

**AWESOME BIG
SOMEBODY**

by
Sarah Tuft

Sarah Tuft
917-747-7010
s.tuft@hit.net

July 6, 2008
Revised Third Draft
© Sarah Tuft 2005

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BABY: a teenaged girl, 17 years old

PAM: a woman in her mid-30's

MAGGIE MAY JABINSKI: a woman in her early 30's

WEED MCKNIGHT: a teenaged boy, 19 years old

CELEBRITY: a man in his mid-late 40's

MRS. CARVER: a woman in her late 40's

MR. KNOTWORTH: a man in his early 50's

ACT ONE

SCENE 1: LIVING ROOM

The room brims with the debris of vainglorious girl culture. Clothing is strewn across the garish green sofa. The coffee table is littered with magazines, hair products, diet soda cans and junk food wrappers. Affordable lingerie dries on an exercise bike. And in the midst of the chaos, a dark leather La-Z-Boy indicates a man may have once lived here. The front door is Upstage Left. The doorway to the rest of the house is Stage Right.

AT RISE: PAM reads a celebrity magazine. BABY models a skimpy pink outfit.

BABY

It's perfect.

PAM

It's pink. Pink's okay on some girls, but not on you.

BABY

Not on you, more like. C'mon, Mom, I don't have anything else that's even close to acceptably hot.

PAM

It's great we can share clothes, isn't it?

BABY

Except pink ones.

PAM

...and now we're sharing men.

BABY

We're not exactly like, sharing.

PAM

You're right. Now you got Him all to yourself.

BABY

I can't help it that I won some dumb contest.

PAM

It's okay. I want you to be happy - even if the "dumb" prize happens to be a date with the man I love.

BABY

Whatever. I've loved Him since the first time I ever saw Him.

PAM

Since the first time we saw Him.

BABY

Series premiere. You kissed me on the forehead afterwards. You seemed happy.

PAM

You were supposed to be in bed.

BABY

I was twelve. Old enough to stay up 'till whenever I wanted.

PAM

You were twelve. And He's old enough to be your father.

BABY

Yeah and I'm sure that's going to like, totally put Him off - me being so much younger.

PAM

Some men prefer women their own age.

BABY

Some men. But not Him.

(BABY picks up a celebrity magazine, flips through it, stops at a photo of Him and holds it up to PAM.)

BABY

Check out the babe on His arm. Some like total nobody half His age.

PAM

He tried adopting a baby, you know.

BABY

She's not even that cute.

PAM

Got turned down though, poor guy.

BABY

It's gotta be the outfit. I mean, why else would He be with this dog-face?

(BABY ever-so carefully tears out the

photo, folds it up, tucks it in her pocket.)

PAM

Maybe I wanna adopt too - give some poor unwanted child a warm and loving home.

BABY

You're kidding, right?

PAM

Everyone's doing it - Madonna, Brangelina, Calista, Sharon, Tom and Nicole - before TomKat and Suri, of course.

BABY

Earth to Mom. You hated being a mother.

PAM

Rosie adopted too, 'though she doesn't exactly have much choice given her, you know, *lifestyle*.

BABY

But raising me made you wanna like, totally wanna blow your brains out.

PAM

You remembered!

BABY

Duh - only heard it like, a trillion times.

PAM

You're such a good listener. My other friends don't listen.

BABY

But I'm your daughter.

PAM

I'm so lucky to have a daughter who appreciates how I sacrificed everything for her.

BABY

I know.

PAM

...how I slaved my life away to pay the bills, give her everything she needs and wants...

BABY

I'm so not falling for this again.

PAM

...never asking for anything in return...

BABY
You don't exactly ask.

PAM
...just that you be happy.

BABY
Omigod! Whatever!! If it means that much to you, you go.
Take the only thing I ever wanted...

PAM
Oh no, I couldn't.

BABY
But I'm sure you'll find a way.

PAM
Well, they will let you transfer the prize to my name, if you
call to authorize it.

BABY
...which you just happen to know.

PAM
How did I ever get so lucky to have such a wonderful
daughter?

BABY
(indicates her new outfit)
I guess now I'm returning this too, even though I love it.

PAM
Pink's just not your color, sweetie. But get yourself
something else - anything. My treat.

BABY
Cuz you get me everything I need and want...

PAM
Nothing less for my Baby.

BABY
...just so long as it's something we can share.

SCENE 2: TRENDY BOUTIQUE

BABY examines her outfit in the full-length mirror. SHE wears a skirt over jeans - both with price tags - and platform boots. WEED, the store clerk, pretends to sort merchandise while stealing glances at HER. BABY notices.

What d'ya think? BABY

Not bad. WEED

Not bad? BABY

Not bad. Good. WEED

Good's not good enough. BABY

Great then. WEED

Great? BABY

Your tits look hot... WEED

Yeah? BABY

Your legs look very...hot. You know, whatever. You look hot. WEED

Hot's not good enough. I wanna look better than every other girl who's ever worn this. BABY

For real? WEED

For real. BABY

(WEED approaches BABY. Jutting his hips forward, HE whips her skirt over her head. Stabilizing HER with his pelvis against hers, HE rips one leg of her jeans, smooths her skirt back down over her newly ripped jeans and steps back to examine his work.)

Better? BABY

WEED
 Better.
 (beat)
 But...

BABY
 Still not like...

WEED
 Like...?

(BABY reaches into her bra and removes her magazine clipping. SHE unfolds it and shows the photo to WEED.)

BABY
 He doesn't care about her.

WEED
 Enough to bang her.

BABY
 That's true.

WEED
 But not enough to buy her some new clothes.

BABY
 That's for sure.
 (off her outfit)
 So?

WEED
 So. I really like your tits.

BABY
 Thanks.

WEED
 No. Really.

BABY
 Thanks. But I wanna look better than every other girl who's ever worn this.

WEED
 May I?

(BABY welcomes HIM. Again, bracing HER with his pelvis, WEED lifts BABY's shirt over her head, causing her to drop her magazine clipping. WEED

deftly unfastens and whips off her bra,
cops a feel and then smooths her shirt
back down over her chest and steps
back.)

WEED
Just like her.

BABY
(disappointed)
Oh.

WEED
But better.

BABY
(delighted)
Oh!

WEED
Perkier.

(BABY picks up her clipping, folds it
back up and slides it down the front of
her jeans. SHE pulls her squishy
animal wallet from her bag.)

BABY
Ring me up!

WEED
You leaving?

BABY
'Fraid so.

WEED
Coming back?

BABY
'Fraid not.

WEED
I know where He'll be Thursday night.

BABY
...where He'll be?

WEED
...where He'll be.

BABY
...this Thursday night?

WEED

Where He'll be this Thursday night. That's what I said...
 (beat)
 ...Perky.

SCENE 3: MRS. CARVER'S OFFICE

MRS. CARVER lords over her desk - which looks like an aerial view of farmland with its neat piles of paperwork, bordered by framed photos of a child. PAM - in a poorly tailored suit jacket and matching skirt - perches opposite MRS. CARVER, in a school chair with its built-in amoeba-shaped desk.

MRS. CARVER

So you want a...

PAM

Baby. Yes - badly.

MRS. CARVER

Badly? Did you intend to qualify your desire with a value-based judgement?

PAM

Huh?

MRS. CARVER

Because we never tell our Adopted Children they're "bad."

PAM

I knew that.

MRS. CARVER

Even if they still bed-wet at nine years old, we simply refer to that as "bad behavior."

PAM

"Bad behavior."

MRS. CARVER

Even if we're so exasperated, we want to rub their sweet little remorseful face in their own newly soiled sheets...

PAM

They're never "bad."

MRS. CARVER

Exactly. No "you're bad." No "I'm bad." No value-based judgements, whatsoever.

PAM
Unless you're Michael Jackson.

MRS. CARVER
Are we trying to express a racial preference?

PAM
What?

MRS. CARVER
Because if we don't want a child of color...

PAM
A child of color is fine. Like how about a Chinese baby?

MRS. CARVER
Who wouldn't want a child with a genetic predisposition towards violin virtuosity?

PAM
Really?

MRS. CARVER
...instead of one of unknown origins possibly with hereditary bed-wetting tendencies?

PAM
I just like how cute Chinese babies are.

MRS. CARVER
When I suggested a "child of color," I was referring to, you know, a black baby.

PAM
So what color are the ones from Cambodia?

MRS. CARVER
U.S. Adoptions is not in the business of matching children to your living room furniture.

PAM
That's good, 'cause I sure don't want a green baby!

MRS. CARVER
Excuse me?

PAM
Um...nothing. Whatever's good enough for Angelina is good enough for me.

MRS. CARVER
Angelina? Is she your partner?

(MRS. CARVER searches Pam's
application.)

PAM
Oh God no! I meant...

MRS. CARVER
So - no partner.

PAM
Is that bad...I mean, so you don't like single parents?

MRS. CARVER
"Don't like" implies subjective preference.

PAM
I guess...

MRS. CARVER
We rely on clinical data which increasingly suggests that the
two-parent household tends to provide a more stable child-
rearing environment.

PAM
I won't be raising my baby alone, if that's what you're
worried about...

MRS. CARVER
You mean - so there is a um, significant other...

PAM
Of course. It's just, um...it's not public yet.

MRS. CARVER
Ms. Spungen, you can be assured that we here at U.S.
Adoptions will maintain your privacy one hundred percent.

PAM
So if I tell you...

MRS. CARVER
Utter discretion. No judgements. You'd simply need to
update your application with your partner's pertinent
information.

PAM
But...

MRS. CARVER
And of course, we need for her to come in for an interview.

PAM

Her?

MRS. CARVER

If she's to be involved in the parenting, which I assume is the case.

PAM

You mean you think I'm...Wow - that's allowed?

MRS. CARVER

With the right paperwork. And of course, the interview. Strictly a formality.

PAM

Okay. I mean, sounds good. I mean, not "good" but...

MRS. CARVER

No, dear - in this instance, "good" is absolutely great.

SCENE 4: WEED'S BEDROOM

WEED's on top of BABY in his cramped single bed. BABY's new skirt is pulled up and her new jeans are pulled down over her big platform boots. WEED heaves and hoes as BABY grills HIM.

BABY

Which one?

WEED

By the mall...

BABY

The old one?

WEED

The new one.

BABY

Where?

WEED

Fridays.

BABY

I thought you said it was Thursday.

WEED

I did.

BABY
So which is it?

WEED
What?

BABY
Thursday or Friday?

WEED
Thursday. Near Fridays. Oh. Oh my God.

BABY
What?

WEED
Nothing. You feel awesome.

BABY
But that's like in the middle of nowhere.

WEED
That's right. C'mon, feel my cock. You feel it?

BABY
Like, duh. It's inside me, moron.

WEED
Do you like it? Do you like my cock?

BABY
Oh baby, baby, I just love your cock. It's so um...cock-like
and um, hard.

(beat)
You better be like, right about this.

WEED
So right. So good. You feel so good.

BABY
About Him. About the hotel.

WEED
(grunts)
I'm right.

BABY
You better be. Seems awfully random to me.

WEED
Big event that night.

BABY

How do you know?

WEED

My band's playing. Oh my God! I'm coming. I'm coming. Are you coming, Baby?

BABY

Sure. I'm coming.

WEED

I want you to come too.

BABY

Why?

WEED

I dunno. So you think I'm a good lover?

BABY

No, moron! Why's He gonna be at some like, stupid hotel by the new mall near Fridays on Thursday.

WEED

It's a...Oh...it's a...Ohhhhh - Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Oh my God, Baby!!

(WEED comes, collapses on BABY.)

WEED

It's a benefit.

BABY

You mean, like...

WEED

For some adoption agency he's into. Did you come?

(BABY wiggles out from under HIM.)

BABY

Sure.

WEED

You did? Cool!

(BABY jumps up, pulls up her jeans and smooths her skirt over them.)

BABY

Yeah - cool. And thanks for the info. I owe you one. Oh - no I don't. Cool. We're even.

WEED
Even. But not done.

BABY
Not done?

WEED
You don't know what time He'll be there.

BABY
What time He'll be there?

WEED
What time, on Thursday, near Friday's. He may not stay long.
No reason to.

BABY
No reason to yet.

SCENE 5: BABYMART'S BABY DEPARTMENT

MAGGIE MAY - in a BabyMart apron - stocks shelves with rattles. SHE checks to be sure no one's looking, then slips a rattle into her BabyMart apron pocket. PAM - also in a BabyMart apron - examines a Burberry knock-off baby stroller near MAGGIE MAY.

