

A New Comedy By  
**Steve Lyons**

**Peaches**  
en Regalia

**HORSESHOE**  
cafe



*"Cute and quirky..."*  
-KPBS radio

*"...a treat from beginning to end."*  
-San Diego Playbill



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# **Peaches en Regalia**

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**THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION MUST APPEAR ON ALL PAPER AND DIGITAL PROGRAMS, PRINTING, AND ADVERTISING:**

1. The full title: Peaches en Regalia
2. Writing credit: By Steve Lyons
3. In addition to the above, the program must include: “Produced by special arrangement with Evergreen Plays, Bellingham, WA”

**Characters:**

Peaches 20-25 yo female  
Norman 25-30 yo male  
Syd 35-45 yo male  
Joanne 30-40 yo female

**Set and Prop Requirements:**

Act 1: A "cafe" type round table, three chairs. Forks, knives and spoons for three. Three cloth napkins. A few bowls.

Act 2: Simple bedroom and living room area. Bed, couch, sitting area, rocking chair, kitchen area (for making tea), table with phone (nonfunctional)  
A front door is helpful, but not required.

**Special Props:**

Two strap-on pregnancy balloons. Four bowls of fake peaches en regalia.

**Running Time:**

1 hour 20 minutes. Act 1: 35 minutes. Set Change Act: 15 minutes Act 2: 30 minutes. Optional intermission after act 1.

**Note:**

Productions are free to change the name of the café to a local greasy spoon, and potentially partner with said greasy spoon in promoting the play. You may likewise change any other names, such as the name of the college, to match your local institutions and organizations.

**ON RISE:** An instrumental song blasts out that inspires all the characters to come out and dance around, maybe doing some hot moves with bowls of peaches en regalia.

They all leave except for Peaches.

**PEACHES:** Hello, my name is Peaches. I am a third-year student at the Western University. I think my major is business.

I got interested in business while in high school, when I did a term paper that examined recent history through the lens of gas prices. For better or worse, much of what has transpired in the last century can be directly linked to gas prices. At least that is what I set out to prove in my high school term paper.

In my term paper I created graphs of gas prices around the world and then tried to relate those graphs to world events. This turned out to be complicated for a fifteen-year-old high school student to do, particularly given that we only had four weeks in which to write it. While I completely failed to prove my premise, my teacher gave me an “A” anyway, as he was impressed by the scope of my ambition. I still maintain that gas prices drive much of what goes on in the world. And I hope to show that some day.

So, anyway, I’m a business major. But maybe I should be a history major with a minor in business. I don’t know. I certainly like history.

I always go to my history professor's office hours. Recently he and I got to talking about the origins of the Second World War. I had a lot of questions, so I guess that's why he invited me out to dinner.

I said, sure, whatever. I thought maybe he'd explain World War Two in terms of gas prices, you know, over steak and stuff.

I just started to work this summer at Bank of America. Since I'm a business major, I suppose it makes sense to work at a financial institution. I am really having fun at Bank of America, not taking it too seriously.

I like to wear totally killer clothes. Daddy calls me a clothes horse. I've named all my outfits. So for casual Fridays I always wear this little number I call "Black Death," named after a particularly memorable menstrual period I had last year.

So anyway, every dress-down Friday these guys are all walking around like slobs and I'm sizzling in "Black Death." I don't know why, I just like to shake things up a bit. Daddy says "Peaches, you gotta think outside the box." So I really try to not let him down.

Most people make certain assumptions about you if you're named "Peaches." In my case, these assumptions are absolutely false. Well, every assumption except for one.

My professor asked me where I wanted to go for dinner and so I said "Horseshoe Cafe." It's not too expensive, kinda campy - I love the atmosphere - and the people there are great.

He wanted to take me to, like some French restaurant, but I insisted we go to The Horseshoe Cafe.

We had a nice dinner. My professor didn't talk about gas prices at all. In fact, we didn't even talk about history. He just asked me questions about myself. That was nice I suppose but I was really hoping he would take an interest in my gas price theory.

So, we finish dinner and they bring the dessert menu. The waiter tells us they are featuring a new dish called "Peaches En Regalia." Well, being named Peaches myself, I have to try it. "Peaches En Regalia." What's so regal about a peach, I wonder.

Once the dish is presented, I can make out the peach part. And the regal part is apparently some cottage cheese that adorns the crater of the peach, a bed of iceberg lettuce, a dash of paprika on the cottage cheese, and a cherry on top.

I know this sounds strange but it did have a certain stately air. I loved it.

After dinner my professor offers to drive me home. It's late at night so I accept his offer. We get to my apartment, and he offers to walk me to the door. That's always nice, you know, in my neighborhood.

So, we get to the door of the apartment building and I say thank you and stuff and see you in class next week. Well, I'm about to turn to go when he leans forward to kiss me. Well, I don't want to kiss my professor. I mean, he's my teacher. Not only that but he's gotta be well into his 30s. I mean, huh? So, I just pretend he's sneezing and I say

“bless you.” I thought that would save us both some embarrassment. Then I turn and walk inside.

So anyway, as I’m putting away my purse, taking off my clothes, and getting into my nightgown, it just hits me. “I think my professor wants to have sex with me.”

(pause)

And simultaneously I have another thought. The Bank of America is stupid. The Horseshoe Cafe is probably the only restaurant in the world with a dish named “Peaches En Regalia.” And I make the decision then and there. I’m going to quit the Bank of America, and waitress at The Horseshoe.

(Lights off Peaches)

(Lights up Norman)

**NORMAN:** So I’m sitting at the counter, having just enjoyed another fabulous meal here at The Horseshoe Cafe, and I’m feeling like having just a little something more. I ask the waitress what she recommends. She suggests their new dish called “Peaches En Regalia.” I go to The Horseshoe all the time, and I know this waitress is new. She’s kinda nervous. She told me it was her first day. Never waitressed before. Real nice though. So, to make her feel good, I take her up on her suggestion and order “Peaches En Regalia.” She returns with the dish and slides it across the counter to me, like she had probably seen in movies. Unfortunately, the counter was a bit wet, and the dish goes right over the edge of the counter into my lap. I get cottage cheese all over my pants. She’s horrified, you know. I try to tell

her it's all right but she feels awful. Anyway, I excuse myself to go to the men's room to try to clean up this mess on my lap.

I enter the rest room there at the diner. There are two stalls. Someone is standing outside the stalls, at a respectable distance, by the sink, waiting patiently for a stall.

I have been practicing social banter. My heart always quickens before I try to speak to a stranger, but I try to reach out anyway. My heart quickens because I fear that I will make an attempt to be friendly, but that I will be rejected... that the response will be a grunt or a cold stare. Then I will feel like a fool. How can you actually speak words to someone and just get a stare in return? I wonder.

"Waiting?" I smile to the man already there.

It does not come naturally to me. But, gosh, we are all so alone in this world. We all, or at least most of us I think, long for connection. My need for connection, my need to reach out, is hampered by my insecurities. I have been practicing being secure. No, I have been practicing acting secure, with the hope that the being might follow.

One way I practice acting secure is I am trying to teach myself how to wink. I mean, I can wink, but not as a form of communication.

There is an elite strata of humans who are able to wink as a form of communication. These people are usually male. They are usually gregarious, quick with a compliment, they often throw their head back when they laugh, which they do a lot.



Everyone likes these people but no one ever feels close to them. But that's okay.

You do not wink at someone in the men's bathroom. I know this and do not practice my wink on the fellow ahead of me waiting for a stall to open up. Instead, I ask, "Waiting?" and act confident. He replies simply, "yes," but in a nice way that makes us both feel comfortable.

So, I form a line, or more accurately, I become the line, waiting behind him. Politely.

Now the previous month I had taken a time management class. So, following what I learned in the class, I use my waiting time wisely by practicing my wink in the mirror, there in the rest room. I do it discretely, so that the other fellow will not notice.

My winking goal--by the way, if you learn nothing else in life, you should learn to have a goal, that is what they said in my time management class-- my winking goal is to be able to wink as a way of saying "you and I have just shared a little secret that is special just to us." I want to be able to make that kind of a wink. I would never actually do it, of course, but I would like to be the type that could do it, if somehow called upon.

So, I very discretely practice my wink in the mirror there in line while waiting for a stall. But somehow the fellow ahead of me senses that something is going on. So, he, also discretely, turns ever so slightly and glances in the mirror--just as I am winking in the mirror.

This alters the social dynamic there in the line.

(pause)

Now I know I should not be a score keeper. But I think up until that moment, I had the upper hand in the line, as it was I who confidently initiated a conversation by asking “Waiting?” Now the balance of power is shifting to the fellow in front of me, and we both know it. He turns back, and takes a little step away from me.

