

Dadly Intentions - A musical © COPYRIGHT 2018

ACT I

Welcome to the Club

(Lights up SC. The COMPANY consists of DOCTOR, NURSE and other HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATORS, ORDERLIES, DOCTORS AND NURSES. They are huddled in a circle, concealing a hospital bed behind them, concealing HAROLD and WENDY. A HOSPITAL HALLWAY IMAGE is projected on the US syc.)

SOUNDS OF HOSPITAL NOISES begin to bleep, buzz and chime off in syncopation. As they progress, they mount and multiply.)

HAROLD
(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP.)

Push.

WENDY
(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP.)

Argh!

HAROLD
(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP.)

Push.

WENDY
(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP.)

NO!

HAROLD
(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ.)

Keeping pushing.

WENDY
(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ.)

Argh!

HAROLD
(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ.)

I can see the head!

WENDY

What's it look?

HAROLD

Like you're giving birth to uncle Morty's hairpiece.

(Score begins.)

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.)

Push babe!

WENDY

(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.)

Drugs!

DOCTOR

It's too late for that!

WENDY

I don't give a ... !

(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.
BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.)

The company parts revealing Wendy
in the hospital bed, hooked up to
all the expected vitals monitoring
equipment. Doctor and Nurse
watching the vitals display. Harold
stands at her bed side. He crosses
slightly DS.)

HAROLD

*For the last eight months it's been hell.
For my wife and a little for me as well.
But we are finally there...*

WENDY

(to Doctor) Get him out! I don't care!

HAROLD

I'm ready for life to be swell.

*All the late nights rubbing her feet.
All the cravings for things semi-sweet.
It's all come to a head...*

WENDY

Stop singing or your dead!

HAROLD
My child I will finally meet.

NURSE
Oh, this is not going to be easy.

DOCTOR
Oh, I think they'll be fine.

NURSE, DOCTOR
Oh-OH, the dad looks a bit queasy.

HAROLD
Someone quick get my vodka and lime.

COMPANY
*Welcome.
To your new life.
Where everything changes.
But you will be fine.*

Welcome.

HAROLD
(To Wendy) Baby, what can I rub?

COMPANY
*And the wonders of Dad-dom.
You are now in the club.*

NURSE
(To Harold) Dad, this is probably going to take a while, we are going to move your wife to another room and we can keep a closer eye on the baby. If you'd like to stay in the waiting room, get a coffee or something. We'll come get you when she's close. Someone will bring you your scrubs.

HAROLD
I'm not leaving my wife.

WENDY
*(A contraction grabs her.)
(To Harold) I HATE YOU AND EVERYTHING YOU STAND FOR!!!!*

HAROLD
I could use a coffee, sure.
(He exits SL. Company surrounds Wendy as her bed is wheeled USC.

Lights crossfade to DSL; a waiting room.

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOO.
BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOO.

PRESTON enters from SR and crosses DSL where a small table is set up with a coffee dispenser, cream and sugar fixings. A HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM IMAGE is projected on the syc. Preston is anxious and aggravated.)

PRESTON

*Why does this take so much time?
We've been here since about five...this morning.
I've never known this much stress.
It's a C-section I'll bet
And all the babies for have arrived except mine.*

*There should be more magazines.
And friends on which I could lean.
They came to wheel her away
And I've been waiting all day
(off his coffee) I think this doesn't have enough cream.
(Harold enters from SL and
approaches Preston.)*

HAROLD

Oh, where can a guy get a coffee?

PRESTON

Oh, they have more. It's not bad.

HAROLD, PRESTON

*(to each other) Oh-OH, I think you look worse than I do.
Giving birth...can be so hard on the DAD.*

*(Preston extends his hand to greet
Harold.)*

PRESTON

Preston Morris.

HAROLD

(Shakes Preston's hand.)

Harold...Quinn.

PRESTON

Your wife is in labor too, I'm guessing.

HAROLD

Yeah, they just took her back. They're saying it's going to be a while.

PRESTON

Yeah. Seems like I've been here forever. I hope she's okay.

HAROLD

They say she is but she's delivering premature, so I'm a little nervous.

PRESTON

I'm sure they know what they're doing.

HAROLD

I feel like I know you. Seen you before, I mean.

(It comes to him.)

Wait, Morris. You're the guy. The guy running for congress all the papers are talking about.

PRESTON

Are they? Thank gawd. (beat) Are you a registered voter?

HAROLD

I am.

PRESTON

Here, let me get that coffee for you.

(He makes Harold a cup.)

Cream? Sugar? Tired of Washington sitting on the fence to draft a viable living wage act?

HAROLD

Uh...Yes...yes, and I'm a stage and screen writer, producer so I think I may be doomed to never making a livable wage anyways.

(Preston laughs. Nurse enters from SR with scrubs.)

NURSE

Mr. Quinn, it's almost time. I'll need you to put these on and follow me. You can use the rest room over there to change.