PAM
Nice stroller.

MAGGIE MAY
Very nice stroller. Course - you gotta like babies. I do.

PAM
How much?

MAGGIE MAY
Lots and lots. I just love babies!

PAM
No. I meant, the price.

MAGGIE MAY
Is this a test?

PAM
Test?

MAGGIE MAY

I know you assistant manager types are always testing us junior employees.

PAM

Seriously, I just wanted the price. It's not marked.

MAGGIE MAY

Gosh, I hope that's not my fault. I'm just stocking shelves. I'm a shelf-stocker. Price-gun is for advanced employees.

PAM

Of course.

MAGGIE MAY

So did I pass?

PAM

Pass?

MAGGIE MAY

The test. I could tell you were up to something the moment I saw you meandering.

PAM

I wasn't "meandering." I was "strolling."

MAGGIE MAY

Gosh. I didn't think "strolling" was allowed while we were on the clock.

PAM

Actually...I was wondering. I heard you needed a place to live.

MAGGIE MAY

So now Knotworth's got you prying into my business, huh? That'd be just like him - trying to weasel in on the hopes of me and Johnny breaking up.

PAM

But everyone knows your boyfriend just kicked you out.

MAGGIE MAY

Well "everyone"'s a busybody.

PAM

Plus you taped that "Room Desperately Needed ASAP" flyer up near the punch clock.

MAGGIE MAY

It's not my fault, I swear. Johnny was gonna dump me anyway. They all do eventually - men.

PAM

That's for sure. One minute you're happy as a clam and the next minute, you walk in and all their stuff's gone.

MAGGIE MAY

Plus all the stuff you borrowed from them. That's gone too.

PAM

Right.

MAGGIE MAY

Every guy I ever been with's left me.

PAM

Father of my kid - I'm four months pregnant - and he suddenly announces he's leaving. No warning. Just "Gotta go."

MAGGIE MAY

Gotta go!

PAM

I begged him not to, you know, arms locked around his legs - hanging on for dear life while he dragged me around the room.

MAGGIE MAY

Been there. Done that.

PAM

That's when I had my epiphany.

MAGGIE MAY

Is that like a medical condition?

PAM

I decided to never let myself get that far down wanting something from someone that they didn't want to give me in the first place.

MAGGIE MAY

That's why I prefer borrowing.

PAM

What?

MAGGIE MAY

I mean, there I was - trapped - a deer caught in the headlights...a sitting bunny.

PAM

Bunny?

MAGGIE MAY

A little furry white bunny with pink eyes, sniffing in terror on the white line of life's interstate with a Mack truck barreling down the road towards me...

PAM

Not a nice feeling...

MAGGIE MAY

So I leapt off the highway. I leapt off that highway and I saved my little white cotton ball tail!

PAM

Good for you!

MAGGIE MAY

See - I knew Johnny was cheating on me and it was only a matter of time before he dumped me.

PAM

And?

MAGGIE MAY

So he kicked me out. On accountta what he called my "paranoid delusions."

PAM

Easy for him to say.

MAGGIE MAY

Plus he tried to have me arrested. Claimed I took what was not rightfully mine.

PAM

Bastard.

MAGGIE MAY

But the cops - I think policemen can be such gentlemen, don't you? They told Johnny he was wrong about me. One of them even put me up in a motel for a couple of days.

PAM

Nice guy.

MAGGIE MAY

'Till his wife found out.

PAM

Right.

MAGGIE MAY

Anyway, now I'm sleeping in my car.

PAM

Can't be comfortable.

MAGGIE MAY

Except when I find someone to put me up for a night. I usually leave before they wake up though.

(MAGGIE MAY drops one of the rattles.
It breaks.)

MAGGIE MAY

Shoot!

(MAGGIE MAY leans over to gather the pieces. The rattle in her pocket slips out and breaks.)

MAGGIE MAY

Double shoot! Now look at whatcha made me do!

PAM

Me?

MAGGIE MAY

Knotworth sent you here to get me fired, didn't he?

PAM

No. That has nothing to...

MAGGIE MAY

Please don't tell. I can't lose this job. Not now. Homeless and jobless is an awful dark hole to be sucked into, you know?

PAM

Calm down. I'm not trying to get you fired! This isn't even about work.

MAGGIE MAY

Oh dear. You're not someone's wife, are you? I swear, I had no idea. He took off his ring and everything!

PAM

Will you listen?? I'm looking for someone to move in with me, that's all. A boarder type situation.

MAGGIE MAY

That's all?

PAM

I mean - you did say you were homeless, right?

MAGGIE MAY
Just you and me?

PAM
And my kid.

MAGGIE MAY
Sounds pretty crowded - three people squeezed into one teeny tiny little apartment.

PAM
Not really. I have a house.

MAGGIE MAY
Your own house?

PAM
Yup.

MAGGIE MAY
A big house?

PAM
We manage.

MAGGIE MAY
How much are you asking for sharing that big house of yours?

PAM
It's free.

MAGGIE MAY
Free?

PAM
No rent.

MAGGIE MAY
Well, gosh. Thank you. I mean, that's so wonderfully kind and generous of you - offering me a free room in my time of need. No one does that anymore. Unless of course, they want something. Which would be...?

PAM
A baby.

MAGGIE MAY
A baby?

PAM
I'm adopting.

MAGGIE MAY

Adopting? Gosh, I love babies. But to put up with their crying and it's not even yours?

PAM

Everyone's doing it. It's the thing to do.

MAGGIE MAY

I'm awful flattered you'd consider me, a complete stranger, to care for your adopted baby - but nannies get paid lots more than free rent.

PAM

I'm not looking for a nanny. I'm looking for a...See - I got turned down by the adoption agency.

MAGGIE MAY

Nice lady like you?

PAM

Seems they don't really like nice ladies, especially not nice single ladies.

MAGGIE MAY

Nobody does. Except married men.

PAM

The kicker is they favor couples way over single women. Any kind of couples - even, you know...gay couples.

MAGGIE MAY

You mean to tell me that they'd rather a child be raised by homosexuals than someone with her very own big house that she owns? Makes you wonder.

PAM

Just not very fair. To us single women.

MAGGIE MAY

Not much is. Take Knotworth - ever since he figured out I'm single again - why yesterday I had to spend my entire break hiding in the little girls' room.

PAM

Not fun.

MAGGIE MAY

Sometimes I think I should just get it over with, give him what he wants.

PAM

Ew.

MAGGIE MAY

But no matter what you do, they always want more. So what's the point?

PAM

Yeah - I've pretty much given up on men.

MAGGIE MAY

Oh, now I get it...

PAM

What?

MAGGIE MAY

Look - I may need a place to hang my hat but not bad enough to experiment with my sex. I'm pretty sure I got that one right the first time.

PAM

No, no - I didn't mean that!

MAGGIE MAY

Good 'cause - nothing against them personally - but I just don't go that way.

PAM

Me either. Not in a million years. I mean, you can't just make yourself be something like that. Can you?

MAGGIE MAY

I certainly can't.

PAM

No. We're not gonna be gay. We're just gonna say we are.

MAGGIE MAY

Not to my Mama, I hope.

PAM

To whoever we want. But mostly to the adoption agency. So I can get a baby.

MAGGIE MAY

I love babies.

PAM

So you said.

MAGGIE MAY

Even so, a baby's not exactly on my wish list right now.

PAM

I do have a house.

MAGGIE MAY
You do have a house - a big house.

PAM
Plenty of room.

MAGGIE MAY
Central air?

PAM
You bet.

MAGGIE MAY
Flat screen?

PAM
Fifty-two inch.

MAGGIE MAY
For nothing?

PAM
For free.

MAGGIE MAY
And all I gotta do is say I'm your lesbian lover friend and
no hanky-panky is expected of me - not ever.

PAM
That's right.

MAGGIE MAY
Mind if I think on it?

(MR. KNOTWORTH enters, crosses to
MAGGIE MAY and PAM.)

MR. KNOTWORTH
Miss Jabinski?

MAGGIE MAY
Yes, Mr. Knotworth?

MR. KNOTWORTH
I see all this chatting chatting chatting. Are you on your
break?

MAGGIE MAY
I don't think so.

MR. KNOTWORTH
You don't think so? Or you know not?

MAGGIE MAY

I dunno. I guess I know not.

MR. KNOTWORTH

Miss Jabinski - do you value your position here at BabyMart?

MAGGIE MAY

What d'you mean "value?" I mean, do you mean do I like it?

PAM

Or are you asking if she places a monetary value on it?

MAGGIE MAY

Five dollars and seven cents an hour.

PAM

That's all?

MR. KNOTWORTH

Miss Jabinski, if you value your job, albeit entry-level - you do not broadcast your wages up and down the aisle.

MAGGIE MAY

You mean like...

(yells)

Five dollars and seven cents an hour?

(back to speaking voice)

You mean, like that?

MR. KNOTWORTH

We here at BabyMart pay minimum wage, and sometimes more, to our full-time staff employees. It's just to our...

(yells)

...white trash, part-time, unskilled labor...

(back to speaking voice)

...we pay anything we want because we know you're desperate for work. Is that right, Miss Jabinski?

MAGGIE MAY

Yes, Sir.

(MR. KNOTWORTH pushes the pieces of broken rattle with his foot.)

MR. KNOTWORTH

Whaddya say we have a little drink tonight, Miss um...Maggie - I can call you that, right? Settle our differences over a nice bottle of wine...

(PAM clears her throat.)

MR. KNOTWORTH

Yes, Ms. Spungen?

PAM
I ahhh...

MAGGIE MAY
(interrupts)
Thanks so much for the invite, Mr. Knotworth, but my fiance here and I already got ourselves plans for tonight.

MR. KNOTWORTH
Fiance?

MAGGIE MAY
Yes, Sir. Ms. Spungen's my lesbian lover friend. We're shacking up together this weekend.

MR. KNOTWORTH
Shacking?

PAM
This weekend?

MAGGIE MAY
We're adopting a baby together.

PAM
Sure are.

MAGGIE MAY
I love babies.

MR. KNOTWORTH
Everybody loves babies.

MAGGIE MAY
Except when they cry.

MR. KNOTWORTH
All babies cry, Miss Jabinski.

MAGGIE MAY
I just love to pinch their chubby little cheeks.

MR. KNOTWORTH
I'm sure they appreciate it...

MAGGIE MAY
And we are so pleased to be able to announce our betrothment to you.

PAM
Especially a boss as equal opportunity as you. We rave about you all the time in our anti-discriminatory meetings.

MR. KNOTWORTH

I guess congratulations are in order - to both of you. And Miss Jabinski, you keep me posted on that baby and there could be a raise in it for you.

MAGGIE MAY

That sure is awful nice of you.

MR. KNOTWORTH

...to five dollars and sixty-five cents an hour. That's fifty cents over federal minimum wage.

MAGGIE MAY

Why thank you...Bob - I can call you that, right?

SCENE 6: HOTEL BAR

Corporate chain hotel bar - dark and deserted. Empty glasses, ravaged hors d'oeuvres platters and crumpled napkins litter the bar. Partially deflated helium balloons drift like tumbleweeds in the air conditioned breeze. A mix of sounds drifts in - the grating notes of a cover band, the laughter of revelers, an occasional burst of unintelligible mirth from an Emcee on a P.A. System.

CELEBRITY sits at the bar with a glass and a bottle, rapidly emptying both. BABY enters - in her skirt over jeans with platform boots. BABY spots CELEBRITY, sidles up, lifts her skirt - revealing her ripped jeans - and slowly, intentionally - slides her crotch onto the seat next to HIM. SHE sticks out her chest, curls her legs around the stool, drops her purse, leans over to get it, sighs and squirms. CELEBRITY - glancing occasionally at BABY - empties his glass, refills it and spins around. HE looks at her - deeply, meaningfully.

BABY

What?

CELEBRITY

You're so beautiful.

BABY

Thanks.

CELEBRITY

When you walked into the room, you took my breath away.

BABY

I did? I mean, like, I know.

CELEBRITY

Then why are you so insecure?

BABY

I'm not insecure.

CELEBRITY

No, of course not. You're so beautiful, you could have the world at your feet - and you will.

BABY

I know.

CELEBRITY

Who are you?