(pause)

Where the North American Plate meets the Pacific Plate, you find something called “the collision zone,” where these massive plates vie for position, first one dominating, forcing the other down into the mantle. Then moments later, in geologic time, the tables are turned and the formerly subservient plate rises up and grinds past the dominate plate. As these giant plates move, tremendous energies are unleashed resulting in tremors that transform Earth’s surface.

There in the rest room of The Horseshoe Cafe, the tectonic plate of the fellow in front of me is thrusting upwards, crushing my plate, transforming the emotional landscape of the men’s room.

There’s not enough time to explain everything I had learned in my time management class. I think perhaps I can just pretend he hadn’t seen me wink. Or perhaps I can make up a story that would explain the winking. Something involving contact lenses perhaps. But if I try to explain it, then that just further acknowledges that he caught me doing something weird.

While concocting a story about having trouble with my contacts, suddenly the door to the rest room flies open and a man strides in. He marches right

past us, tries a stall door. It's unlocked, no one is in there. He goes in and shuts the door.

(pause)

Between the North American Plate and the Pacific Plate there is a small, almost unnoticed plate off the coast of Washington called the Juan de Fuca Plate. This small, unassuming plate is responsible for some of the most devastating eruptions in history, most recently that of Mount Saint Helens in Washington in 1980, an eruption which spewed 500 million tons of ash at high as 16 miles into the atmosphere.

And the ash from that eruption is falling... falling there in the men's room at The Horseshoe Cafe, burying both me and the fellow in front of me in a sea of hot, molten emotion.

What to do? What to say? Are the two of us in this small line now united by humiliation, frustration, anger? And what of this... this... GUY... this Juan de Fuca, now savoring all that stall #2 has to offer?

There is a relationship, a trust relationship, that you find in every rest room in the world, except for the one that I am in. In this bathroom, that trust relationship has completely broken down. And this... this Juan de Fuca (which, as you know, is Spanish for "John the Fucker") has climbed upon the broken shards of that trust and has mounted the throne that he now occupies.

Did he break the circle of trust? No, no, he did not. To break the circle you must first JOIN the circle. No, he did something much more egregious. He IGNORED the circle of trust, as if it wasn't there. So cocky, so confident.

A nice person, upon discovering an empty stall, would turn to the those patiently waiting in line, and would say “this one’s empty.” A nice person would not hoard the spoils of his conquest, but rather share the fruits of his discovery with others, who were equally deserving, if not more.

I was convinced that this gaucho, now relieving himself in stall #2, was not a nice person. I was sure he would be successful at whatever endeavor he chose to pursue. Probably already was. He was a Republican, that much was clear.

So why, why did I find myself craving to be just like him?

Could I ever be like him? If so, would that make me happy? Do I really truly want to be like him? That is the question, the question that must be answered. And I realize that it must be answered now.

I will jump ahead in my story and tell what you probably already suspect. He did not wash his hands.

Meanwhile, the relationship outside that stall had deteriorated beyond repair.

I make my move. I clear my throat, and without as much as a glance at the fellow in front of me in line, I stride right up to stall #1, the stall unoccupied by Juan de Fuca, and give a tug at the door. “Just a moment,” comes the answer from within.

(pause)

I do not want to look at the other fellow waiting ahead of me, so I look down at the floor, and as I

am looking, I notice that the floor is composed of one foot square tiles, black tiles alternating with white tiles, forming a... a chess board pattern on the floor. The symbolism is not lost on me.

I know. I know as I raise my gaze from the floor that our eyes must finally meet. But that's okay. I am no longer the innocent victim that I had been minutes before. I now have taken the aggressive position. I now have a preemptive policy.

Our eyes meet. He is not smiling. My old self would have said, "Just checking." But my old self was already a distant memory.

I have to say something. What if he says, "I already checked that one." ? He might. He might say "I already checked that" and his tectonic plate would once again rise up and crush mine into the hot molten mantle. I must speak first or this day will haunt me forever.

The brain. How does it do it? How does it form sentences even as the sentences are leaving the mouth? This amazing instrument quickly served its duty, as I said to this fellow, "You lose your turn."

(pause)

My old self, now dead and buried, would have never said such a thing. But you know, as I said those words, I suddenly felt a longing, a longing for those carefree days that I used to know when I was nice and insecure. A longing for the old me.

Yes, the old me had vanished. But I was not sure that I liked the new me. And, as I stare at that other fellow who moments before had been ahead

of me in line, I can see that he isn't sure he likes the new me either.

(pause)

Then he glances down and I can see by his expression that he notices the curds of cottage cheese dripping off my crotch. He goes like this-

(NORMAN does facial expression of the other guy)

But the new me doesn't care. I am no longer bound by the circle of trust. I briskly exit the bathroom, defiantly wearing my cottage cheese, like a curdled badge of courage.

(Lights off Norman)

(Lights up Peaches)

PEACHES: That first day working at The Horseshoe was nerve wracking. But everyone was very nice. The manager was supportive, even after I spilled "Peaches En Regalia" all over a customer's lap.

I didn't miss the job at Bank of America at all. But I did miss the people, especially my friend Joanne. Joanne has worked at Bank of America like, forever. Four years at least.

Joanne loves Angora sweaters. She has the most beautiful collection of Angora sweaters I have ever seen. But she has this odd habit of picking at the fuzz of the Angora when she gets excited.

Joanne recently took a time management class. In the time management class they apparently told her that the most important thing in life is to have a goal.

This information nearly destroyed Joanne.

They told her she should create a flow chart to achieve her goals. One flowchart for each goal. She should hang these flowcharts on her wall and refer to them every morning.

Well, Joanne took this whole flowchart thing to heart. To catch up for lost time, she decided to create all the flowcharts that she should have created five years ago. In doing this, Joanne discovered that, according to the flowcharts that she should have created five years ago but didn't, she was supposed to have been married by the age of 35. She was now 36.

So she brings in these flowcharts to the bank to show me. As she is explaining the charts, she becomes increasingly upset. And the more upset she becomes, the more she picks at the fuzz of her Angora sweater.

She bought this roll of paper so she could make nice, long, uninterrupted flowcharts. Down the left-hand side of each flowchart is "time." Down the middle of the paper are the things she must accomplish by the time written on the left-hand side. This is how she discovered that she was supposed to have been married last year.

I try to get her to calmly talk about her charts. Joanne is not calm. We are in the break room at the bank, but she is using an outside voice. Every sentence starts with "But you don't understand..." She is getting louder and louder and the Angora was flying faster and faster.

Joanne at this point is screaming "But you don't understand, only 10% of the males in my age bracket are available. The rest are either taken or

gay.” She is now just a voice booming out of this cloud of Angora. It’s like totally Biblical.

She has many flowcharts. At the top of each flowchart is the goal that the flowchart is to achieve. At the top of this flowchart that was so upsetting for Joanne, it says “Goal: Buy a house.”

But in the middle of this “Buy a House” flowchart there are these boxes, connected by lines, with “to do” items like “Join a church,” “Get a dog,” “Learn how to hang glide.” All devices to find someone to fall in love with and marry.

There are about ten of these boxes. Then at the bottom of this line of ten boxes is a diamond that says “Married?” with a question mark under it. If she is not married, there is a line that goes back to the top of the ten boxes, where she is to try again.

Two-way communication with the Angora cloud is at this point impossible, so, without asking permission, I take scissors and, from this “Buy a House” flowchart I cut out the section with the ten boxes and the “Married?” diamond. I then tape the house-buying flowchart back together. Then, at the top of this new flowchart, I write “Goal: Get Married.” On the left-hand side of this new “Get Married” flowchart, I change “Age 35” to “Age 45.”

“All fixed” I announce to the cloud.

Slowly, the cloud of Angora settles into a fog about her feet, and there once more stands Joanne, looking somewhat like a shorn sheep.

(Lights up Joanne)

**JOANNE:** Fixed? How?

**PEACHES:** See.



(PEACHES shows new  
flowchart to Joanne)

One flowchart for each goal, remember?

**JOANNE:** (affectionately) Peaches...

(Lights off Peaches)

(JOANNE takes off her  
sweater)

My sweaters just don't seem to retain their bounce. I'm always having to take them to the dry cleaners. Whatever they do to them seems to get some of the bounce back.

Last time I went to the dry cleaners, I met a man that I really liked. Well, I didn't exactly meet him. But we were in at the laundry at the same time.

He walked in just ahead of me. He exuded such confidence, just the way he opened the door. I found him attractive. It's so hard to know, meeting a perfect stranger. You have so few clues to go by, you really have to trust your intuition.

In this case, I thought, well, obviously he is someone who cares about his appearance. I mean, he's in a laundry. Now, I'm not sure I would want to meet someone at one of those one-hour martinizing places. But a laundry... Funny, "Do laundry" was not even one of the boxes on my flowchart. Isn't that the way it always is?

We glance, we smile politely. He had a pleasant, polite smile.

Then I notice it. The nice suit he was handing the nice Chinese lady who runs the nice Chinese laundry had this... this stain. Right in the crotch.

