind me asking.

Old: Nar, I don't mind telling yeah. Well he came home from the pub one night pissed as usual. Well this night he comes in singing, he always sung a song when he was feeling a bit frisky. Often than not he can't do it, but this night he managed to. But straight after, he fell off the bed and died. He had a heart attack

Posh: Did you give him cps?

Old: What? I was feeling too frustrated for all that. He always left me wanting.

Posh: Oh I'm so sorry.

Old: No don't be. It was the best thing that's ever happened to me. I'm the happiest woman in the world. He made my life hell. Now I can do what I want. And when this little one comes along we are going to have a great time. **(Old puts her hand on her belly and looks down.)**

(Pause.)

Punk: I conceived in a bog.

Posh: You conceived in a lavatory?

Punk: Core, it was the best shag I'd ever had. My boyfriend is the lead singer in a punk rock band. I will always remember, he just finished singing 'God Save the Queen', Johnny Rotten's version, and threw himself off stage and did some crowd surfing, as he came past me he shouted bog in five.

Posh: Bog in five?