BABY

No one in particular. I know who you are though.

CELEBRITY

Big deal. Want me to give ya a fuckin' award?

BABY

People give you awards all the time.

CELEBRITY

They give me awards because I'm a fat fuckin' pig and they wanna see me with my shirt off.

BABY

I do.

CELEBRITY

You do what?

BABY

Wanna see you with your shirt off.

CELEBRITY

Good. Because I wanna fuck you and I'm used to gettin' what I want.

BABY

Like duh.

CELEBRITY

Not very nice when I don't.

BABY

So?

CELEBRITY

Come to think of it - not very nice when I do either. When you walked into the room, you took my breath away and I said to myself, "I hafta have her or I won't be able to stay nice."

BABY

You are so hot.

CELEBRITY

...for a fat pig.

BABY

You're so like, talented. Your eyes...

CELEBRITY

I wish I'd known you when you were just a little girl.

BABY

How come?

CELEBRITY

You were probably an angel in the making.

BABY

Not really. My mom got like, stoned a lot when I was a kid so...

CELEBRITY

I got a little dick.

BABY

Oh.

CELEBRITY

Yeah - it's the big roll and the little roll.

BABY

Huh?

CELEBRITY

(gestures to his gut)

The big roll, and then under that, peakin' out, the little roll. You know, my itty-bitty eensy-weensy little dick.

BABY

You're just kidding...

CELEBRITY

No. I'm not. But you're gonna suck it anyway, aren'tcha?

BABY

Gladly.

CELEBRITY

No matter how small...

BABY

I own like, the whole five season set on DVD.

CELEBRITY

You any good in bed?

BABY

Sure. Yeah.

CELEBRITY

How? Why?

BABY

Because I'll do whatever you say, whatever you want.

CELEBRITY

Sounds thrilling. Very stimulating and interactive.

BABY

I'll even let you do it from behind, I mean, if that turns you on.

CELEBRITY

I'm a fat pig. Of course it turns me on to dominate dumb fuckin' females with no self-respect.

BABY

What d'ya think of my, you know - my like, outfit?

CELEBRITY

Great.

BABY

Look familiar?

CELEBRITY

Yeah - I saw you wearin' it when you came in but it really won't interest me 'till it's on the floor of my hotel room.

(BABY pulls the folded up magazine clipping - now the worse for wear - out from her bra. SHE shows it to CELEBRITY. HE ignores it.)

BABY

Does it look better on me? Or on her?

CELEBRITY

Don'tcha wanna know if I'm good in bed?

BABY

Of course you are. You're so hot. I own like, all five seasons on DVD.

CELEBRITY

But ask me.

(BABY holds out the magazine clipping.)

BABY

Can I have your autograph?

CELEBRITY

Only if you let me write it on your ass with my cum. Now ask me.

BABY

Ask you what??

CELEBRITY

If I'm good in bed.

BABY

Okay. Are you good in bed?

CELEBRITY

No.

BABY

Oh.

CELEBRITY

Now ask me why.

BABY

(exasperated)

Why?

CELEBRITY

Not.

BABY

What?

CELEBRITY

Why not? Proper grammar please.

BABY

Okay. Why not?

CELEBRITY

Because I'm a selfish lover. When we get back to my room, I'll basically be too plastered to get it up so I'll just pass out, that is, if I don't puke out my guts first.

BABY

Oh.

CELEBRITY

Then I'll wake up about two hours later and whether you're sleepin' or not, enter you, satisfy myself with no regard for your pleasure and then fall back to sleep. I'm a miserable sonuvabitch. Still wanna fuck me?

BABY

Sure. You're so hot. I've been in love with you since I was like, twelve.

CELEBRITY

You are really beautiful. You need someone to love you but you keep runnin' from it, don'tcha?

BABY

I guess.

CELEBRITY

My dick's not really small.

BABY

It isn't?

CELEBRITY

Just kiddin'. It is.

BABY

It is?

CELEBRITY

(pours last drop in bottle into glass)
 Fooled you. It isn't. No - it is. It isn't. It is. Isn't. Is. It's the big roll and then the little roll. I'm a fat pig - a big fat dick. I mean, I'm just a dick, a miserable dick. Size is relative. Misery is constant...and uncompromising.

(downs the glass as HE stands)
 Let's get outta here.

(yells to unseen BARTENDER as HE exits)
 Put it on my tab. Put her on my tab. Put it all on my tab - the whole fat fuckin' lot!

BABY

You are so hot. I love you.

(BABY follows CELEBRITY's exit, then suddenly stops, dashes back to the bar, retrieves her magazine clipping and runs out after CELEBRITY.)

SCENE 7: LIVING ROOM

Night. An old suitcase and some tattered plastic grocery bags preside over the room. MAGGIE MAY caresses furniture, examines objects. PAM crosses to a lamp, turns it on.

MAGGIE MAY

This is all yours? I mean, you picked it all out by your single self and everything?

PAM

Sure. Probably could have been an interior decorator or something if I hadn'ta gotten knocked up with Baby.

MAGGIE MAY

You're so talented. Probably paid for it too - with your very own single credit card.

PAM

Of course...

MAGGIE MAY

So - which way to my room?

PAM

You're standing in it.

MAGGIE MAY

You mean...

PAM

It's a fold-out.

MAGGIE MAY

What about your kid's room?

PAM

Baby. Her name is Baby.

MAGGIE MAY

All the same to me.

PAM
She's my daughter. I can't just...

MAGGIE MAY
Where is the little angel anyway? I'd sure like to make my introductions to her.

PAM
Still out, I guess.

MAGGIE MAY
Kinda late for a young teenaged girl to be out.

PAM
She's fine.

MAGGIE MAY
Not if she's out with a young teenaged guy.

PAM
You can't keep kids these days from having sex. You just hafta make sure they do it safely.

MAGGIE MAY
You should know.

PAM
We have a very good relationship. We tell each other everything.

MAGGIE MAY
That's so sweet. So many young people are all too quick to fly the coop, rather than be a burden on their folks.

PAM
She's seventeen.

MAGGIE MAY
Never too old to hit the sleep-sofa.

PAM
This is her home.

MAGGIE MAY
At least in my car, I sometimes get a bed.

PAM
That's not fair...

MAGGIE MAY
I'm sorry. I sure do want you to help you get that baby of yours. It's just, I'm an awfully light sleeper.

PAM
I guess there's always my bed.

MAGGIE MAY
I told you - I just don't swing that way.

PAM
I didn't mean...

MAGGIE MAY
So you'll take the sofa? That is just way too kind of you.

PAM
I guess anything's okay for a few months.

MAGGIE MAY
A few months?

PAM
'Till the baby comes...

MAGGIE MAY
I love babies.

PAM
...and you leave.

MAGGIE MAY
You mean I...you went through all this trouble and this is just a temporary arrangement?

PAM
Of course. I mean, if you're here, there's no room for Him.

MAGGIE MAY
Him?

PAM
Him.

(PAM grabs a celebrity magazine, flips through it, stops at a photo of CELEBRITY.)

PAM
He tried to adopt but got turned down, poor guy. So I figure...

MAGGIE MAY
That's why you want a baby? To get a man you don't even know?

PAM
I can't very well start a relationship with a strange woman
on my sofa.

MAGGIE MAY
In your bed.

PAM
In my bed.

MAGGIE MAY
You're serious.

PAM
You think I wanna be alone all my life? A woman needs
companionship, love, intimacy...

MAGGIE MAY
Money.

PAM
It's not about that.

MAGGIE MAY
Fame. Power.

PAM
I love Him.

MAGGIE MAY
Sure is a lotta that man to love.

PAM
He's got that certain something...

MAGGIE MAY
You mean like the drinking, the drugs, the vomiting in public
places?

PAM
He needs me.

MAGGIE MAY
What is it about women makes them think they can turn poison
into soda pop?

PAM
He got hit by a car.

MAGGIE MAY
No!

PAM

Almost had to change the channel I was so upset.

MAGGIE MAY

I'm just so deeply touched by your love for Him.

PAM

So you'll do it?

MAGGIE MAY

I want to but...gas being what it is these days - and us being so much further from work. It's just a big sacrifice for something temporary...

PAM

Gas, food and lodging - 'till the baby comes.

MAGGIE MAY

You really want that baby.

PAM

I want Him. And that baby's gonna get Him for me.

MAGGIE MAY

Oh gosh. Pull on my heartstrings, why don'tcha? Okay - I'll do it. But only for you, to help you get your quest done.

(MAGGIE MAY forages through maps, condoms, lingerie and car parts in one of her plastic bags. SHE pulls out a travel mug.)

MAGGIE MAY

Could I bother you for a cup of coffee?

PAM

You don't need that thing now. You're in a house, not a car.

(MAGGIE MAY tucks the travel mug back into the bag.)

MAGGIE MAY

I am. I am in a house.

SCENE 8: HOTEL ROOM

Night. Fleeting headlights from passing cars remind the sterile room of its temporary nature. BABY is propped up in a king-sized bed beside a mountain of covers.

BABY

Do you believe in Fate? I mean, it's not exactly like your number's listed or anything. But somehow, finally - I found you. And I know there's like, this huge age difference or whatever, but I'm pretty like, mature for my age, on account of having such a lame childhood - which I know you don't care about but that's okay. I don't need all this love and attention like most girls. I'm pretty self-you know-reliant and all that. Anyway, I mean you have nice eyes but well, let's put it this way - even though you're more famous, I'm more hot, which makes us kinda like, you know - we're even. I mean, if I wanted to - I could claim you raped me and get all this media attention, you know, the "spotlight," and money and...you know. But that's not what I want. I want you because I love you. I always knew I'd end up with you. Or somewhere else, with someone else. Whatever. Just somewhere like, different from where most people end up. Because I'm special, you know? I don't just mean like, being pretty or like, guys wanting to fuck me because like, duh - look at me. But I mean, even when I was a baby in my stroller, people would stop my mom on the street and totally like, make this big fuss about me. So I always knew - since like, the first day I ever saw you, that we were made for each other. Don'tcha think? Hello? Did you hear me? Are you even listening?

(From under the covers, CELEBRITY snores, chortles and turns over, causing BABY to lose her balance.)

SCENE 9: LIVING ROOM

Dawn. PAM's asleep in the sofa-bed in a tangle of sheets and worn terry bathrobe. BABY sits on the edge of the sofa-bed in a bomber-style puffy down jacket, her messy hair tucked into a boyish knit cap, her skirt all turned around and twisted over her jeans. One of her boots is partially undone. A foil-wrapped egg and cheese sandwich and take-out coffee sit on the coffee table near-by.

BABY

Mom?

PAM

Huh?

BABY

What are you like, doing on the sofa?

PAM
I um...what time is it?

BABY
Six or something. I dunno. Early.

PAM
Didja have a fun night?

BABY
Omigod! Is it Tim? Is Tim home?!

PAM
Tim?

BABY
Duh. Tim. Remember?

PAM
Sweetie, no. Tim's not coming back - ever.

BABY
Maybe if you wrote and apologized...

PAM
Let's not get into that again.

(MAGGIE MAY shuffles in from doorway in bathrobe and slippers.)

MAGGIE MAY
This must be "Honey."

PAM
"Baby."

BABY
Who are you?

MAGGIE MAY
Oh my! She looks just like you - only younger.

BABY
Mom, who is this lady wearing my bathrobe and sleeping in your-bed-I-hope-not-mine?

MAGGIE MAY
I'm a good friend of your mother's.

PAM
Maggie May works at the BabyMart with me and needs a place to crash for a little while.

MAGGIE MAY

A medium long little while.

BABY

Why isn't she on the sofa?

MAGGIE MAY

Because your mom's very generous. And I can tell you are too.

BABY

You're not exactly gonna look your best tonight if you're all like, tired and stressed from sleeping on the sofa.

MAGGIE MAY

What's tonight?

BABY

Nothing.

MAGGIE MAY

It's your big date, isn't it?

BABY

You told some random stranger?

MAGGIE MAY

How exciting. Why don'tcha let me do your hair? You know - to thank you for your generosity.

PAM

My hair's fine.

MAGGIE MAY

I bet you'd make a great blonde.

BABY

I usually do her hair.

MAGGIE MAY

But I'm a professional. I worked in a beauty parlor and everything.

PAM

Really?

MAGGIE MAY

Until I had to leave over a little misunderstanding. I mean who'd want two cases of shampoo and conditioner a week? The storage alone'd be more trouble than it was worth.