It looked like some odd mixture of milk and baking soda that had dried to a pale white pasty dusty crusty stain.

Look, I'm not going to say what I thought it was, but you see this desiccated white stuff on the lap of a man's slacks and well....

But still, he was so cordial and nice yet with a certain swagger. I am never good in these situations. I don't know how to meet people. Particularly male-type people. I just try to not act desperate and I'm not desperate, really. (pause) Well, okay maybe.

He finishes the laundry transaction. He turns to leave and I smile again, and he does also. Again, a formal, but warm smile. Certainly, it was not a "shall we have intercourse?" smile. I know people who can smile a "shall we have intercourse?" smile while picking up their dog's poop in the park. I can't smile like that even while having intercourse.

He opens the door to leave and I am shaking I am so... so... furious with myself. Sometimes I just feel like... what's the saying?... like... like I'm my own worst victim.

Thinking quickly, I call out after him "Really nasty stain."

(pause)

He pauses and turns to me and, with that warm, polite smile says "Peaches En Regalia." And leaves.

(pause)

The nice Chinese lady is hanging his slacks on a rack and I say to her “What do you think it is?” She doesn’t respond immediately and I realize she probably can’t tell me. You know, cleaner - client confidentiality. But she turns and says “Look like mixture of milk and baking soda. Kinda crusty.”

She’s willing to talk. So, as she is itemizing the sweaters I have brought in, I ask as casually as possible, “What’s Peaches En Regalia?” She says “Dessert dish at Horseshoe Cafe.” I am awed with the realization that I am in the only Chinese laundry in the world where they know what “Peaches En Regalia” is. As she hands me my receipt, she says “That man picking up suit on Friday. I put you down for Friday, okay?” I am so embarrassed. “Yes, Friday is fine.”

I open the door to leave and she calls out “Excuse me.” “Yes,” I say. “It may be a side dish.” And as I look at her, I find I am not shocked at all to discover on her face a perfect “shall we have intercourse” smile.

As I return to my car, I can’t help this nagging feeling that I recognized that man from somewhere. But where?

(Lights out on Joanne)

(Lights up Syd and Peaches)

(SYD is seated at round “cafe” table, having just completed dinner.

PEACHES is standing with “order” note pad.)

**PEACHES:** Will that be all?

**SYD:** I wouldn't mind toppin' 'er off. Got any desserts?  
Something light.

**PEACHES:** I recommend Peaches En Regalia.

**SYD:** That a dessert?

**PEACHES:** It's somewhere between dessert and a side dish.

**SYD:** Sure, bring it on.

(Lights off Syd and Peaches.)

(Lights up Joanne)

**JOANNE:** As I'm cleaning up after dinner it hits me - my time management class. That guy was in my time management class. So, I frantically find the student roster. They are all there. All 35 students. But which one is him? I call the dry cleaner. It is past closing - all I get is a recording. This is an emergency. She's gotta be there. I grab the student roster and jump in my car.

(Lights off Joanne)

(Lights up Syd and Peaches)

(PEACHES brings Peaches En Regalia to Syd, sets it before him.)

**PEACHES:** There you go.

**SYD:** What is this?

**PEACHES:** Peaches En Regalia.

**SYD:** What is this here?

**PEACHES:** Cottage cheese, a little lettuce, and a cherry on top.

**SYD:** Can you skip the regalia and just give me peaches?

**PEACHES:** Oh, why don't you try it?

**SYD:** I mean, this is cottage cheese. Cottage cheese. And peaches. Cheese and peaches. Peaches, with cheese on top. You ever say to yourself - gee, I have a hankering for peaches with cheese?

**PEACHES:** Peaches En Regalia was Elvis Presley's favorite dish.

(to audience) Intuition told me he would find this information important. That's what I love about this job. It's not only sales, but marketing as well.

**SYD:** Oh. Well, okay. I mean, pretty hard to fuck up peaches.

**PEACHES:** Hoo, got me there.

(Lights off Syd and Peaches.)

(Lights up Joanne)

**JOANNE:** The sign on the door says "Closed." I bang and bang on the door. Finally, she comes to door. She says "Sorry..." through the door but then recognizes me and gives me that beautiful "shall we have intercourse" smile. I tell her I know that guy and she doesn't have to actually tell me his name. But if she could just point to his name on this student roster, I would be very thankful. She is happy to oblige.

(Lights off Joanne)

(Lights up Syd and Peaches)

**PEACHES:** So, what did you think?

**SYD:** You know, wasn't so bad. What was the red stuff?

**PEACHES:** Paprika.

**SYD:** Paprika. Gives it a little zip. I can see how Elvis might go for that.

It really was Elvis' favorite?

**PEACHES:** If it wasn't, it should have been.

(SYD smiles, realizing he's been had)

**SYD:** You know, cottage cheese is not really cheese, it's more like a... a really thick cream.

**PEACHES:** Exactly, peaches and cream.

**SYD:** You're new here, aren't you?

**PEACHES:** Yes. My name's Peaches.

**SYD:** Seriously?

**PEACHES:** Yes.

**SYD:** I assume that Peaches is not your real name.

**PEACHES:** (to audience) That's the assumption that is in fact true.

No, it's Patricia. What's your name?

**SYD:** Syd. Syd Barlow.

**PEACHES:** Well Syd, I'm happy you enjoyed your Peaches En Regalia.

(lights off Syd and Peaches)

(lights up Joanne)

(SYD exits)

**JOANNE:** His name was Norman. I got up my nerve and I called him. It could have been awkward, but he was so natural about the whole thing. The

conversation just flowed. He remembered me from the time management class.

So, we decided to meet for dinner. Horseshoe Cafe of course. Peaches works at The Horseshoe now. I selected a night that I knew she would be working.

(lights up, stage wash)

(JOANNE approaches)

**PEACHES:** Joanne!

**JOANNE:** Peaches. I'm glad to see you.

**PEACHES:** I've saved you a special table.

**JOANNE:** Oh thanks. Thanks.

**PEACHES:** You're early.

**JOANNE:** I didn't want to get here after him. I would fall to pieces if I had to walk from the door to the table with him just... looking at me.

(JOANNE is picking at her sweater.)

**PEACHES:** Joanne.

**JOANNE:** What?

**PEACHES:** (clears throat)

**JOANNE:** Oh. (stops picking) Sorry. Guess I'm a little nervous.

**PEACHES:** You'll do fine. And I'll be right here.

**JOANNE:** Yeah. Thanks.

(JOANNE returns to picking at sweater)

(PEACHES places hand on Joanne's arm to stop the picking)

**PEACHES:** He'll love you.

**JOANNE:** Right.

**PEACHES:** Do you think this could be serious?

**JOANNE:** Oh, who knows.

**PEACHES:** Don't you wish Mr. Right would just wear a sign?

**JOANNE:** Well, my grandmother once told me a sure -fire way to know.

**PEACHES:** To know if it's Mr. Right?

**JOANNE:** Yes. She always maintained it was easy. You just store your panties in a special box. In this special box you sprinkle jasmine petals.

If you are on a date with a guy who can smell the jasmine, you know you have found him.

**PEACHES:** Your grandmother told you this?

**JOANNE:** Mmm-hmm. That's how she found granddad.

**PEACHES:** Really? And did your granddad seem like the type that could--

**JOANNE:** Mmm-hmm.

**PEACHES:** (impressed) Whoa... And you mean tonight you have on panties that--

**JOANNE:** Mmm-hmm. Smell anything?

**PEACHES:** (sniffs) No.

**JOANNE:** Guess you aren't the one.



**PEACHES:** This is so hot. You wear these jasmine panties all the time?

**JOANNE:** For decades.

**PEACHES:** And has anyone ever...

**JOANNE:** Not yet.

(SYD enters)

(PEACHES waves)

(through clenched teeth)

Is that him?

**PEACHES:** I doubt it.

(SYD approaches)

**SYD:** Hey Peaches.

**PEACHES:** Hey Syd. This is my friend Joanne.

**SYD:** Hey Joanne.

**JOANNE:** Hello Syd.

Peaches, you don't serve beer here, do you?

**PEACHES:** Sorry.

**JOANNE:** Wine? Bourbon?

(SYD sits at table, in seat next to Joanne.)

**PEACHES:** No alcohol. Sorry.

**JOANNE:** (to Syd) I'm expecting somebody.

**SYD:** Oh, sorry.

(SYD slides over one chair)

That why you need a drink?

**JOANNE** Yes. No. It's just--

**SYD:** First date?

**JOANNE:** It's not a date.

(JOANNE begins picking at sweater)

Well... Yes.

**SYD:** (to Peaches) Give 'er that peach dish.

(to Joanne) Very comforting.

(PEACHES exits for dish)

(pause)

That ain't good for your sweater.

