The Light
By Patricia Ione Lloyd

Characters:

**Sam:** Any race, any gender – a person nervously awaiting the birth of their first child

**Taylor:** A construction worker, any race any gender, in love with their partner, looking forward to the birth of their baby

**Alex:** A sex loving hipster happy to start a family any race any gender

**Gangster 1:** A 1930’s mob boss. Any race any gender

**Gangster 2:** A 1930’s gangster. Any race any gender

**Grumpy Old Person:** 105 year old grumpy person any race any gender.

**Doctor:** Any race any gender

**Squirrel:** Any race any gender

Setting: Three people wait nervously in a hospital maternity ward waiting room. It is present day. They sit or stand in front of three doors. Behind those doors their partners are giving birth. They face the audience. Upstage is the outside area, it is a desolate park with one wooden bench, a magical area where it can be any time of day or year. A place where souls are reborn.

**Sam:** When I first met my partner, I didn’t know that I was broken. My partner made me whole except for one missing piece. This baby is that piece.
Taylor: We never planned on having a baby but shit happens. I mean hell people were starting to think I was weird, some kind of creep. Ain’t no creep. Lookin at babies in parks and in restaurants, sometimes I’d see them everywhere, I mean everywhere. Smiling at me while playing with their little baby toes and little baby fingers. She saw them too. It was okay for her to play peek a-boo with them but not for me. Does it make me a criminal to want to see the delight in a child’s eyes when it’s still you there, behind your hands? plays peek a boo with an imaginary child and laughs. So yeah shit happens, your girlfriend gets knocked up, but sometimes when shit happens its good, its good shit. The baby is two months early. I asked the doctor if that was enough time, if the baby had cooked enough and she said yes. I think that’s because my girlfriend is so frickin hot.

Alex: I wonder how soon we can have sex after the baby is born? Maybe two weeks? The best sex I ever had in my life was with my partner. Especially when we were trying to get pregnant. We had to try. And afterwards they’d cover my face with kisses and stand on their head. I told them that probably wouldn’t help, but they look hot upside down. They do yoga. Maybe we could have sex in a week.

Sam: I’m going to get coffee. Does anyone want coffee? Everyone shakes their heads no. Me neither. I’m missing the birth of my child, coffee isn’t going to help.

Alex: Yeah, I was watching from the observation area but I fainted.

Taylor: I threw up. Everyone moves their chairs away from Taylor. There is a pause, both people look at Sam.

Alex: And?

Sam: And what?

Taylor: Why’d they kick you out of the observation area?

Sam: I was crying.

Alex: What?
Sam: I was crying, and I couldn’t stop, I couldn’t stop crying.

Taylor: Come on

Alex: Seriously?

Sam: At least I didn’t throw up.

Taylor: Throwing up is better than crying.

Alex: When your partner is having a baby throwing up is better than crying. Actually, throwing up is always better than crying.

Taylor: Thank you.

Sam: I was just thinking when you die you’re supposed to see a light at the end of the tunnel but what if we never die, what if we just keep on being reborn, what if that light is us coming out of another vagina, into another time, into another life.

Alex: What the hell are you talking about?

Taylor: reincarnation.

Alex: Reincarnation made you cry in the delivery room?

Taylor: Come on

Alex: Seriously?

Alex: No wonder they kicked you out. The people become silent they turn and face their respective doors, the lights dim. Lights up on the park bench. The time is in the 1930’s, two people in fedoras and trench coats sit side by side on the bench. Gangster 1 takes out a cigarette and the other one lights it for him.

Gangster 1: Thank you.
Gangster 2: You’re welcome boss.

Gangster 1: Do you want one?

Gangster 2: Nah I gave them up. I want to live a long time.

Gangster1: Why do you have a lighter then?

Gangster 2: For you boss and for the dames that haven’t quit smoking yet, it’s bad for you ya know.

Gangster 1: Ahh you were always like a child of mine to me you always were.

Gangster 2: And you’ve been like a parent to me boss.

Gangster 1: I wish I could trust you kid I really do.

Gangster 2: What are you talking about boss, you can trust me. I’d rather die a million times then do anything to make you not trust me, honest.

Gangster 1: But you did my wife, even worse you made love to her and so you’re no longer no the apple of my eye.

Gangster 2: Boss please …. 

Gangster 1: Just look for the light kiddo, look for the light. *He pulls out a gun and the lights go down as we hear a shot fired. Lights up on the hospital maternity ward waiting room. We hear the sound of a baby crying from one of the closed doors. Taylor jumps and moves to open his door.*

Taylor: I hope it’s a little girl. *He exits into the delivery room. Sam and Alex look at each other.*

Sam: I wonder …

Alex: Don’t. *Lights down on the hospital maternity ward waiting room. Lights up on the park bench, it is present day. A grumpy old person sits alone on the bench feeding the pigeons.*
**Grumpy Old Person:** I hate pigeons, they’re not even birds. Now a bird is a cardinal or a blue jay or a dove. Look at that pigeon eat a chicken wing. Disgusting. I only feed them so I don’t look crazy. I don’t want anyone to know what I’m really doing. I’m waiting to die. I’m not depressed, I’m not suicidal, I’m not having a crisis of faith. I want to die because 105 years old. I’m older than old. I’m not 105 years young, I’m 105 years ancient. My children are grown and when I see their kids they always ask me for a piece of candy. I don’t walk around with candy in my pockets. Just because I’m old doesn’t mean I give out butter scotch candies to little children. But then my August died. We were married for 80 years. I love them. They weren’t just my partner they were my person. The person who I talked to when I was happy or sad the person I kissed and held. The person who made me feel that life was worth living just to see their face. I don’t like people, don’t like more than 3 ice cubes in my drink, like the right side of the sheet turned down on the bed. I’m a difficult person always have been but they saw the good in me, and it made me want to be better. Although I wasn’t ever really better, they still loved me. I had heard these stories about old married couples, how when one person dies the other dies a couple years afterwards. No known cause, just a broken heart. My heart is broken and it’s been 5 years. I want to be with August again. When I close my eyes I can still see their face. Closes eyes. So beautiful. It’s the only time I’m happy. I’m living my life with my eyes closed, hoping to get mugged but I never do. Oh August I miss you, nothing makes sense without you my love. opens his eyes. August? Oh my August I can still see you. My heart is so full with the sight of you it’s bursting. There’s the light it’s so beautiful. clutches chest and smiles Lights up on the hospital maternity ward waiting room.

**Alex:** I can’t take it anymore. opens door and stands in the door way with back facing the audience

**Doctor 1:** Here is your baby, so cute and so grumpy

**Alex:** so beautiful ….

*Alex exits into the delivery room.*
Sam: I will not cry, there’s nothing to cry about, I will not cry. Lights down on the maternity ward waiting room. Lights up on the park bench it is present day. There is a squirrel on the bench holding a note.


The squirrel stops as it spots the left-over chicken wing that the pigeon was just eating.


The squirrel drops the nut and hops off the bench and goes over to the chicken wing. The squirrel sniffs it curiously.

Squirrel: What is this? It is not a nut. Who cares about nuts. I hate nuts. Always gotta get the nut. Crack the nut eat the nut. But this is. But this is. I think this is what they call fried chicken.

The squirrel picks up the chicken wing and carries it over to the bench.

Squirrel: Got the fried chicken wing. Got the fried chicken wing. Eat the fried chicken wing. Eat the fried chicken wing. Happy yum yum happy yum yum

All of the sudden the squirrel begins to choke and we are back in the maternity ward.

Doctor: Sam you can come in and see your partner and baby now. You’ve got quite a feisty baby and they’re already eating.

END OF PLAY