BABY

He doesn't like blondes.

MAGGIE MAY

Everyone likes blondes.

BABY

Not Him.

MAGGIE MAY

Plus lighter hair makes you look younger.

PAM

It does?

BABY

Whatever. Listen to a complete and total stranger.

PAM

I've been thinking - if you wanna come to the restaurant tonight and, you know, meet Him - briefly - I guess that'd be okay.

BABY

You guess that'd be okay?

PAM

I mean, I know you're really dying to and it was your prize originally.

BABY

Don't do me any favors. All my clothes and like, now even my own home is enough sharing for me.

(BABY crosses to doorway and exits.
MAGGIE MAY calls after HER.)

MAGGIE MAY

I hope you don't mind I moved a few things around to make room for mine. If you can't find something of yours, check under the sink.

(to PAM)

I don't think she likes me much.

PAM

She's just a little, you know, possessive. Of my affections.

MAGGIE MAY

She can have your affections, so long as I have your bed. C'mon - rise and shine...Blondie.

SCENE 10: UPSCALE RESTAURANT

PAM, now a brassy blonde, sits with CELEBRITY at an elegant table tucked beside some large plants. The meal's been served - small portions, big presentation. BOTH have wine and champagne. CELEBRITY also has a tumbler and vodka bottle. An open champagne bottle chills in a bucket.

PAM

Then - after this whole speech you give about family, you kill him anyway. You were amazing.

CELEBRITY

It's just good writing.

PAM

But even when you do all these horrible things, you're so sweet underneath.

CELEBRITY

My character is so sweet underneath.

PAM

And then, after the accident, the way you got him back...

CELEBRITY

Writing, directing...

PAM

Still - you're so amazing.

CELEBRITY

I'm an actor. It's not like I'm savin' lives or nothin'.

PAM

And funny too.

CELEBRITY

You not like this place or what?

PAM

Omigosh yes. Even if no one can see us all the way back here, the food's amazing.

CELEBRITY

So why you pickin' at it?

PAM

It's just...well, if I eat too much in this dress, it shows.

CELEBRITY

You look okay to me - 'though I ain't seen a back view yet.
Your ass as good as the rest a you?

PAM

I guess. I work out.

CELEBRITY

Everybody works out. 'Cept me.

PAM

You don't have to.

CELEBRITY

You blind? Or just stupid?

PAM

What?

CELEBRITY

Sorry, no. I promised I'd be good.

PAM

Promised?

CELEBRITY

My handlers. You know - I got this reputation.

PAM

But everybody loves you.

CELEBRITY

Maybe you need to brush up on your research.

PAM

You mean all that stuff about the drinking and the disorderly
conduct and the cheating on your now-ex-wife with that young
assistant?

CELEBRITY

For starters.

PAM

That's okay. It'll be different with me.

CELEBRITY

I can feel my behavior improvin' already.

(CELEBRITY finishes off his bottle of
vodka, pours another one from a flask
inside his jacket pocket.)

PAM
See? Funny.

CELEBRITY
Look - I gotta be honest with ya. I don't date.

PAM
You don't?

CELEBRITY
Nope.

PAM
Then what do you do?

CELEBRITY
Fuck.

PAM
Oh.

CELEBRITY
Don'tcha like fuckin'?

PAM
It's okay. Now and then.

CELEBRITY
Maybe you just never been with the right guy.

PAM
Maybe.

CELEBRITY
I'm a real powerhouse in bed, you know.

PAM
Really?

CELEBRITY
Bang. Bang. Bang. You won't be able to walk tomorrow.

PAM
Oh.

CELEBRITY
Unless of course, I mix my liquor.

PAM
But you already have.

CELEBRITY
I mean with drugs. Then it's BANG! BANG!! BANG!!!

PAM

I think you want more outta life.

CELEBRITY

I do?

PAM

If all this "banging" was so great, you wouldn't be getting high all the time.

CELEBRITY

Gosh - ya think? And here all this time I thought it was 'cause they were both fun.

PAM

Maybe you just need something else to live for, some meaning.

CELEBRITY

I got plenty a meanin'. You know how much I raise for some charity every time I go on one a these nightmare dates?

PAM

You get paid for this?

CELEBRITY

Not me. But I'm makin' a lotta wishes happen for a lotta bald-headed kids in wheelchairs.

PAM

That's what this is for?

CELEBRITY

No shit. Plus - just to show you what a good guy I am - I don't even like blondes and I'm willin' to fuck you, just so you can tell your friends.

PAM

You don't like blondes?

CELEBRITY

But keep it up with this lecture stuff and...

PAM

I was just saying...

CELEBRITY

And eat up already. I gotta be somewhere in a coupla hours.

PAM

You mean, we're gonna have sex and then you're gonna leave?

CELEBRITY

Toldja. I'm not big on blondes.

PAM

But if I was a brunette, you'd stay all night...

CELEBRITY

Hell no. If you were a brunette, I'd just be able to fuck you face forward. But doggie-style's fine, seeing as you're not my type.

PAM

I'm gonna pass, thank you.

CELEBRITY

Suit yourself.

PAM

But don't think you fooled me. I know you're sweet underneath. And I know how to get to you.

CELEBRITY

Of course. Everybody thinks they know that.

PAM

Family.

CELEBRITY

Well if you see mine, tell them to fuck themselves.

SCENE 11: LIVING ROOM

BABY and PAM finish folding up the sofa-bed.

BABY

So are you like, totally stoked? Was it amazing?

PAM

It was very nice.

BABY

And whered'ya go? Did He take you to some like, exclusive trendoid place?

PAM

The best money can buy. Romantic too.

BABY

Cool. So now He's like, totally head over heels with you, right?

PAM

Good start anyway...

BABY

Rock on, Mom. You scored big-time.

(BABY takes her magazine clipping out of her bathrobe pocket, smooths the folds out on the coffee table.)

BABY

So did you do it?

PAM

That's not the kinda thing a mother shares with her daughter.

BABY

Never stopped you before. Besides, you owe me.

(MAGGIE MAY enters from doorway in slinky robe and dainty vintage slippers.)

MAGGIE MAY

Your mom is hardly some trashy teenager giving it up without a down-payment now, is she?

BABY

Speaking of trash, something smells like old worn-out vagina to me.

(BABY crosses and tapes her magazine clipping on the wall.)

PAM

Baby...

MAGGIE MAY

It's okay. She's just lashing out at me 'cause of her own guilt complex about leaching on her mother still at her age.

PAM

Jesus, Maggie May. She's only seventeen.

MAGGIE MAY

And I'm a hundred percent sure she's got those college applications in the mail and a summer job lined up at the local Burger King. I mean, eighteen is right around the corner.

BABY

Whatever!

(BABY stomps out doorway. PAM glares at MAGGIE MAY.)

PAM

If you keep this up...

MAGGIE MAY

Me? She started it!

PAM

You go before she does. The adoption agency approves of me having a partner in general. Not of you in particular.

MAGGIE MAY

We'll see about that.

(PAM notices MAGGIE MAY's neckline.)

PAM

Is that my necklace?

SCENE 12: MRS. CARVER'S OFFICE

MRS. CARVER leafs through the application on her desk. PAM, whose hair is now red, sits opposite in the grade school chair. MAGGIE MAY perches on its built-in amoeba-shaped desk.

PAM

What kinds of things can speed it up?

MRS. CARVER

White babies are always in high demand, thus the long wait. But if you're open to adopting an African-American infant...

MAGGIE MAY

Do you really think it's fair to Baby bringing a racial infant into our home? I'd rather sign up for one that won't be ready for even longer. I could use the extra time to prepare.

PAM

I think we oughtta leave all this up to Mrs. Carver. She's the expert.

MRS. CARVER

I've overseen many a happy union of Adoptive Parent and Adopted Child - outside of what we can't possibly anticipate - like a child with possibly hereditary bed-wetting tendencies.

PAM

That's expecting a lot from a little baby.

MRS. CARVER

But not from a nine year old.

MAGGIE MAY

Nine years old and still soiling itself? Sounds to me as though you got yourself a disciplinary shortage.

MRS. CARVER

We weren't discussing my Adopted Child, I hope, because there's no "disciplinary shortage" in my Adoptive Home.

MAGGIE MAY

Not if you know how to punish them so they mind you next time, there isn't.

PAM

She's just joking, of course.

MRS. CARVER

We don't "punish", Ms. Jabinski...

MAGGIE MAY

That would sure explain the bed-wetting.

PAM

Maggie May...

MRS. CARVER

...we supply positive and negative reinforcement triggers.

MAGGIE MAY

My little sister, Darla, may she rest in peace - she had trouble with her bed-wetting too. But Mama and I - we nipped that in the bud.

MRS. CARVER

Really? How?

MAGGIE MAY

We had some positive and negative reinforcement triggers of our own. When Darla was good, I just had to pinch her chubby little cheeks - like...

(demonstrates on MRS. CARVER)

...this!

MRS. CARVER

Ouch!

PAM

Maggie May!

MAGGIE MAY

'Till they turned red. So she'd know I truly cared about her.

MRS. CARVER

And your negative reinforcement triggers?

PAM

Can we talk about something more cheery?

MAGGIE MAY

Nothing much. Just scare her a little.

MRS. CARVER

You mean "scare" like this?

(MRS. CARVER holds a kerchief in front of her face, then peaks around it.)

MRS. CARVER

Boo!

MAGGIE MAY

Oh gosh no. Try holding the hankie over your kid's face - real tight - and I promise there won't be a soiled sheet in your house. But you hafta know when to release. Mama did it best. But me, I never could get that part right.

PAM

How 'bout that war in Iraq, huh?

MRS. CARVER

You really think that'll work?

MAGGIE MAY

Sure as the sun shines!

MRS. CARVER

You're a lifesaver, Miss Jabinski. Whatever you do, Ms. Spungen, don't lose this one. She's a keeper.

(MAGGIE MAY takes PAM's hand.)

SCENE 13: LIVING ROOM

The living room's had a make-over - new slipcovers, dangling mobiles, stuffed animals, a crib and bassinet. BABY follows PAM as SHE pulls baby-proof throw pillows out of a shopping bag and arranges them.

PAM

I warned you to be careful, didn't I? I always warned you.

BABY

Yeah so...

PAM

So you ignore my advice, then come running to me for help?

BABY

I'm not...

PAM

I told you a million times, "Screw whatever you want. Just don't screw up your life. Use protection."

BABY

Okay, I'm sorry. I messed up. Whaddy want me to do - totally like, grovel at your feet or something?

PAM

I want you to do what anyone with half a brain and her whole life ahead of her would do...

(PAM's cell rings "Rock-a-Bye Baby.")

PAM

...I want you to get an abortion.

(answers cell)

Hello? Hey there, lady.

BABY

Mom...

PAM

(into cell)

But we have enough baby stuff. Put them back.

BABY

Mom!

PAM

(into cell)

Okay okay - I wasn't implying... I meant, "Return them."

BABY

I was talking to you about something like, important...

PAM

Listen, I gotta go. No - it's fine, it's just...Okay, keep them. Yes, you too. Bye.

(PAM hangs up.)

BABY

I want this baby.

PAM

And I want a Lexus. Doesn't mean I'm getting it.

BABY

You're being all like, high and mighty but you got pregnant when you were my age so...

PAM

So?

BABY

So you kept it - I mean, me. You kept me.

PAM

Exactly. I learned from my mistakes.

BABY

Mistakes?

PAM

Mistakes.

BABY

So you're admitting you wish you'd had an abortion?

PAM

Why are you doing this?

BABY

You're such a bitch. You're like, whatever, trying to kill my baby - your own like, flesh and blood - but meanwhile, you're like, totally creaming in your panties to adopt some random stranger's baby you don't even know.

PAM

Everyone gets a kid dumped on them by their idiot teenage daughter. But adoption's different. It's gonna make Him mine.

BABY

You wish. No one in their right mind's gonna let you adopt a baby. You're like, the world's most awful most horriblest mother!

PAM

Oh yeah?

BABY

Yeah! Ask anyone. Ask Tim!

PAM
How 'bout let's ask the adoption agency. They think I'm a great mother.

BABY
Big whoop.

PAM
A really great mother. Which makes you about to become a big sister.

BABY
What?

PAM
That's right. I'm adopting a baby. My application's been approved.

BABY
But...