(JOANNE stops)

**JOANNE:** Sorry.

**SYD:** Don't apologize. You'll do fine. You look nice in your sweater.

**JOANNE:** Thank you.

(NORMAN enters)

(PEACHES enters with Peach dish)

**PEACHES:** (presenting dish to Joanne)

Comforting Peaches En Regalia.

(notices NORMAN approaching)

Oh my god!

**JOANNE:** (whisper) Is it him?

**PEACHES:** I think so.

**JOANNE:** You know him?

**PEACHES:** I creamed his jeans.

**JOANNE:** What!

**NORMAN:** Hi Joanne.

**JOANNE:** Hi. Hi. Norman.

**NORMAN:** (to Peaches) It's you!

**PEACHES:** I'm sure sorry about what happened.

**NORMAN:** (to Joanne) So this is the friend you were telling me about?

**JOANNE:** Peaches - Norman. Norman - Peaches.

**PEACHES:** I spilled Peaches En Regalia in his lap.

**JOANNE:** So it was you!

**PEACHES:** And this is Syd.

**NORMAN:** It's you!

**SYD:** What?

**NORMAN:** In the bathroom, you changed my life.

**SYD:** Huh?

**NORMAN:** You were not bound by the confines of the circle of trust.

**SYD:** Oh, you mean the bathroom here? Last week?

**NORMAN:** Yes!

**SYD:** I really had to go.

**NORMAN:** But--

**SYD:** You should always respect the circle of trust.

**NORMAN:** But--

**SYD:** Except in an emergency.

**NORMAN:** You mean, you don't do that all the time?

**SYD:** RESPECT--the circle of trust.

**PEACHES / JOANNE:** What are you talking about?

**NORMAN:** So you're not a Republican.

**SYD:** Actually I am.

**PEACHES / JOANNE:** How did you know he was a Republican?

**SYD:** A fiscally conservative but socially liberal Republican.

Pleased to meet you, Norman.

(SYD extends hand to shake.)

(NORMAN stares at extended hand.)

**NORMAN:** Ahhh.

(NORMAN grabs cloth napkin off table. NORMAN wraps napkin around his hand. He then shakes SYD's hand through cloth napkin)

Pleased to meet you Syd.

(NORMAN drops napkin)

I hope this question isn't rude, but are you... um... real successful.

**SYD:** Oh, I don't know. I run my own business.

**NORMAN:** I knew it.

**SYD:** Sole proprietorship.

**NORMAN:** An entrepreneur.

**SYD:** Sure am. I'm a trucker.

**JOANNE:** I'm not following this.

**SYD:** How about you?

**NORMAN:** I'm a geologist for Chevron. Oil exploration.

**PEACHES:** Really?

**NORMAN:** Yeah, but I'm quitting. I am going to pursue my true passion, photography. I've had it with oil. I swear that oil runs the world. I know this sounds nuts, but I really think that someday someone is going to prove that major events in recent history can be directly linked to gas prices.

**PEACHES:** Oh my god!

**SYD:** (To Joanne) Do you smell Jasmine?

**JOANNE:** (orgasmic delivery) Oh... My... God.

(Black out)

(If having intermission,  
opening song plays again.)

(OPTIONAL INTERMISSION)

**SET CHANGE:** Lights come back up. No one is on stage. There are a few set pieces left on stage from Act 1.

After a pause, SYD comes out. He removes an Act 1 set piece and takes it back stage.

SYD re-enters.

**SYD:** When there's something to be done. Really done. Get yourself a Republican. You want snow shoveled. Republican. You want your taxes done or your furniture moved. Republican.

Don't get me wrong. Republicans can be total dicks. Frankly many are.

But Democrats are just such.... weenies.

I guess that's the choice you make when you select your political party. You wanna be a weenie or you wanna be a dick?

(SYD removes some Act 1 set pieces. Takes them back stage.)

Look I love Norman and Peaches. I really do. But... you know... gas prices? Huh? Republicans would never get together because of some common interest in gas prices. Pure sexual attraction. That's what we're about.

(SYD removes more set pieces.)

Peaches is cute but I really like Joanne's... earthiness. She could probably kick Peach's ass. Probably kick my ass. Who knows. Not that I judge people by that.

Well, I do a little bit. Able to handle yourself, that kinda thing. That's important.

(SYD removes more set pieces. The stage is now bare.)

Let me demonstrate the basic problem with Democrats.

This is Democrats.

(uses hands to indicate jabber jabber jabber. Left hand jabbering to right hand.)

We Republicans are criticized that we don't do this. But while Democrats are preoccupied with this, the Republicans have completely dismantled the set that the Democrats worked so hard to erect.

And by the time the Democrats stop jabbering and actually look around....

(The HANDS stop jabbering and look behind them where the set had been. Shocked, they look back at Syd.)

*(Speaking to the hands)* It's. Too. Late.

(The hands shake their heads sadly. Disappear. )

(SYD then goes back stage and brings on set pieces for Act 2.)

But my Republican comrades totally piss me off sometimes. How they want to shove their shit down everyone's throat.

Much as I get irritated by Democrats, at least they don't try to force everyone to, like, wear Texas.

(SYD goes back stage,  
brings out more of the set.  
SYD brings out a vase  
holding a dozen WHITE  
ROSES.)

(SYD goes back stage.)

**SYD (OS)** Norman, wanna help me with this?

(NORMAN and SYD enter  
carrying the bed for Act 2. )

**NORMAN:** I have something to ask you.

**SYD:** Where do you want this?

**NORMAN:** Against that wall.

**SYD:** There. So, what do you want to ask me?

**NORMAN:** I'm thinking about proposing to Peaches.

**SYD:** It's about time. You've been together for years.

**NORMAN:** So, you think I should?

**SYD:** Sure. Peaches is a wonderful girl. Marriage is great.

**NORMAN:** Is it? I'm glad to hear you say that. I thought that maybe marriage sounds like it's going to be fun, but it isn't.

**SYD:** Kinda like the Renaissance Pleasure Faire.

**NORMAN:** Exactly.



**SYD:** I found that marriage allows you to be more free. You're in it for the long haul. You can yell and scream if you want. You know the other person is not jumping ship. And they know that you aren't jumping either. The commitment of marriage makes you feel...

**NORMAN:** Less jumpy?

**SYD:** Exactly.

**NORMAN:** I don't know....

**SYD:** Norman, Norman, Norman. I mean. Peaches. Okay? Who you waiting for? She's fabulous. And Norman, she's a good-looking gal. Huh?

**NORMAN:** I know, she's got great... symmetry.

**SYD:** Fabulous symmetry, Norman.

**NORMAN:** I think she may be getting a little antsy.

**SYD:** Shit or get off the pot, huh?

**NORMAN:** Or maybe she's realizing I'm not the right guy.

**SYD:** Have you asked her why she's antsy?

**NORMAN:** I'm afraid to.

**SYD:** (sighs.) Norman, what's with all this fear. What are you so afraid of?

**NORMAN:** Well. The future.

**SYD:** But what if the future is great?

**NORMAN:** Then I'll be pleasantly surprised.

(SYD and NORMAN bring  
out more stuff. Set stage.)

**SYD:** When you were a kid, didn't your mom ever read you *The Contented Little Pussy Cat*?

**NORMAN:** She tried, but...

**SYD:** It scared you?

**NORMAN:** Well, that picture of Mr. Black Crow where he loses his tail feather. His head is turned around as the feather falls out. He's going like this.

(NORMAN does look of Mr. Black Crow watching his feather fall)

Didn't that disturb you?

**SYD:** No.

**NORMAN:** Well, it's a scary picture.

**SYD:** So you never got to the end?

**NORMAN:** No. Do we ever find out why the pussy cat is so contented?

**SYD:** Yes.

**NORMAN:** So?

**SYD:** You really oughta read the book, Norman.

**NORMAN:** Please. Why is the Contented Little Pussy Cat so contented!

**SYD:** Because he doesn't worry about what may happen tomorrow, and he isn't sad about what happened yesterday.

**NORMAN:** (pause) Well. Sure. If we all did that then we'd all be contented.

**SYD:** I think that's the point of the book.

(THEY work on setting the stage some more)

Look, I suppose everyone is afraid of the future to some extent, but people deal with it. Like Joanne. She makes her flow charts. That's fine. These flow charts give her some feeling of control. So, for Joanne, having a feeling of control makes her less afraid of the future. For others, they deal with the future by believing stuff like "things happen as they should." For them, no matter what happens it's okay because they believe the universe has some big plan for their life.

**NORMAN:** What about you?

**SYD:** Me. Well, I guess I'm an Abnerist.

**NORMAN:** Abnerist?

**SYD:** You know, Abner, the pussy cat in *The Contented Little Pussy Cat*.

**NORMAN:** Maybe I should become an Abnerist.

**SYD:** We followers of Abner don't let what happened yesterday make us sad, we don't let what may happen tomorrow worry us. Once you become an Abnerist, you never look back.

**NORMAN:** You know what? I think I will become an Abnerist.

**SYD:** Great. So, you'll propose to Peaches?

**NORMAN:** I... Oh, I just... can't decide.

**SYD:** Ask yourself, what would Abner do?

**NORMAN:** Oh, I know. Abner would propose. But...

(THEY get more stuff back stage. Set stage more.)

**SYD:** Norman. Look, could you really bear the thought of Peaches in the arms of another man?

**NORMAN:** (NORMAN stops. Long pause.) What do you mean?

**SYD:** She's not going to wait around forever.

**NORMAN:** But... another man? I mean, you really think she'd-

**SYD:** (SYD does some gesture that says "duh, what do you think?")

**NORMAN:** (Noticing roses) Nice flowers.

**SYD:** Those are for Joanne.

**NORMAN:** A dozen white roses. That's nice of you Syd.

**SYD:** Ah, you probably get Peaches little presents all the time, don't you?

**NORMAN:** Umm. Well. For her birthday.

**SYD:** Birthday? Come on Norman. When you're out, don't you sometimes find little things that she might like?

**NORMAN:** Yeah. I guess.

**SYD:** Don't you ever buy them for her?

**NORMAN:** Things are so expensive.

**SYD:** Oh Norman. Look. We are going out right now and we are getting Peaches something very special that shows her how you feel. Then you two talk about things. It'll be fine.

(SYD exits)

(NORMAN looks at audience, confused)

**NORMAN:** Ahhh.

(NORMAN exits)

(long pause)

(PEACHES enters. She is carrying more set pieces for Act 2)

(JOANNE enters, also with set pieces.)

**JOANNE:** Peaches, have you seen Syd?

**PEACHES:** No.

**JOANNE:** Well, if you see Syd, tell him I'm looking for him.

(JOANNE begins to exit.  
Notices roses.)

Those are lovely. Did Norman get them for you?

**PEACHES:** Gee. Do you really think he got them for me?

**JOANNE:** A dozen white roses. That's special.

**PEACHES:** He hardly ever gets me stuff like this.

**JOANNE:** (*singsong delivery*) Bet he's got something special to ask.

**PEACHES:** (*picks up bouquet*) They're beautiful.

(SYD and NORMAN enter)

**SYD:** Hi.

**NORMAN:** Hi.

(PEACHES throws her arms around Norman.)

**PEACHES:** Sweetheart, the roses are beautiful. Thank you.

**NORMAN:** Ah. Those are for Joanne.

(pause)

**PEACHES:** You're giving roses to Joanne?

**NORMAN:** No. I mean--

**SYD:** No. No. No. He's giving the roses to you.

(PEACHES glares at Syd. She finds the card attached to the flowers. Tears it open. Reads. PEACHES marches over to JOANNE and thrusts the flowers at her.)

**PEACHES:** Hugs and kisses, Syd.

**NORMAN:** Honey....

**PEACHES:** I feel like an idiot.

(NORMAN attempts to hug PEACHES. PEACHES rejects his advance.)

**PEACHES:** I am an idiot.

**NORMAN:** No. Peaches, don't--

(NORMAN tries again. PEACHES rejects him again.)

Don't be sad... don't be sad about what happened yesterday.

**PEACHES:** (*pause*) What happened yesterday?

**NORMAN:** Um. I... Ah... Didn't give you flowers that you thought I gave you.

**PEACHES:** That just now happened, it didn't happen yesterday.

**SYD:** I think what Norman means is that tomorrow it will have happened yesterday.

**NORMAN:** Right.

**JOANNE:** I'm not following this.

**NORMAN:** And if you are worried about what happened yesterday, it doesn't help.

**PEACHES:** I'm not worried, I'm upset.

**SYD:** That's what he meant to say. If you're upset about what happened yesterday, um, it doesn't change anything.

**JOANNE:** What happened yesterday?

**NORMAN:** I didn't give Peaches flowers. And I should have.

**SYD:** Right.

**NORMAN:** *(to Peaches)* I.... I should give you flowers every day.

**SYD:** Because you're worth it.

**PEACHES:** Thank you Syd.

**SYD:** Norman said that.

**PEACHES:** What?

**NORMAN:** Because you're worth it.

**SYD:** See.

**JOANNE:** Where have you been?

**SYD:** Norman and I went shopping.

**JOANNE:** What did you buy?

**SYD:** Norman?

(NORMAN goes before Peaches. Takes her hand.)

**NORMAN:** Peaches...

(pause)

**SYD:** What would Abner do?

(NORMAN kneels down on one knee.)

**JOANNE:** Holy shit Peaches, he's going down on one knee.

**SYD:** That's better.

**NORMAN:** Peaches. I am not perfect. I am probably not what you dreamed of when you used to dream about the husband you might have one day. But you are beyond my wildest dreams. And I love you.

(NORMAN opens a ring box, presents a ring)

Will you marry me?

(PEACHES hesitates.)

**PEACHES:** Norman.

(PEACHES sighs, we aren't sure how this is going to go.)

Nothing....

would make me happier!

(NORMAN places ring on PEACHES finger. NORMAN and PEACHES embrace.)



SYD and JOANNE applaud.  
PEACHES and NORMAN  
rise, exit together.)

**SYD:** Well. That was almost a total disaster.

**JOANNE:** Thanks for the flowers, Syd.

**SYD:** Sure.

**JOANNE:** I was looking for you.

**SYD:** What's up?

**JOANNE:** Remember my "Start a Family" flow chart?

**SYD:** Yes.

**JOANNE:** You know how there is this box, then this diamond below the box that says "Pregnant" and a question mark? If the answer is "no" there is a line that goes back up, where I am supposed to do "the box" again?

**SYD:** Yes.

**JOANNE:** Well. The answer is no, and now is a good time of the month to do... the box.

**SYD:** Ohhhh. I'm almost done here. I'll be right there.

(JOANNE exits.)

I tell ya - once you get your ass on one of Joanne's flow charts, you get no rest until your task is complete.

(SYD deals with anything  
that has yet to be done on  
stage.)

I think we're all ready to go up here. It's five years later, we got Norman and Peaches moved into their new place and... oh geez, I nearly forgot.

(goes back stage. Comes back carrying NORMAN, who is in his pajamas. Plops Norman into bed. Tucks him in.)

NOW we're ready.

(Exit SYD)

EVALUATION ONLY

**ACT 2**

Setting: Bedroom/living room. Very sparse set. An entry door.

**ON RISE:** Lights are up, including a bedside lamp on the table beside the bed. NORMAN is in bed, on his side. We just see a lump under the covers. Lots of covers/pillows.

PEACHES enters. She's dressed in some lingerie. She carries a bottle of champagne and two champagne glasses.

Goes over to the bed. Sets down the glasses and champagne. She dims the lights. Acts alluring and seductive toward lump. The lump does not respond.

She gets frustrated. Turns lights back up. Wakes up NORMAN.

NORMAN bolts upright in bed.

**NORMAN:** WHAT!

**PEACHES:** Are you awake?

**NORMAN:** What? Wha... I guess I fell asleep. Are you... hey.

(PEACHES is acting seductive)

Look at you. You haven't worn that since Valentine's Day.

**PEACHES:** Like it?

**NORMAN:** Love it.

(PEACHES continues to act seductive. NORMAN is not totally awake.)

Are you having a... mood?

(PEACHES continues)

You're about to make me have a mood too.

(NORMAN grabs PEACHES.  
They collapse on to the bed  
and writhe around a bit.)

Is there a reason for the festive atmosphere?

**PEACHES:** Maybe.

**NORMAN:** Heeey...

**PEACHES:** What? You know?

**NORMAN:** The lottery numbers?

**PEACHES:** No... something much better.

**NORMAN:** Wow. Really? Tell me! Oh Peaches, this is exciting.

**PEACHES:** Here. Why don't you open the champagne?

**NORMAN:** Our bottle of Dom Perignon. This must be special.

**PEACHES:** Go ahead. Pop your cork big guy.

(NORMAN pops cork. Pours  
two glasses. They each  
take a glass)

**NORMAN:** So, what are we drinking to?

**PEACHES:** To our future.

**NORMAN:** Our future.

(They toast, and drink)

Okay. Enough suspense. What's going on?

(PEACHES aggressively pushes him down onto bed)

Whoa!

(PEACHES does a tongue-roll purr. NORMAN dives under the covers. PEACHES pounces on him.)

**NORMAN:** (laughing) What are you on?

**PEACHES:** (still groping and writhing) It's what I'm off.

**NORMAN:** Okay, what are you off, aside from your rocker?

**PEACHES:** The pill.

(All groping stops. Long pause. NORMAN slowly brings his head out from under the covers.)

**NORMAN:** What pill?

**PEACHES:** The pill.

**NORMAN:** You ran out?

**PEACHES:** No.

(PEACHES laughs. NORMAN slowly sinks back under the covers.)