PAM
So maybe the problem isn't that I'm a horrible mother but that you're a horrible daughter.

BABY
Screw you! I'm special!!

PAM
You and about a million other girls.

BABY
A million other girls don't have Him as the father of their child.

PAM
What's that s'posed to mean?

BABY
He's the father of my baby.

PAM
Him?

BABY
Him. I met Him. We did it.

PAM
Liar.

BABY
Sore loser.

PAM

He's mine.

BABY

He's like, the father of your grandkid is what He is.

PAM

As if a bratty little nobody like you could've met Him.

BABY

...bratty little nobody who screwed Awesome Big Somebody.

PAM

Bullshit.

(BABY digs under the sofa and pulls out a white terry-cloth robe with ritzy hotel logo. SHE models it over her skirt/jeans ensemble.)

PAM

That's it. Get outta my house!

BABY

What?

PAM

I said, "Out!" you little traitor. No more free rides for you.

BABY

You're kidding, right?

PAM

I've never been more serious in my life.

BABY

You're crazy! You can't kick me out! I live here.

PAM

Not anymore.

BABY

But...

PAM

I'll call the cops. See what they think.

BABY

And I'll call the adoption agency. See what they think....about your "boarder."

PAM

She's not my boarder.

BABY

Oh excuse me. Right - she's your like, free-loader. Either way, she's not your lesbian lover like you told the agency.

PAM

I hate it when we fight, don't you?

BABY

Yeah - not exactly the like, ideal environment for raising a baby.

PAM

Two babies, you mean.

SCENE 14: LIVING ROOM

Night. A dangling mobile casts giant shadows of cows, moons and stars over BABY - in her robe and jammies - standing over PAM asleep in the sofa-bed. SHE whispers.

BABY

Mom? Are you sleeping?

(PAM doesn't stir. BABY gets a sudden cramp.)

BABY

Ow. I don't feel good, Mom. And I'm like, bleeding or something...

(Another sharp cramp. BABY recovers, soothes herself with a lullaby.)

BABY

TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR,
HOW I WONDER WHERE YOU ARE.
UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH...

(BABY's next cramp is really bad. SHE doubles over and screams.)

BABY

Owww!! The baby. Mommy!

(PAM bolts upright. Black out.)

ACT TWO

SCENE 1: LIVING ROOM

The forced cheer of the new baby decor has succumbed to the old tsunami of squalor.

AT RISE: MAGGIE MAY, arms full of baby accessories, pushes through the front door and holds it open as PAM enters, carrying an INFANT wrapped in swaddling. PAM is now back to her original hair color.

PAM

The bassinet!

(MAGGIE MAY complies)

No - the stroller!

(MAGGIE MAY about-faces)

No - the baby seat...I want her to know the stroller's for outside.

MAGGIE MAY

Sofa?

PAM

No way. She'll roll right off.

MAGGIE MAY

Gosh - you know everything!

PAM

I do?

(MAGGIE MAY pulls out the Burberry knock-off baby stroller from a corner and wheels it out.)

MAGGIE MAY

It sure was thoughtful of Mr. Knotworth to give us this, wasn't it?

PAM

It's perfect!

(PAM sets the INFANT in swaddling down into it. The INFANT starts chortling.)

MAGGIE MAY

What's she doing?

PAM

She's just...

MAGGIE MAY

She's not planning on crying, is she?

PAM

All babies cry. It's their way of asking us to fix whatever's wrong.

MAGGIE MAY

But this baby - I mean, she can't. You know, crying babies - they get on my nerves something awful.

(The INFANT's testy gurgles begin to threaten an outbreak of tears. PAM picks up the INFANT and rocks her.)

PAM

There you go, um, Parker. Thatta girl, Parker.

(The INFANT gurgles happily.)

MAGGIE MAY

Thatta girl, Parker. Thank the Lord you stopped crying, Parker.

PAM

Nah - Parker sounds too stuck-up. There you are, Chelsea...pretty little, Chelsea.

(PAM sets the INFANT back down in the stroller.)

PAM

Uggh. That's even worse.

MAGGIE MAY

Names sure are hard. But don't worry - you'll think of something.

PAM

I will?

MAGGIE MAY

Sure. You're great at names - like how "Baby" is so perfect for your daughter because of the way, you know, she still lives at home and everything...at her age.

PAM

C'mon - names...what else?

MAGGIE MAY
 "Blake?"

PAM
 Nightmare. Face it - Rosie picked snot-ass names for her kids on purpose.

MAGGIE MAY
 She did?

PAM
 You know - to keep them from getting the shit kicked outta them in school for having a lesbian mom.

MAGGIE MAY
 That's not good.

PAM
 But we don't hafta worry about that since we're only pretending.

MAGGIE MAY
 You're so smart.

PAM
 Oh stop.

MAGGIE MAY
 I hope she's got your brains.

PAM
 Brains? Can't even decide on a name.

MAGGIE MAY
 Angelina named one of hers "Zahara."

PAM
 "Baby Zahara." That's kind of nice.

(THEY both gaze at BABY ZAHARA in her swaddling in the stroller.)

PAM
 What a cute little baby you are, Zahara! Is that a dimple I see? Is it? You're a cutie alright!
 (to MAGGIE MAY)
 I think she needs to be changed. Can you get the diaper bag?

(MAGGIE MAY brings PAM the diaper bag.
 PAM starts changing ZAHARA's diaper.
 Squeamish MAGGIE MAY keeps her distance.)

PAM

Hey there, Zahara. We're gonna get you all nice and clean! You are such a pretty girl. And guess what? Your father's famous! And we're gonna go see Him real soon.

MAGGIE MAY

You are?

PAM

Sure. That's the whole point, right?

MAGGIE MAY

Gosh yes. It's just - good luck locating Him.

PAM

I know where He is.

MAGGIE MAY

You do?

PAM

You bet.

MAGGIE MAY

So?

PAM

It's a secret.

MAGGIE MAY

And how'd you get ahold of this big secret?

PAM

By agreeing with His management not to press charges about Him impregnating my under-aged daughter.

MAGGIE MAY

Smart cookie. Your under-aged daughter must be so excited.

PAM

She doesn't know.

MAGGIE MAY

She doesn't?

PAM

And please don't tell her. I don't want her traipsing off to Iraq. A movie set's no place for a teenage girl.

MAGGIE MAY

Iraq?

PAM
Forget I said that.

MAGGIE MAY
Mum's the word.

PAM
Thank you.

MAGGIE MAY
Still - not a very fun-cation spot. So when's the big pilgrimage?

PAM
Soon as all the visas are sorted out. They're making it into some charity PR thing for the adoption agency. But once He gets a look at my little princess here...

MAGGIE MAY
Our little princess. My name is on all the papers, you know.

(PAM finishes changing the diaper,
lifts ZAHARA into her arms.)

PAM
There you go, Zahara! All nice and clean.
(off the dirty diaper)
Sweetie, could you throw that away for me please?

(MAGGIE MAY looks at the dirty diaper
and then looks at PAM.)

SCENE 2: LIVING ROOM

BABY - in skirt over jeans with platform boots - blocks the partially open front door. WEED is outside the door.

BABY
Maybe I got like, better things to do with my time.

WEED
Tell me about it. I've been so busy with like, my band and my groupies - all my groupies - I never even noticed it's been like, nine months since I last saw you. Plus you haven't returned any of my text messages.

BABY
Hint hint.

(BABY starts to shut the front door.
WEED stops HER.)

BABY

I could like, totally call the police, you know.

(BABY tries to push WEED out of the doorway. HE grabs the door and holds it open. ZAHARA begins to cry from inside the living room.)

WEED

What's that?

BABY

Seriously - I will so get a restraining order if you don't get outta here.

WEED

There's a baby crying in your house.

BABY

Let go!

(ZAHARA's cries grow more plaintive.)

WEED

An upset baby...

(BABY pulls WEED in for a sudden kiss. HE stumbles back. BABY breaks free, slams the door closed, rushes to the stroller and lifts ZAHARA into her arms. But as BABY rocks ZAHARA, WEED slips in behind THEM through the unlocked front door.)

BABY

(to ZAHARA)

Don't worry, sweetie. Mommy's here. No more crying.

WEED

I knew it!

BABY

What the fuck?

WEED

Hey! Watch your language around my baby.

BABY

Not your baby. And this is so totally like, breaking and entering.

WEED

Wow - this is awesome. I've always wanted to be a father.

BABY
God, you are such a dweeb.

WEED
...the best father in the whole world - unlike my dad who
took off before I was born.

BABY
Yeah - mine too.

WEED
Can I hold my baby?

(BABY hands ZAHARA to WEED.)

BABY
She's not your baby.

WEED
A girl! I love girls. Girls are so like, needing of a
father's protection. Plus all my groupies are girls.

BABY
All zero of them.

WEED
What'll we name her?

BABY
Zahara doesn't need for you to name her.

WEED
Zahawhat?

BABY
Zahara. I dunno - after one of Angelina's like, millions of
adopted kids. My mom's stupid idea. Don't ask.

WEED
No daughter of mine's gonna be named after some random movie
star kid.

BABY
Not your daughter.

WEED
You wish. She looks just like me. Same eyes. Same
birthmark.

BABY
Baby's look like anything you want them to. Like clouds.

WEED

Genetic design's a near-flawless system. Traits get passed on chromosome by chromosome from one generation to the next.

BABY

Lucky for her she's not yours then cuz life's hard for retards.

WEED

Plus she's probably gonna have lotsa guys chasing her when she grows up, just like how lotsa girls chase me.

BABY

I really want you to go now.

WEED

Not what your subconscious says.

BABY

You're weird, you know that?

WEED

Your subconscious wanted me to see my baby or you would've locked the door.

(to ZAHARA)

Don't worry. Daddy's gonna watch over you for the rest of your life beginning today.

BABY

Ha! Can't even afford your own apartment.

WEED

Maybe not now but I was planning to go to college - like the whole scholarly thing. Applied to a bunch too.

BABY

So?

WEED

So. Got in most of them. I'm pretty good at like Math and Physics and stuff - like most musicians - but English Lit's my favorite. Keats, Shelley and Byron - those dudes understood the mysteries of the Universe science has yet to unfold.

BABY

So?

WEED

So. We can live with my Mom - where you can care for our daughter while I improve my standing in life through higher education, while still playing gigs and recording new albums.

BABY

Wouldn't wanna let down all your groupies, right?

WEED

But if my band's not signed to a major label by the time I graduate, I'll totally turn it all in for family and instead land this awesome high-paying job in technology allowing us to move into a deluxe crib where I'll provide for you both.

BABY

You think I'd live in the same house with like, your mom for four whole years while you get to go be in school and "play gigs?"

WEED

It's one plan.

BABY

It's one suck-y plan.

WEED

There are others...

BABY

Don't you ever give up?

(BABY reclaims the now-sleeping ZAHARA and sets HER in her stroller.)

WEED

Like I could earn a barely acceptable income so I can support you both now while working towards a brighter future...namely - enlist in The Marines.

BABY

Her dad's totally rich and famous. What does she need some like, shop clerk, wannabe rock star, dreamer boy for?

WEED

I'm her dad.

BABY

Don't be like, a total loser.

(BABY indicates her magazine clipping of Celebrity taped to the wall.)

BABY

He's her dad.

WEED

You're just trying to make me jealous. But it won't work. Not really.

BABY

I love Him. He's like, the most perfect, most hottest man.

WEED

He's not even like a real guy.

BABY

I fucked Him. Is that real enough for you?

WEED

You mean, He fucked you.

BABY

Either way, it's His baby.

(WEED crosses towards front door.)

BABY

You're leaving?

WEED

'Fraid so.

BABY

Coming back?

WEED

'Fraid not.

BABY

Like I care.

WEED

But I'm gonna do right by my daughter - and you. Even though I didn't even miss you at all the whole time we were apart. Not really.

(WEED exits. ZAHARA starts crying.)

SCENE 3: LIVING ROOM

BABY's curled up on the sofa with ZAHARA. MAGGIE MAY's by the door, removing her cheap fashion knock-off designer coat, leather gloves and trendy hat to reveal her brand new slinky floral dress.

MAGGIE MAY

All's I said was you look awful cozy over there with your little sister. No harm intended.

BABY

None taken. I don't actually like, fear your lying cheating stealing ass. Just makes me wanna puke is all.

MAGGIE MAY

Can't we just be friends?

BABY

Wouldn't count on it.

MAGGIE MAY

All's I want is to be a part of this happy little family, you know? I never had a happy little family when I was growing up.

BABY

No! And here I assumed you came from like, the very model of nuclear bliss.

MAGGIE MAY

I'm afraid you're way too smart for lil' ole me.

BABY

Look - my Mom may be blind to your like, evil she-devil ways but I see right through you. I'm not sure what you're after - yet - but know that you are being watched.

MAGGIE MAY

I'm flattered you pay me that much attention.

BABY

Play dumb all you want. Just remember - many have come before you.

MAGGIE MAY

Like Tim?

BABY

Leave him outta this.

MAGGIE MAY

Now that's a fancy trick - pretending to miss the guy when you're the one who sent him packing - by accident, of course.

BABY

You don't know anything...

MAGGIE MAY

Whaddja do? Seduce your little step-Daddy?

BABY

Tim would never...

MAGGIE MAY

But you wanted him to. And maybe he wanted to too. And maybe Mommy knew.

BABY

Fuck you!

MAGGIE MAY

And maybe that caused one too many fights.

BABY

You know - all I hafta do is make my mom pick between us and you're like, so out on your ass.

MAGGIE MAY

Okay, you wanna talk turkey? Here's the deal. I intend to stay right here. Then I intend to lose my job. Then I intend to shack up with your mom as long as she is willing and able to pay the bills.

BABY

Tell me something I don't like, already know.

MAGGIE MAY

'Cept one thing - you and that wailing infant are two too many individuals taking up your mom's time and attention - and paycheck.

BABY

Tough. We're kids. You're not.

MAGGIE MAY

But here's the good part...

BABY

It gets better?

MAGGIE MAY

You and I have a lot in common.

BABY

That'll be the day.

MAGGIE MAY

What do you want more than anything else in the whole world?

BABY

Him.

MAGGIE MAY

Can you be more specific?

BABY

For Him to want me and His very own baby to live with Him forever and ever.

MAGGIE MAY

Now - what would you say if I told you that I, not only know where He is, but can make it so that you and Zahara can join Him in an exciting exotic locale - visas in order, all expenses paid?

BABY

I'd say maybe we have like, a lot more in common than I thought.

MAGGIE MAY

Of course, there are terms.

BABY

Surprise surprise.

MAGGIE MAY

You gotta make it work with Him.

BABY

Like duh.

MAGGIE MAY

No. I mean and if it doesn't, you don't come back here. Not you. Not the baby. Not ever.

BABY

That's a little final...

MAGGIE MAY

That's a little non-negotiable. But you got some time to think on it. Your mom won't be wondering where her special overnight mail delivery got to until at least tomorrow.

BABY

By the way, you forgot to take the tags off that new jacket you lifted.

MAGGIE MAY

Oh, gosh - look at that. Why thanks, honey.

SCENE 4: LIVING ROOM

PAM sits on the sofa bottle-feeding ZAHARA and rocking HER gently. MAGGIE MAY models her brand new slinky floral dress.

MAGGIE MAY

But it's 100 percent fake silk and everything.

PAM

I don't care. I want you to put it back.

MAGGIE MAY

But I bought it.

PAM

(not convinced)

You bought it.

MAGGIE MAY

Sure did.

PAM

With?

MAGGIE MAY

Your credit card. And your employee discount, good at all franchise sister stores, your discount being much bigger than mine, seeing as how you're an assistant manager and I'm just a lowly shelf stocker.

PAM

I'm not paying for it.

MAGGIE MAY

I'm sure you don't mean that - especially since it was me who got you your baby, which now you have.

PAM

Which I now have. You know, when we made this agreement...

MAGGIE MAY

Okay. I'll return it. It was just a silly impulse buy, anyway...

PAM

No seriously - maybe it's time you looked for a place of your own. I mean, we'd still be friends and I'll help you get on your feet but...

MAGGIE MAY

No worries. A deal's a deal.

PAM

Like I always said, there's gotta be room for Him.

(MAGGIE MAY sits next to PAM. THEY both gaze at ZAHARA sucking happily on her bottle.)

MAGGIE MAY

You are one good mother.

PAM

Adoption's not really so different from having your own baby, you know? You just don't hafta have sex first is all.

MAGGIE MAY

Gosh. That seems like an awfully big difference to me.

PAM

Whatever. I personally never understood what all the fuss was about. I mean, kissing's okay, but I just don't get how "that thing" turns anyone on.

MAGGIE MAY

Different strokes, I guess. I can practically come just looking at one.

PAM

I wouldn't know about that.

MAGGIE MAY

No orgasms? Not ever?

(PAM shrugs.)

MAGGIE MAY

You don't say.

(PAM finishes feeding ZAHARA, puts HER in the stroller by the side of the sofa, leans back.)

MAGGIE MAY

Hmmm...you sure smell nice.

PAM

So do you.

MAGGIE MAY

Thanks! It's just that body lotion, you know, from the Body Bar.

PAM

But we didn't buy anything from there.

MAGGIE MAY

Nope. We sure didn't. But we can share it, just the same.

PAM

Thanks. Maybe I will.

MAGGIE MAY

It sure is fun...

PAM

Yeah... What?

MAGGIE MAY

You know, living with another woman, getting to share things you don't get to share with a man...

PAM

Yeah - you do. You're right. It's fun.

MAGGIE MAY

...like you know, perfume, make-up...girl stuff. We even get our periods the same time now.

PAM

Yeah. Fun.

(MAGGIE MAY kisses PAM on the cheek.)

PAM

What was that for?

MAGGIE MAY

I dunno. Just for being you, I guess.

PAM

No one's ever said that to me before.

MAGGIE MAY

No?

PAM

Not my kids. Not my mother. And certainly no man I've ever been with.

MAGGIE MAY

Well that was just for being you. And so is this.

(MAGGIE MAY kisses PAM again. This time, on the mouth. PAM reciprocates, lingers. The kissing heats up. MAGGIE MAY lifts PAM's shirt, buries her head in PAM's breasts. PAM moans. BABY enters from the doorway, sees the love-making, about-faces and exits back through the doorway. MAGGIE MAY slips her hand inside PAM's jeans. PAM groans. Clothes come off. THEY slide further into the couch. BABY re-enters

from the doorway in her skirt over jeans and platform boots, wheeling a suitcase. A camouflage-print baby carrier dangles from her chest. SHE lifts ZAHARA into it, crosses, carefully pulls her magazine clipping off the wall, tucks it into her skirt and exits the front door. Fade out.)

SCENE 5: FITTING ROOM MIRROR

Out of the darkness, a spot illuminates MAGGIE MAY, and thus her reflections in an over-sized three-paneled mirror which looms over the stage. MAGGIE MAY - in skin-tight camouflage-patterned faux Army fatigues - admires how they show off her figure. PAM stands behind MAGGIE MAY.

MAGGIE MAY

But it's real Army material and everything.

PAM

Nope. Too flimsy. And way too tight.

MAGGIE MAY

Oh that. I'm a little bloated right now, that's all. Once my...I mean, once *our* periods are over, I'll be just drowning in fabric.

PAM

C'mon. We're going on a mission, not a fashion show. Let's check out that Army-Navy outlet up the turnpike.

MAGGIE MAY

Gosh, no offense to your sense of style lately but I still wanna look like a girl, you know? For you.

PAM

Whatever. I don't want you hiking through the desert - with snakes nipping at your feet and mosquitoes nose-diving into the holes in your skin-tight fashion-forward outfit, not to mention land mines and gunfire exploding all around you - and have you not be able to duck and cover in comfort.

MAGGIE MAY

I like these. I like them and I want them.

PAM

Too bad. I'm not paying for them.

MAGGIE MAY

Isn't it funny how I helped you get your baby and then - whoops - your daughter took off with her.

PAM

I still don't get how she knew to intercept that package addressed to me. Are you sure you don't know anything about how that happened?

MAGGIE MAY

Nothing except now it means here we go - off to Iraq. Me - taking a chance with my life, just so you can get your baby back - and asking for nothing in return. Well - nearly nothing.

PAM

Baby's my daughter, no matter what she does. That was always been part of our arrangement.

MAGGIE MAY

Seems to me there's a lot more going on now than just "our arrangement."

PAM

Yes, but...

MAGGIE MAY

I mean, tell me if I'm wrong but wasn't that my little Pammie moaning for more last night?

PAM

Mmmmmm. That was nice. Never knew it could feel that way.

MAGGIE MAY

It's just 'cause you're so hot, you make me do things I never even dreamed of...

PAM

Stop. I'm getting all, you know...

MAGGIE MAY

Not really minding my skin-tight fashion-forward outfit now, are you?

PAM

Not for Iraq!

MAGGIE MAY

You sure you're just not jealous? I mean, with all those manly man soldiers there and everything. Not to mention, film grips... But I'm with you, aren't I?

PAM

And I wanna keep it that way by getting you clothes that help you stay safe and sound. Let's check out the men's department.

MAGGIE MAY

Okay, Pammie. You always know best.

(PAM leaves the fitting room and recedes into the darkness. MAGGIE MAY slips out of her faux Army fatigues, pulls a pair of wire cutters out of her purse and snaps off the sensors. She stuffs the wire cutters and the form-fitting fatigues into her purse. SHE faces her reflection, wearing only her overtly sexy lace lingerie. SHE thinks about what she wants and how she plans to get it. The spot on MAGGIE MAY fades - and with it, her three reflections.)

SCENE 6: MOVIE SET

In the darkness - a huge explosion, followed by silence. Then - whoosh! - a giant white light, the sort that illuminates movie exteriors, floods the stage. CELEBRITY - costumed as an Army officer - squints into the light.

CELEBRITY

Alright, men. These here Iraqi civilians didn't ask us to be here. I know that and you know that. But we're here. And mosta yous guys didn't ask to be here either - that's no secret. Not for a second tour anyways like most a yous. Now you seen a lotta bad things. I know that too. But we're Americans and we've got to um...And we're representin'. So let's not...damn I...I know, I know. Hang on - I'll get it in a minute. We're Americans and... No, I'm fine. I'll get it this time. Yeah okay - "cut." What? You fuckin' kiddin' me? It's the lines. I need a line I can remember. I need a line is what I need. Some good lines. Sure, go ahead. Take fuckin' thirty if you fuckin' need it!

(The big spot thuds off, leaving CELEBRITY in a dim working light. HE continues to growl at the unseen filmmakers, though they've clearly left the set.)

CELEBRITY

Whadda I care? I gotta contract. The problem isn't my partyin'. It's these these fuckin' lines. "We're Americans," my ass! You'd party too. I met some a these guys with their legs blown off. Fuckin' haunts ya is what it does. So what if I need to blow off a little steam on my own time? I show up - don't I? The doctor - he gave me a clean bill a health. I mean, complete fuckin' perfect health - cholesterol, heart, lungs, liver - the works. You believe that? Really pissed everyone off too - which I loved. 'Cause they want me to quit all this shit so they were hopin' the test results would support their naggin'. Not like they really care about me. I'm their meal ticket, that's all. You hear that?!! Your fuckin' meal ticket!! Fuck! I really need a drink. I need some blow. Just one line. But I'm out. I'm all out.

(BABY enters, her skirt over jeans and platform boots peaking out from the robe of a hijab. SHE wheels her suitcase, with ZAHARA strapped in her camouflage-print baby carrier.)

BABY

OmiGod. You're here.

CELEBRITY

Yeah, pretty good considerin' how much blow I did last night.

BABY

Let's like, promise to never be apart again for so long.

CELEBRITY

Oh let's.

BABY

Don'tcha recognize me? It's me - Baby. And her - your daughter!

CELEBRITY

Hang on there, sweetheart. That's a pretty fucked up thing to say to a guy when he's hung-over. Not to mention, in a different time zone than his attorneys.

BABY

But I love you. All's I want is for us to like, be together - forever and ever.

CELEBRITY

Oh is that all?

(PAM bursts on stage in baggy oversized man's Army fatigues with matching

flask and a new butch spiky haircut.
SHE holds a handgun out in front of
HER.)

PAM

Hands up or I'll shoot! I mean, halt. You know - drop your
weapons.

BABY

OmiGod, Mom - what happened to your hair?

CELEBRITY

Shit - not another minor...

PAM

C'mon. Hands up.

(CELEBRITY nonchalantly raises his
hands. PAM points her gun at BABY.)