Now Norman, we've been talking about this.

**NORMAN:** No. You've been talking about this.

**PEACHES:** (coldly) Norman. We've been married four years. You knew this was what I wanted when we got married. I don't know how long it will take to get pregnant. This can be a long process. I'm 30. According to my flow chart, we need to start trying.

(NORMAN throws covers off of himself)

**NORMAN:** Flow chart!? Not you too!

(NORMAN dives back under covers)

(PEACHES snuggles up to him.)

**PEACHES:** Honey. You believe in God, right?

**NORMAN:** (yelling from under covers) You leave God out of this!

**PEACHES:** Look, let's just try it without birth control. You're the one who is always saying how we shouldn't worry about the future.

(NORMAN brings his head up from under covers.)

We try it. If I get pregnant, then it was meant to be. We're married now. If we don't have a kid, we might as well still be dating.

**NORMAN:** What happened to the girl I married? The carefree Peaches who would quit Bank of America to waitress at The Horseshoe?

**PEACHES:** Norman, I am still the girl you married. But people grow. People change. Priorities shift.

(NORMAN is visibly uncomfortable with this)

That scares you, doesn't it?

**NORMAN:** Yeah, you're right, maybe we should try it...

**PEACHES:** That's my Norman, always pulling through.

**NORMAN:** ...with a condom, I'll use a condom.

**PEACHES:** What!

**NORMAN:** We'll poke a pin hole in it--

**PEACHES:** Wait a second!

**NORMAN:** A little tiny pinhole. That way, if you get pregnant, we'll know it really, really, really was meant to be.

**PEACHES:** I want a baby, not the Messiah.

**NORMAN:** Okay, hold it. That's... that's your problem right there.

**PEACHES:** What, that I don't fancy myself as the Virgin Mary?

**NORMAN:** No, that all you want is a baby. Nice baby, all cuddles and smiles and coos.

Well, they don't stay babies forever. Soon it's watching Barney and singing those awful songs over and over and then it wants to play "Go Fish." But not just one game of "Go Fish," not just ten games of "Go Fish." It wants to play ten million games of "Go Fish." It throws its Lego blocks all over the house, which really hurt when you step on them with your bare feet. Then it starts asking you questions, nonstop, like you're being cross-examined. Really hard questions too, like "can you explain the international dateline?" and "what's the electoral college?"

No more just deciding to go out to a movie on the spur of the moment. No. You need to arrange a baby sitter, and no one wants to come take care of your little bratty kid on a perfectly good Friday night.

By the age of eight it's embarrassed to be seen with you and blames you for the rotten childhood it's having.

Eventually it leaves home and never calls you and never says thanks for all the sacrifices that you made and then you die and it gets all your life insurance money even though it never helped out with the premiums and pretty soon it's 80 years old and miserable and lonely and sitting on a park bench with a bad back and wondering why its parents ever brought it into this world and then it dies.

And you wonder why I'm not excited about having a kid.

**PEACHES:** Well, if you only look at it one sided like that --

**NORMAN:** You know what the problem is? The problem is when people are born, they're babies - all cute and adorable.

What if when they came out they were 80 years old and crotchety and mean. Same person. Same exact person, just the packaging has been altered. So now are you as excited? This is what you are bringing into the world; a lonely, miserable 80 year old in baby form.

But you don't see that. Out of sight, out of mind. You want a baby , a human puppy.

This is how God tricks women throughout the world. God made babies all cute and cuddly and that tricks women into thinking it's something appealing.

**PEACHES:** You are such a nega-muffin.

**NORMAN:** (pouts)



**PEACHES:** What if our kid is like Marcia's little baby?

**NORMAN:** Marcia's baby isn't like our baby. Marcia's baby doesn't hate us.

**PEACHES:** You're impossible. Norman, I also have doubts. This is scary for me too.

**NORMAN:** Ah, now we're getting somewhere.

**PEACHES:** I have the same fears you have. Fear of loss of control in my life. Fear of stagnation in my career, fear of raising a child only to have the kid turn on me.

**NORMAN:** Really? You think about this stuff too?

**PEACHES:** Sure! All the time.

**NORMAN:** Oh, that is such a relief. So you don't think you married a child-hating ogre just because I don't want to have kids?

**PEACHES:** No, I don't think you're a child-hating ogre.

**NORMAN:** But if you have these same concerns, why...

**PEACHES:** Because while I'm terrified at what I might lose by having a kid, I'm excited by what I might gain.

**NORMAN:** And what might you gain by having a baby?

**PEACHES:** The opportunity to love this baby as utterly and as completely as I love you.

**NORMAN:** (pause) Well... uh.... yes, there is that I suppose...

(PEACHES looks at him,  
tasting victory)

You cheated.

**PEACHES:** I did not cheat! You asked me a question and I answered you.

**NORMAN:** It's just your position has a tone of moral superiority.

**PEACHES:** Yeah, well... .

**NORMAN:** I always come off as being the big selfish monster and you always come off as being the loving, selfless saint.

**PEACHES:** I've noticed that too.

**NORMAN:** But... darn it Peaches, my position... everyone takes your side.

But, my side is moral too. Anything could happen. It might be born with a terrible astigmatism or it might have some horrible disease or it... it might be a boy. You just don't know.

**PEACHES:** Norman...

**NORMAN:** And like... like the world... the world is a really screwed up place right now. People live their life through television. There's no compassion. No one ever lets you merge onto the freeway. Guns are everywhere. At the grocery store people get into the express checkout line with more than twelve items.

It's just me, me, me.

So, what's so morally superior about wanting to bring another life into a world like that?

**PEACHES:** I have these same concerns. But, there's really no right time to have kids. If people waited for the right time, the human race would grind to a halt.

Remember, people had babies even while Hitler was terrorizing the world.

**NORMAN:** HA!

(NORMAN holds out his hand)

**PEACHES:** What?

**NORMAN:** You know darn well what. Pay up and you lose the argument.

**PEACHES:** That rule doesn't apply.

**NORMAN:** The rule is the first person to bring up Hitler during an argument loses the argument and owes the other person a dollar.

**PEACHES:** We're having a discussion, not an argument.

**NORMAN:** Sorry. You're taking one position, I'm taking the opposite position. Sounds like an argument to me.

(PEACHES crosses her arms. Pouts)

Hey - you made up the rule, not me.

(PEACHES is miffed)

Okay, I'll make a deal with you. We'll amend the rule to state that if the person who brought up Hitler pays the other person five dollars instead of one dollar, then they don't automatically lose the argument.

**PEACHES:** Oh...

(Unnoticed by Norman,  
PEACHES gets \$5 from  
Norman's wallet from his  
pants pocket)

This is so stupid.

Okay here.

(Hands NORMAN \$5)

**NORMAN:** It's immoral to apply a rule willy-nilly. If you're going to be a parent you need to learn that.

(NORMAN puts \$5 back into  
his wallet)

What's good enough for the goose is --

**PEACHES:** ALL RIGHT ALREADY!

**NORMAN:** (long pause) Hey, last time we had an argument you used the Hitler rule on me.

**PEACHES:** Yes, and if you will remember, you deserved it. That argument started because I simply said "sometimes I wish we had cable television."

**NORMAN:** Yes, and from cable television it's a slippery slope into the open arms of the Third Reich, which I correctly pointed out at the time.

**PEACHES:** I paid you the \$5, can we move on.

**NORMAN:** Where were we?

**PEACHES:** Jeez you can be irritating sometimes.

**NORMAN:** Well?

**PEACHES:** We were talking about how my position is morally superior to yours.

**NORMAN:** Ah yes.

**PEACHES:** And then you went off on some tangent about how the world is really a screwed up place and that that is why you don't want to have a kid.

**NORMAN:** Right. Plus, frankly, I don't think we're ready.

**PEACHES:** Of course we're ready. We are both very responsible adults.

**NORMAN:** We're responsible?

**PEACHES:** I believe so.

**NORMAN:** Well, I believe that Boris would have a different opinion about that.

**PEACHES:** Norman, what happened to Boris was... tragic, I admit.

**NORMAN:** The same thing could happen.

**PEACHES:** Norman, Boris was a goldfish.

**NORMAN:** It doesn't matter, the same thing could happen.

(PEACHES exhales loudly,  
frustrated)

Well, it could!

**PEACHES:** We are not going to return from vacation to find our baby floating upside down in the fish tank!

**NORMAN:** It could happen... figuratively speaking.

**PEACHES:** You know, I don't think you are being entirely honest right now.

**NORMAN:** How so?

**PEACHES:** Well, let me ask you something. What is your biggest fear about having a kid?

**NORMAN:** That my life will essentially be over.

**PEACHES:** Well, maybe we should talk about that.

**NORMAN:** Well, I happen to like my life right now. I love coming home from work and into my office and working on my photography. I feel completely at peace when I'm down there.