PAM

Abduction is a felony. And you are in so much trouble, young
lady! And where the hell are my Goddamned reinforcements??

(MAGGIE MAY bounds in, zipping up her
skin-tight faux Army fatigue pants.)

MAGGIE MAY

Sorry, but a girl's gotta go sometime. And that young Army
officer was so nice to share his Jiffy John.

(beat)

What am I s'posed to do again?

PAM

Get the baby.

(MAGGIE MAY looks at BABY with Zahara
strapped in the baby carrier.)

BABY

Don't even think about it.

(BABY steps toward CELEBRITY. PAM
shoots her gun in the air. A MARINE
charges on stage wielding an M-16 semi-
automatic rifle. HE spots PAM's gun
and aims at her. It's WEED.)

WEED

Drop your weapon! Firing in a clearly demarcated no-fire
zone is a direct violation of U.S. Marine Corps regulations.

(PAM drops her handgun.)

PAM

Don't shoot! We're civilians...

CELEBRITY

Now ya show up. You realize I been without security all morning?

BABY

I'll be your security.

WEED

Baby?

CELEBRITY

You know these lunatics?

BABY

I can't believe you like, followed me here. You are such a stalker.

CELEBRITY

Pot calls kettle...

WEED

Hardly stalking. Told you I was gonna enlist for you and my daughter, remember?

PAM

Arrest her, soldier! She kidnapped my baby!

WEED

Your baby?

BABY

(to CELEBRITY)

She's our baby.

WEED

Our baby.

MAGGIE MAY

Our baby.

CELEBRITY

Far be it from me to interrupt this here soap opera with my princess problems but someone s'posed to be doin' a security detail at my trailer and I really need a nap.

BABY

But she's yours. I swear.

PAM

She's delusional. This is my baby I adopted just for you.

WEED
Adopted?

CELEBRITY
For me?

PAM
So you can have a family and settle down.

CELEBRITY
Why - in this whole fuckin' world of options - would I want that?

PAM
But I thought...didn't you try to adopt?

CELEBRITY
Oh yeah, that. That was just my publicist's idea - tryin' to change my image so she could suck at my tit for a while longer before the milk dries up.

BABY
You don't need a pretend kid now. Zahara's like, your very own - totally like, from your own gene pool and everything.

CELEBRITY
Poor kid.

BABY
But why? You're so like, special. She's like practically the daughter of God...at least.

CELEBRITY
You mean, like a miracle or somethin'?

BABY
Not exactly cuz we actually did it. So I'm like, really the mother, not some immaculate virgin type thing.

MAGGIE MAY
That's for sure.

CELEBRITY
Name your price.

PAM
What?

MAGGIE MAY
You mean, you'd actually pay us? For a baby?

CELEBRITY

Maybe this baby is special - coming to me in the middle of the fuckin' desert when I'm hung-over as all crap. Maybe even it's mine. I mean, it is a little chubby - kinda like me.

WEED

Kinda like all babies. Hello "baby fat."

PAM

You think we can be bought, just like that?

MAGGIE MAY

Well not *just* like that...

CELEBRITY

Seeing as how you adopted her and I know that takes some coin, I'm willing to reimburse you fully - and then some.

MAGGIE MAY

How much we talking?

PAM

Zahara's not for sale! Not without me anyway.

MAGGIE MAY

But, sweetie, we could really use the money. Things've been real tight since I lost my job.

PAM

But the anti-discriminatory lawsuit - we'll make a killing.

MAGGIE MAY

I had over a thousand dollars worth of merchandise in my bag. Who in their right mind's gonna believe they fired me 'cause I'm a dyke?

PAM

"Lesbian."

CELEBRITY

I need this baby.

PAM

You need a family is what you need.

BABY

He has one - me.

CELEBRITY

I'll pay you too.

BABY

But why would you want some like dumb baby? I thought you wanted me.

WEED

I want you.

BABY

Will you shut up?

WEED

I lied about the groupies, you know.

BABY

(fake astonishment)

No! Really?

CELEBRITY

Can I hold her?

(Glowing, BABY starts to lift ZAHARA out of her baby carrier. WEED aims his M-16 at CELEBRITY.)

WEED

Get your fat paws off my daughter.

CELEBRITY

Hang onto your horses, pal. Nobody's doin' nothin' without your okay.

BABY

Weed! Let Him hold His baby.

WEED

No way. He can't steal my daughter from me too.

CELEBRITY

I'm really not all that big into babies anyways - yours, mine or anybody's.

BABY

But I've waited my whole life for this...

(BABY thrusts ZAHARA into PAM's hands and lunges for PAM's discarded handgun. SHE grabs it, aims at WEED. ZAHARA starts crying.)

WEED

Put down the gun, Baby. This is like totally going too far.

PAM

Baby, put it down.

(BABY steadies her aim at WEED and approaches HIM. WEED drops his rifle, raises his hands and inches backwards.)

BABY

I only ever wanted one thing and you're ruining it! I hate you!!

CELEBRITY

Whaddya say we sit down and discuss this like adults...over a coupla drinks?

BABY

Just you and me?

CELEBRITY

Sure. But first, put down that gun.

BABY

Not 'till he promises to get outta my life forever!

WEED

But Baby, I...I...

(WEED, backing up, trips on an electric cord and stumbles backwards. As HE loses his balance, HE proclaims:)

WEED

I love you!

(WEED falls back, knocking over a movie light, which conks HIM on the head. HE thuds to the ground lifeless.)

BABY

Weed!!

(EVERYONE rushes to WEED's side.)

BABY

OhmiGod - I think I just totally like lost my only suitor or something.

PAM

Our very own casualty of the War in Iraq.

BABY

So is he like, a war hero now, d'ya think? I mean, that's kinda famous, right?

(CELEBRITY stands, lifting WEED'S body into his arms.)

CELEBRITY

You people are too much. The kid's maybe got a concussion - but no way he's dead. I'm taking him to ER but I tell ya one thing, if this gets him home, it's the luckiest day of his life. I seen the ones that come back.

(CELEBRITY exits with WEED. A roadside bomb explodes nearby.)

PAM

What was that?

BABY

I dunno. Some dumb like, war thing.

SCENE 7: LIVING ROOM

It's dark. The sofa-bed is pulled out and open for business. A key turns in the front door lock.

BABY, holding ZAHARA and followed by WEED, enters the front door and flips on the light, revealing CELEBRITY, PAM and MAGGIE MAY in the sofa-bed, scrambling for the covers. The place has been totally trashed. Empty liquor bottles, dirty glasses and clothes litter every surface. A mirror and razor blade are on the coffee table, now pushed aside for the sofa-bed. The stroller is upside down and battered, with a broken wheel.

PAM

Baby!

BABY

Omigod.

MAGGIE MAY

Didn't anyone ever teach Miss Manners over here to knock?

PAM

Sweetie, it's not what it looks like...

WEED

You mean, you all didn't get wasted and end up in bed for an inevitably awkward and unsatisfying three-way?

(BABY ignores the confusion and marches straight over to CELEBRITY.)

BABY

You're here!

CELEBRITY

Yup. Lived to see another day, despite my best intentions.

BABY

You came here for me, didn't you?

CELEBRITY

Let's not go jumpin' to no conclusions. I just stopped in to check up on our young soldier here.

WEED

I'm fine. You can go now.

(WEED takes ZAHARA from BABY, crosses to put HER in her stroller, notes it's broken, starts to place HER on the coffee table but notices the mirror and razor blade. Finally, HE places ZAHARA on the La-Z-Boy, props her up with throw pillows and sets about repairing the stroller.)

BABY

But you like, missed me - right? Or are you choosing my mom instead?

CELEBRITY

Don't kid yourself. I'm fuckin' high as a kite. I'd fuck a free-range chicken at this point...though pussy's nicer.

BABY

But you're so amazing and talented. I can't believe you did it with my mom and not me.

CELEBRITY

No one's stoppin' ya now. I'm horny as hell when I'm this high, even if I can't deliver.

WEED

Baby...

CELEBRITY

C'mon, suck my tiny little dick. You remember - I got this eensie-weenie teeny-tiny dick, right?

BABY

You do not!

PAM

He does.

BABY

He does?

MAGGIE MAY

No, He doesn't.

BABY

He doesn't?

CELEBRITY

No - He does.

PAM

Don't you know?

BABY

Sure I...

MAGGIE MAY

You did do it with Him, right?

BABY

Of course, but...

WEED

Baby?

BABY

It was hard to tell. You know...

PAM

Hard?

CELEBRITY

Hard?

BABY

...to tell. It was hard to tell.

MAGGIE MAY

You didn't do it then. Or you'd know the size.

BABY
Not if it wasn't...

WEED
Hard.

BABY
But it was. We did.

MAGGIE MAY
So then - which is it?

PAM
Yeah - little or big?

MAGGIE MAY
'Cause we know. He was hard for us.

BABY
You mean like, how many inches?

MAGGIE MAY
Inches. Exactly.

BABY
I don't know!

WEED
So you couldn't have. Fucked. You couldn't have.

BABY
Well, not exactly.

WEED
Alright!

CELEBRITY
Sucked. Maybe she sucked.

BABY
Tried to. All night.

CELEBRITY
Did I keep shovin' your face down there 'cause I couldn't get hard?

BABY
Yeah. Yeah - you did.

CELEBRITY
...in a selfish manner that degraded you?

BABY

I didn't mind...

CELEBRITY

She's been with me, all right. She's not lyin' about that.

MAGGIE MAY

But she doesn't know the size so...

CELEBRITY

Bingo. Suck-y but no fuck-y.

WEED

I knew you wouldn't cheat on me! I knew Zahara was mine!

PAM

Jesus! C'mon already. The kid's adopted. Adopted. I picked her up in a car! I filled out forms.

MAGGIE MAY

We filled out forms. Piles of 'em. In fact...

(MAGGIE MAY, in cheap lingerie, slips out of the sofa-bed, crosses and exits. PAM digs for her worn terry robe, struggles into it and stands. BABY sits down on the edge of the sofa-bed.)

CELEBRITY

She's gettin' more coke, right?

BABY

Do you still think I'm beautiful?

CELEBRITY

That a trick question?

PAM

Sweetie, what does it matter?

BABY

I own like, the whole five season set on DVD.

CELEBRITY

Well in that case...

WEED

Baby, stop this nonsense and come live with me and Zahara.

BABY

Not now. I'm busy.

WEED

It'll be awesome. The three of us can be a real family.

CELEBRITY

Just not gettin' it - are ya, buddy?

BABY

Why don'tcha go like, check up on Maggie May - make sure she doesn't rip off the bathroom fixtures.

WEED

Okay. But stay away from Him, alright?

(WEED exits after MAGGIE MAY. BABY climbs in bed with CELEBRITY and burrows under the covers to give Him a blow-job.)

CELEBRITY

Hey. Cut that out!

BABY

You love me. I know you do.

PAM

Baby...

CELEBRITY

Get offa me! I don't like bein' fucked with when I'm comin' down.

(CELEBRITY pushes BABY away so hard SHE falls out of the sofa-bed.)

PAM

Watch it. That's my kid.

BABY

You're takin' me with you wherever you go, right?

CELEBRITY

The only place I'd take you is from behind and only if I was really high. Now get lost.

BABY

But I wanna be with you. Like for forever.

CELEBRITY

Take a number.

PAM

He's got a point. We don't all get what we want.

CELEBRITY

Except for me and I can tell ya now, it fuckin' sucks.

(CELEBRITY stumbles out of bed in His boxers, starts gathering His clothes. BABY drops to CELEBRITY's feet.)

PAM

What are you doing?

BABY

I'll do anything you want! I don't eat much. And I promise not to take up much room.

CELEBRITY

And people wonder why I'm slowly tryin' to kill myself...

BABY

Plus you can fuck other girls and everything. I don't care.

(BABY wraps her arms around CELEBRITY's legs. CELEBRITY tries to shake HER off. BABY hangs on for dear life - while HE drags HER around the room. PAM follows, trying to pull BABY off.)

CELEBRITY

If you don't fuckin' release my Goddamned ankles...

PAM

You touch her and you'll have a very major lawsuit on your hands, you sonuvabitch!

BABY

Leave Him alone, Mom!!

CELEBRITY

Get off, ya stupid tramp.

PAM

How dare you talk to her like that? She has feelings too, you know...

BABY

Don't leave me! I'd die without you!!

CELEBRITY

So much for feelings.

(WEED enters, immersed in the pile of papers in his hands. HE's followed by MAGGIE MAY. THEY stop short at the

sight of CELEBRITY in His boxers with
BABY wrapped around His leg.)

WEED

Baby?

MAGGIE MAY

Gee - don't you all look nice together?

WEED

You lied to me.

(BABY releases CELEBRITY's calf, falls
back onto her butt. PAM runs to her,
helps her to her feet.)

BABY

I did not.

WEED

Zahara's adopted. It's totally like, right here in black and
white.

BABY

So? I told you she wasn't yours.

WEED

You told me she was your baby.

BABY

Same difference.

CELEBRITY

Lemme see those.

(WEED hands the papers to CELEBRITY,
who leafs through them.)

MAGGIE MAY

Signed sealed delivered - and adopted. One prime cut baby.

CELEBRITY

Fuckin' close call. Here I was thinkin' God sent me a sign.

MAGGIE MAY

Still one sweet baby though...

CELEBRITY

Not my sweet baby though...

MAGGIE MAY

A baby'd do your image a world of good, about twenty-five
grand worth of good, I imagine.

PAM

Over my dead body.

CELEBRITY

What's the point if it's not my kid?

MAGGIE MAY

Gosh. You sure do drive a hard bargain. Make it twenty cash and we'll throw in the stroller.

BABY

Omigod. Mom! Make her stop...

CELEBRITY

Thanks but no thanks.

MAGGIE MAY

Eighteen thousand and not a penny less.

(CELEBRITY searches his clothes.)

CELEBRITY

Shit! I thought I'd stashed a little somethin' away. Damn!! Where's my blow?

WEED

Holy fuck! Will you fucking get a hold of yourself?

CELEBRITY

What?

WEED

I mean, grow up, man! You expect everyone to do everything for you. But getting clean is the one thing you gotta do on your own.

BABY

Weed!

WEED

What?

BABY

Do you know who He is?

WEED

Sure I do. He's a fucking drug addict!

BABY

Yeah but I mean, d'you know who He is?

WEED

What? You mean I'm s'posed to treat him like all special because he's like some actor? Like I give a flying fuck. All actors do is PRETEND. Pretend to be heros. Pretend to be funny. Pretend to have power. But they're just people PAID to pretend. They're nobody on their own without a buncha stupid words to read. I mean, look at this clown. He's pathetic. He can't even PRETEND to have any self-respect.

(ALL look at CELEBRITY - unshaven, white powder caked around his nose, in his boxer shorts and big gut - desperate for another fix.)

BABY

Don't listen to Weed. He's just jealous because you're Somebody - even though you're not like, very nice - and he's just Weed. And also because well, you and I did it. Tried to anyway.

CELEBRITY

Hey man, what's your name?

WEED

Weed. Weed McKnight.

CELEBRITY

Wanna come work for me?

WEED

What?

CELEBRITY

I need someone who tells me the truth. I need that.

WEED

I dunno. What kind of work are we talking?

CELEBRITY

My assistant. Lost my last one. Lost my last three. I fucked them. Or maybe I didn't. I dunno. I forget. I was wasted.

WEED

Right.

CELEBRITY

I need an assistant I won't wanna fuck, no matter how wasted I get.

WEED

What's the pay?

CELEBRITY

Whatever you want and then some. Plus benefits.

WEED

Okay, but we're gonna hafta discuss that drug problem of yours. Get you into the Higher Power or something.

CELEBRITY

Yeah - whatever.

(CELEBRITY crosses, starts getting dressed. BABY sidles up to WEED. SHE curls one leg around the other, shifts her hips and sticks out her chest.)

BABY

So what do you think of my, you know...

WEED

Your tits look hot. You know that.

BABY

Oh. I guess you want me anymore either...

WEED

I'll always want you, Baby, but hotness can only go so far. Then you wanna not miss someone who misses you back the same amount.

BABY

But what about Zahara? Don'tcha wanna be a happy family with me and her?

WEED

I love Zahara. But she's not my baby. Or yours.

PAM

Zahara stays with me...

(to BABY)

...with us. Your both my daughters, after all.

CELEBRITY

Anyone seen my other sock?

BABY

(to WEED)

But I love you.

WEED

Now that I've got a groovy "power job?" Thanks but no thanks.

(CELEBRITY locates his sock.)

CELEBRITY
Here it is!

PAM
You okay, sweetie?

BABY
Sure. Fine. But...

PAM
Mommie's here, honey.

(BABY folds into PAM's arms.)

PAM
Never too old to need Mommie.

MAGGIE MAY
Isn't that nice? My Mama stopped hugging me when I was about three years old. Said you hadda learn to fend for yourself sometime.

(CELEBRITY pats his pockets.)

CELEBRITY
Shit! Where's my phone. Must've left 'it at the hotel with my wallet.

(WEED crosses to the La-Z-Boy and gazes at ZAHARA.)

CELEBRITY
C'mon, man. We gotta go. I've got appointments for you to make and then cancel when I'm too fucked up to show.

WEED
Bye, princess.

(WEED tears himself away from ZAHARA and joins CELEBRITY. THEY cross to exit.)

CELEBRITY
By the way, this Higher Power dude you mentioned...

WEED
Yeah?

CELEBRITY
He wouldn't happen to have any blow, would he?

SCENE 8: LIVING ROOM

Night. With the mobile's long shadows of cows, moons and stars as her only witnesses, MAGGIE MAY tiptoes across the room - past the hastily repaired stroller - lugging a brand new BabyMart suitcase. MAGGIE MAY inches the front door open - pausing at every potential creak - and places the bag outside. SHE gently closes the door and crosses stealthily back, disappearing briefly through the doorway before reappearing with an even larger BabyMart suitcase. ZAHARA, inside the Burberry, gurgles. MAGGIE MAY freezes.

MAGGIE MAY

Shhhh. That's right. Nice baby. Back to sleep-y-poo.

(ZAHARA's silent. MAGGIE MAY picks up the suitcase, takes two steps. ZAHARA whoops loudly. MAGGIE MAY halts.)

MAGGIE MAY

C'mon now. It's not like I'm taking anything that's not rightfully mine. I was there when we bought the DVD player anyway.

(MAGGIE MAY pretends to start a step but halts before ZAHARA's next sputter.)

MAGGIE MAY

Gotcha! You must think I'm pretty dumb to not know what you're up to. Little tattle-tale. Always were Mama's little pet.

(ZAHARA whinnies happily. MAGGIE MAY approaches the stroller.)

MAGGIE MAY

Well you don't hafta worry about Mommie. She'll find some real dyke to make her happy.

(ZAHARA giggles. MAGGIE MAY leans in.)

MAGGIE MAY

So you think that's funny? She wouldn't be getting ready to kick me out if it weren't for you and that crazy daughter of hers. She doesn't need me so long as she's got the two of you. And I'll have nowhere to go.

Just a sitting bunny, a cute little furry little bunny, trembling on the white line of Life's interstate with a Mack Truck barreling towards me. And I just can't do it. Not again.

(ZAHARA's silent. Moving like molasses, MAGGIE MAY inches backwards, picks up the suitcase, crosses, opens the front door, places it outside and tiptoes back. Just as SHE passes the stroller, ZAHARA chortles unhappily. MAGGIE MAY crosses to it.)

MAGGIE MAY

I gotta get outta here - okay? I always strike first. Especially when opportunity presents itself. And right now, a real good opportunity has presented itself.

(ZAHARA breaks into sharp quacks.)

MAGGIE MAY

I mean, gosh - if that fat slob can do it, anyone can. Weed had a real good point, you know? It's just pretend. And I been pretending my whole life - acting like I care, acting in love, when I don't and I'm not. And with my looks, and now, His cell phone with all His important Hollywood friends' phone numbers in it. Not to mention a little spending money, a lot of spending money in fact. He won't even miss it. But me - it'll make all the difference in the world. So you're gonna be nice and quiet now - right?

(ZAHARA erupts into tears.)

MAGGIE MAY

Don't you go and start crying on me now. You know how I feel about crying babies...

(MAGGIE MAY takes a pillow from inside the stroller, hugs it to her chest. MAGGIE MAY's soft accent is gone.)

MAGGIE MAY

Crying babies - they make me just...It's like when Darla used to cry and... C'mon, you little brat, shut your trap!

(MAGGIE MAY puts the pillow over her head, squashing it over her ears. ZAHARA wails more violently. MAGGIE MAY takes the pillow off of her ears.)

MAGGIE MAY

Please be quiet. Please? Show me what a good little girl you are. Time to go to sleepy-sleep. Time to say "bye-bye."
(sings)

TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR,
 HOW I KNOW THAT I'LL GO FAR.
 UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH...

(MAGGIE MAY lowers the pillow into the stroller. ZAHARA goes silent. Blackout.)

SCENE 9: LIVING ROOM

Fade up. The room could be declared a federal disaster area. Newspapers and magazines - multiple copies of the same issue - are stacked everywhere. Brand new clothing spills out of shopping bags and boxes. BABY has just finished opening a box and pulls out a designer outfit. PAM enters. BABY and PAM are in matching outfits - matching pink outfits.

BABY

Wow - you look totally awesome, Mom.

PAM

I do?

BABY

Smoking!

(BABY adjusts PAM's outfit.)

PAM

How said I couldn't wear pink?

BABY

Never too late. Or too old.

PAM

Pink's okay on some girls, but not on you.

(BABY pulls away from her mother.)

PAM

On you, it's spectacular!

BABY

Thanks, Mom.

PAM

It's great we can share clothes, isn't it?

BABY

And even better when we don't hafta pay for them.

PAM

And now we're sharing the spotlight too.

BABY

I wish Tim could see us like this.

PAM

Don't start again...

BABY

All they want's a few pictures. And it's only getting crazier, the longer we hide out in here. Good Morning America called. Plus all our favorite magazines - People, Us Weekly, National Enquirer...

PAM

But it's been days. I gotta go to work eventually.

BABY

Will you give it up, please? BabyMart is not giving you your job back.

PAM

But Mr. Knotworth said...

BABY

Mom - the CEO fired you. You're famous for like, a baby-killing scandal. And BabyMart sells baby products! Like duh...

PAM

It's not my fault Maggie May had issues.

BABY

Yeah. You just totally defrauded an adoption agency and brought an innocent child into a high-risk situation, that's all.

(PAM's quiet.)

BABY

I'm sorry. I totally know it wasn't like, your fault or anything.

PAM

It's just - I miss her sometimes.

BABY

But she was such a psycho. She even like, stole my underwear. I mean - gross! 'Though it was like, Victoria's Secret special edition - pretty tempting, if not sanitary.

PAM

No, I meant Zahara.

BABY

Poor little Zahara. If only she'd lived like, long enough to be famous with us.

PAM

She just wanted love. If she'd had our love, she wouldn't care about all this fame stuff.

BABY

Except maybe the free clothes.

PAM

Free clothes are nice. But there's a price.

BABY

You think?

PAM

They don't give us this stuff to wear in the privacy of our own home...

BABY

So?

PAM

So who could go out with that throng of vultures out there?

BABY

Mom, it's not like, that bad. All's we gotta do is open the door, pose for some photo ops, sign some autographs...

PAM

Answer some questions...

BABY

Just for a minute or two. Pink was Tim's favorite color.

PAM

It was? Sometimes it seems like you knew him better than me.

BABY

You know what? I bet once George Clooney like, sees you in pink, he'll totally contact you for a date.

PAM

George Clooney?

BABY

You're totally his type.

PAM

He does seem like he's just looking to settle down, you know, find a real woman to give him a warm and loving home.

BABY

Totally. And once he sees your picture? I don't think. I know.

PAM

Does my hair look okay?

BABY

Very like paparazzi-friendly. And mine?

PAM

Lovely.

BABY

Fame's weird, isn't it? We're suddenly so amazing.

PAM

Yeah but...it's not like we're saving lives or anything.

(BABY crosses to the front door and pauses there, hand on doorknob.)

BABY

C'mon. You ready?

(PAM hesitates.)

BABY

C'mon, Mom, you deserve to be happy. It'll only take fifteen minutes, I swear.

PAM

Let the fifteen minutes begin then.

BABY

Say "cheese!"

(BABY opens the door. BABY and PAM step out as flashbulbs go off and offstage REPORTERS call out their names. White flash. Blackout.)

END OF PLAY