**PEACHES:** Honey, you'll still get to do that.

**NORMAN:** No I won't.

**PEACHES:** I'll make sure you still have time for your photography.

**NORMAN:** Peaches, it's as if you have no idea what we're in for if we have a baby. We will not have time for ourselves anymore.

**PEACHES:** We will have less time. But it's not like we won't have any time to pursue other things. I'm going to make it a priority that you get time to yourself.

**NORMAN:** Well, that's very sweet of you, I just don't believe it's possible, even if you do make it a priority.

(PEACHES dives under the covers, quietly sobs)

**NORMAN:** Sweetheart. Honey.

It's just, before we have a kid, I would just like to do something with my life.

**PEACHES:** (PEACHES emerges from covers, still teary.)

Your life isn't ending.

**NORMAN:** But that's how it feels. I know you will try, but I'm just not going to have time for my photography like I used to have.

Before doing this, I just wish I could get one gallery showing. Just one. I just want one of those snotty curators to say yes - this stuff is great and the public should see it.

**PEACHES:** Honey, you have a beautiful portfolio. Someone will recognize your talent.

**NORMAN:** I want to wait until I have at least one gallery showing. Can't we just do that?

**PEACHES:** Norman, this is a baby, not a terminal illness.

(NORMAN pouts)

And the photographers in those galleries, I'll bet that some of them actually have a kid. Maybe even more than one. It can be done.

**NORMAN:** Okay. Okay. There is something else.

**PEACHES:** What?

**NORMAN:** Well, the champagne, the romantic lighting, the sex-kitten outfit are really nice. But I feel like you've gotten all dolled up because you want something from me. I feel like I'm being used.

**PEACHES:** Norman! I would never use you.

**NORMAN:** I love all the romantic touches. Why don't we do this all the time? Why do we have to ruin it with conception? It makes it feel so, I don't know, utilitarian.

**PEACHES:** It's not ruining it. In fact, I think that no birth control is kind of sexy.

(PEACHES reaches for the bottle)

Here, why don't you have some more champagne?

**NORMAN:** (taking the bottle from PEACHES, offering to PEACHES)

No. No. Allow me.

**PEACHES:** Norman! You know I've stopped.

**NORMAN:** Stopped? In the last half hour?

**PEACHES:** (laughs) Silly, I haven't had a drop for the past four months.

**NORMAN:** (shakes his head) But...Well, sure, honey... whatever.

(PEACHES snuggles up to  
NORMAN)

**PEACHES:** I don't mean to sound morbid, but sometimes I think that if anything should happen to you, I just don't know what I would do with myself. I would like to know that a part of you is living on with me.

**NORMAN:** Oh, is that all it is. If I die, just have my parents move in. Problem solved.

**PEACHES:** It's not exactly--

**NORMAN:** Got the whole gene pool right there.

**PEACHES:** Can't you take anything seriously?

**NORMAN:** I'm gonna show you just how serious I can get.

(PEACHES and NORMAN  
cavort)

(PEACHES bolts upright in  
bed)

**PEACHES:** Do we have any frozen peas?

**NORMAN:** (pause) Um, why uh, sure we do.

**PEACHES:** Would you mind?



**NORMAN:** Now? You want me to cook you peas right now?

**PEACHES:** Uhg. No.

**NORMAN:** Good, for a second there I thought--

**PEACHES:** I just want them frozen...

(NORMAN stares in disbelief)

...does that seem a little weird?

**NORMAN:** Um, no... heck... I was just starting to feel a little peckish myself.

**PEACHES:** Good. Thank you honey.

(NORMAN gets out of bed in his pajamas, makes his way to kitchen area.)

**NORMAN:** Nice plate of frozen peas might just hit the spot.

**PEACHES:** I think little Jeremy will melt your heart. Just you wait.

**NORMAN:** Jeremy? Who's Jeremy?

**PEACHES:** Silly. "Who's Jeremy..."

**NORMAN:** What?

**PEACHES:** Should we have some tea with our peas?

(PEACHES slips into a floppy night shirt)

**NORMAN:** Tea? Why, sure. Sounds great. What kind of tea would you like?

**PEACHES:** That's okay. I'll get it.

(PEACHES gets out of bed.  
SHE IS SIX MONTHS  
PREGNANT.)

Is Darjeeling okay?

(NORMAN stares in  
disbelief)

Honey, are you okay?

**NORMAN:** No.

**PEACHES:** (suddenly self conscious at the staring)

You're looking at me funny.

**NORMAN:** What happened to you?

(PEACHES indicates that he  
should bring his ear close to  
her mouth. He does. She  
does the tongue roll purr  
like she did earlier. She  
laughs. She begins to make  
the tea.)

Here. Here. Sit.

(NORMAN leads PEACHES  
to a rocking chair.)

I'll take care of the tea.

**PEACHES:** (settling into rocking chair)

Ahhh... that's better.

(NORMAN is confused and  
awkward. PEACHES rocks.  
She's blissful.)

(looking up at him) Honey?

**NORMAN:** WHAT!!

**PEACHES:** The tea.

**NORMAN:** Right... the tea.

(NORMAN goes and begins boiling the water, getting frozen peas, preparing tea.)

It won't be long.

**PEACHES:** Just three more months...

**NORMAN:** No, I mean... three months?

**PEACHES:** Doctor Cramer says the first one can often be one or two weeks late.

**NORMAN:** Doctor Cramer?

**PEACHES:** Lucy. The OB? Norman?

**NORMAN:** Right, Lucy.

**PEACHES:** Are you okay, darling?

**NORMAN:** Me. Fine.

**PEACHES:** I can't believe I've been pregnant six months already.

**NORMAN:** (mortified) ... six months... but just a minute ago...

(PEACHES rocks gently in chair)

Listen, I've been thinking about this--

**PEACHES:** Would you be disappointed if we skipped our class tonight? I really am not feeling up to it.

**NORMAN:** Right. Our class. Well, I had so been looking forward to it.

**PEACHES:** I'm sorry honey. I'm just having a rough night.

**NORMAN:** Yeah, well, you and me both, eh?

**PEACHES:** Call and tell them we won't make it tonight.

Remember tonight is the parenting class. Not Lamaze. Don't get confused like you did last week.

**NORMAN:** Right. No, won't let that happen again... no sir.

**PEACHES:** I feel like I haven't had a bowel movement for a month.

**NORMAN:** Boy, don't I know that feeling.

(pause) Is that what I should tell them? No bowel movement?

**PEACHES:** Sure, they'll understand.

**NORMAN:** Right.

**PEACHES:** (flinching again) OH!

**NORMAN:** (NORMAN runs to Peaches)

What's he doing now?

**PEACHES:** I swear he's practicing for a triathlon in there.

**NORMAN:** (a nervous wreck) Peaches, listen.

(PEACHES looks up at him blissfully. Rocking. She's in another dimension. )

I've... I've been thinking about this. You know what I came up with?

**PEACHES:** Hmmmm?

**NORMAN:** A puppy. We, you know, just to see if we like the responsibility and all, just start with a puppy, two if you like, and –

**PEACHES:** Puppy... that's nice.

Jeremy might like a puppy.

**NORMAN:** No, no. For us, not for...

(PEACHES begins to hum  
softly to herself)

**NORMAN:** (pause) Peaches?

**PEACHES:** Hmmm?

**NORMAN:** Some of our friends with kids?

**PEACHES:** mmm

**NORMAN:** You know how they invite us over to their house  
and then all we do is talk about their stupid kid and  
admire it's potty-training seat and sit around and  
watch the kid like it's some carbon-based  
television set?

**PEACHES:** mmm

**NORMAN:** We would never be like that?

**PEACHES:** Huh-ah.

**NORMAN:** (pause) Peaches?

**PEACHES:** hmmm?

**NORMAN:** You seem a little funny. What's going on with  
you right now?

**PEACHES:** I'm feeling moving inside of me a life force  
connecting me with all of humanity from the  
beginning of time.

**NORMAN:** (pause) I mean, aside from that.

**PEACHES:** The spirit of the ages is welling up within me.

(PEACHES looks off into the distance as she begins her vision)

A sacred ritual connecting me to my mother, and her mother before her. Connecting me to Roxy, our beagle when I was in kindergarten, to salmon spawning in the rivers around the world to eagles hatching eggs in their nests.

That overwhelming need to propel life forward.

(PEACHES struggles to rise. She is now eight months pregnant.)

(Louder)

From amoebas to frogs to coyotes to daffodils to snakes to dinosaurs.

(Louder)

**HANDS ACROSS THE SPECIES!**

(To her feet. )

(Throws her head back, arms held in a V above her head, fists clenched)

**SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL!**

(She holds this pose a moment, then lets her arms drop to her side. Looks at Norman, regular, matter-of-fact voice:)

Okay, let's go.

(She makes her way toward the door. NORMAN is baffled, still on the floor.)

**NORMAN:** Huh?

(PEACHES turns toward Norman)

**PEACHES:** We're going to be late for class.

**NORMAN:** Class. Oh my gosh, the class. I forgot to call and tell them you weren't feeling well.

**PEACHES:** Huh?

**NORMAN:** Remember - no bowel movement for a month?

**PEACHES:** Norman, get with it. That was three weeks ago.

**NORMAN:** Right. Yeah, I'll be right there.

**PEACHES:** (as PEACHES struggles into a nice maternity dress)

You really seem stressed out. Honey, why don't you and Syd take some time. Go backpacking a few days. Get some quality guy-time in before the baby comes.

**NORMAN:** Guy time. Yeah.

(Doorbell rings)

**PEACHES:** Ah. They're here.

**NORMAN:** Who's here?

**PEACHES:** Syd and Joanne, silly.

**NORMAN:** What about the class?

**PEACHES:** We're all done with the classes, sweetheart. You're having trouble keeping things straight, poor thing.

(NORMAN stands there. )

Well?

**NORMAN:** Well what?

**PEACHES:** Aren't you going to get the door?

**NORMAN:** I figured the doorbell rang last week.

**PEACHES:** Silly.

(PEACHES waddles to door. Opens it. There stands Syd and Joanne)

**SYD:** Peaches! Hey, Norman!

(Greetings all around. SYD and JOANNE enter. SYD carries a grocery bag. JOANNE is about six months pregnant.)

**SYD:** You girls sit. The men will take care of things in the kitchen. Norman?

(NORMAN follows SYD into the kitchen area.)

**NORMAN:** Syd. Listen. Something weird is going on.

(SYD is unpacking the grocery bag. Iceberg lettuce, canned peaches, cottage cheese, maraschino cherries, paprika.)

I don't really know where to begin. I--



**JOANNE:** Syd, remember to show Norman the photos.

**NORMAN:** Photos?

**SYD:** Of the backpack trip.

**NORMAN:** (dejected) Yes, of course. The backpack trip.

**JOANNE:** Peaches, you gotta see these photos. Those two in the wild are a sight to behold!

**SYD:** We gotta treasure those photos, right Norman? Proof that we once had a life. Proof that we can do more than just wipe poopy butts and dodge projectile vomit.

(NORMAN wobbles over to a chair and collapses in it.)

Hey, you all right there, big fella?

**JOANNE:** Norman, are you okay?

**PEACHES:** He has been out of sorts recently.

**SYD:** I got just the ticket for you here Norman. Nice bowl of peaches en regalia coming right up.

**PEACHES:** Joanne, I just finished this great parenting book I gotta lend to you and Syd.

**JOANNE:** I'd love to read it. Just don't get Syd started on parenting books.

**SYD:** Hey. Republicans don't read parenting books. Sorry.

**JOANNE:** He keeps saying he'll read a parenting books when our kid reads a "childing" book.

**SYD:** When we become parents, Joanne and I will figure it out. And anyway, let's say we're bad parents - well, bad parents got as much to teach kids as good parents. For a kid, having bad parents is like

reaching for the toilet paper and finding an empty tube. You improvise.

**JOANNE:** Syd's real envious, you having a boy.

**SYD:** You're a lucky duck there Norman. Takin' the kid to see construction sites. Tossin' around a football. Hangin' out at the fire station. Blowin' up shit.

(NORMAN groans)

**PEACHES:** Norman is a little nervous.

**JOANNE:** That's perfectly understandable. It's a big change.

**SYD:** What's your worry, amigo?

**PEACHES:** He feels like he won't have any time to himself after the baby comes.

**SYD:** But you and Joanne took that time management course, right? You guys know all about how to take a few precious stolen minutes and make 'em feel like hours. Time is your slave!

(NORMAN groans)

Norman, what would the Contented Little Pussy Cat say if he saw you like this?

(Norman groans)

He'd say "don't worry about what might happen tomorrow." Right?

**JOANNE:** Norman, after our Jasmine is born, we can share the burden.

**NORMAN:** (distant, but interested) Uh?

**JOANNE:** Sure. I take the babies to the park. Give you some time. Other times you take Jasmine and Jeremy, go on little adventures to the museum, galleries. You'll have a great time. They'll be your little companions.

(SYD comes in with the peaches en regalia)

**SYD:** And Jeremy and Jasmine can ride shotgun in my truck when I run a flip-flop.

**PEACHES:** Norman, you're going to get through this thing.

(SYD sets the peaches en regalia on NORMAN'S lap. Norman doesn't respond)

**SYD:** Once a week, we get together, the four of us...

**JOANNE:** The six of us.

**SYD:** The six of us, for a movie at home and peaches en regalia for dessert.

(SYD sits beside Norman. SYD spoons up a bite of peaches en regalia from the bowl in Norman's lap)

The babies crawl all over the place, we don't care. It'll be this weekly ritual. Rug rats running wild.

**JOANNE:** And Norman, Jeremy would be a great subject for your photography. Right? You could do a whole, what do they call them...

**PEACHES:** Series.

**JOANNE:** A whole series on Jeremy.

**SYD:** And we'd let you borrow Jasmine for the series.

**JOANNE:** I bet a gallery would be really interested in showcasing really creative baby photos.

**SYD:** What do you say Norman?

(pause. NORMAN opens his mouth. SYD spoons in the peaches.)

Who's my good boy!?!)

(moment)

Well, we really should be going.

**NORMAN:** But you just got here!

(SYD, JOANNE, and PEACHES all stare at Norman. Moment.)

Right.

**PEACHES:** Thanks for coming over guys. I'll walk you out to the car.

**SYD:** See ya later, Norman.

**JOANNE:** Bye, Norman.

(PEACHES, SYD and JOANNE exit through the door.

The tea pot that was put on at the top of the act begins to whistle.

NORMAN turns off the tea pot and pours two cups of tea.

PEACHES enters. She has on a dress. She is no longer

pregnant. She is carrying a pile of mail)

**NORMAN:** PEACHES!

(PEACHES stops.)

**PEACHES:** (imitating Norman) **NORMAN!**

(PEACHES begins sorting and reading mail.

NORMAN just stares. Then brings tea to Peaches. NORMAN stands beside Peaches, not saying anything. PEACHES is engrossed in mail.)

(taking cup of tea)

Thanks honey.

(NORMAN sits awkwardly. Pause.)

**NORMAN:** Well... so... You aren't pregnant.

**PEACHES:** (absently) Hope not.

**NORMAN:** (Long pause) So... what was it then?

**PEACHES:** Oh... don't know. Bad dream maybe.

(NORMAN feigns fainting.)

**NORMAN:** Bad dream?

(Pause)

Yeah, okay, bad dream.

Well...

(baby cries. NORMAN jumps.)

**PEACHES:** Or maybe he's not having a bad dream. Maybe he's wet. Could you go check on him.

(NORMAN wanders from the room in a daze. NORMAN reenters, holding baby like it's a space alien.)

**NORMAN:** Jeremy?

**PEACHES:** (PEACHES continues with mail)

Was he wet?

(NORMAN feels baby bottom)

**NORMAN:** No, no, I don't think it's wet.

**PEACHES:** (Pause) He can't be hungry again already.

(NORMAN looks at baby.)

**NORMAN:** No, no... it doesn't look hungry.

**PEACHES:** Maybe he just wants to be cuddled.

**NORMAN:** Cuddled. Right.

(NORMAN awkwardly brings baby in close. Begins cuddling baby.)

**PEACHES:** (excited, holding up letter) Hey Norman, look!

**NORMAN:** Really! The lottery?!

**PEACHES:** No! Gerbers! You got a letter from Gerbers!

**NORMAN:** The baby food company?

**PEACHES:** Yeah, yeah. Want me to open it or do you want to?

**NORMAN:** Gerbers... you better open it. Don't think I could handle the excitement.

(PEACHES rips open letter,  
squeals, leaps to her feet.)

**PEACHES:** NORMAN. My God! YOU WON!!

**NORMAN:** I won a baby food contest?

**PEACHES:** No silly. You won the Gerbers BabyFace photo  
contest. Your photo of Jeremy took first place!

**NORMAN:** Let me see that.

**PEACHES:** And Jeremy is going to be a Gerbers Baby.

**NORMAN:** Wow. Hey Jeremy did you hear that? We won!

**PEACHES:** I am so proud of you. Both of you.

(PEACHES hugs Norman  
and baby)

Look at you. Can you believe you ever had doubts  
about having a baby?

**NORMAN:** (still not convinced) Well, it's like I always say.  
Never be unhappy about what happened  
yesterday, or worry about what might happen  
tomorrow.

**PEACHES:** (kisses him on the cheek) That's my Norman.

(Instrumental song from the  
beginning of the play blasts  
out again)

**END OF PLAY**