HAROLD

Great, thank you. (to Preston) Thanks for the coffee. Good luck with the election if you aren't around later.

PRESTON

I'm sure I'll be here.

(Harold exits SR with scrubs and Nurse.)

*There should be more magazines.
And friends on which I could lean.*

COMPANY

*Welcome.
To your new life.
Where everything changes.
But you will be fine.*

(Harold enters from SR wearing the scrubs and joins his bed-ridden wife at SC. HOSPITAL HALLWAY is projected on the syc.)

Welcome.

HAROLD

Baby, what can I rub?

COMPANY

*And the wonders of Dad-dom.
You are now in the club.*

(BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.
BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.)

NURSE

(to Doctor) *Why is there such a delay?*

DOCTOR

The heartbeat is in disarray.

NURSE

Is the child in distress?

DOCTOR

*No, I'd say at my best,
There may be more than one coming today.*
(Score stops abruptly.)

HAROLD

What?

WENDY

WHAT?!

DOCTOR

Yes. You are having twins.

HAROLD

You're telling us NOW?

NURSE

Sometimes these things are missed during prenatal care.

HAROLD

Yeah maybe a hundred years ago. MISSED? That's kind of an important thing for us to have known before TODAY.

DOCTOR

I apologize. I do. However, it doesn't change the fact that there are two babies on the way and one of them is trying to push the other out before it's ready.

HAROLD

Twins. ... We're having twins?

WENDY

Technically, I'M having twins.

DOCTOR

Isn't it fantastic?

NURSE

Congratulations! You're so blessed.

DOCTOR

You guys are going to have so much fun.

(Score resumes.

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.)

HAROLD

How could this have happened, when...

(Wendy interrupts and Company and
score stops abruptly again.)

WENDY

Harold, I swear to gawd if you start singing again, I will eat your heart out of your chest!

(Harold stands mouth agape. He
looks around at Company. They shake
their heads "NO" to him.)

DOCTOR

Dad, how about you go back to the waiting room. We are going to

move your wife to an operating room. We are going to have to get the kids out by C-section.

WENDY

(nervous) Harold?

HAROLD

It'll be fine, babe. They do these things all the time. (to doctor) Right?

(Doctor nods.)

You'll be fine.

WENDY

I'm not worried about me...but it's a C-section.

(She begins to weep.)

(beat) It's beach season.

(Score resumes as Harold exits SL. Lights crossfade to DSL where Preston still remains in the waiting room. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM is projected on the syc.

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ, WHOOP.

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ, WHOOP.

Harold listlessly enters from SL in a daze. An ADMINISTRATOR passes him as he enters.)

ADMINISTRATOR

Hello again. How are things progressing back there? Are you excited?

HAROLD

TWINS!

(Startled, Administrator exits SL as Harold passes to join Preston.)

PRESTON

You're having twins.

HAROLD

Twins.

PRESTON

Holy lordy, that's incredible. Did you even know you were having twins?

Twins.

HAROLD

PRESTON

(Chuckles.)

Not sinking in all that well, eh?

HAROLD

*I've always heard the word...twins.
A concept which never occurred...twins.
There's two of them...two.
Twice the mouths.
Twice the diapers.
Twice the car seats.
Twice the strollers.
Twice the clothes.
And twice the college.
Twice the everything.
Twice the EVERYTHING...twins.*

PRESTON

*It could be easier too.
I mean, easier for you.*

HAROLD

How could that be?

PRESTON

*When they get old enough, you see,
They'll have each other to play with, maybe.*

Maybe they'll keep each other occupied so you don't have to all the time.

HAROLD

Interesting. (beat) Wait, you're still here?

PRESTON

(exhausted) Obviously. Nine hours so far. I'm starting to think waiting on this boy may be the theme for the rest of my life.

HAROLD

You know it's a boy? We decided to keep it a surprise.

PRESTON

My wife and I had to know. We kept arguing about names so we had to at least reduce our options to keep from stangling each other.

I just want him here.

*I'm ready for this next chapter.
It's such a big year,
And I couldn't be happier.*

*I'm anxious to get started.
Me, my wife and our little Charles Xavier Daniels-Morris
will never be parted!*

(Score abruptly stops.)

HAROLD

Wait, wait. Your kid is going to be Charles Xavier Daniels-Morris? (beat) You're literally going to have people be able to call him Charlie Daniels, Charles Xavier AND Chuck Morris?

PRESTON

Yeah. They're all family names. Why?

HAROLD

No reason. Just making sure I'm not calling an accounting firm when he answers the phone.

(NURSE enters from SC.)

NURSE

Mr. Quinn your wife is ready.

HAROLD

No one can be ready for this. (to Preston) My regards to your wife and Professor X.

(Preston nods. The score resumes.)

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOO.
BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOO.

Harold and Nurse cross to SC as lights crossfade back. Preston exists SL after crossfade. A HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM image is projected on the syc.

Wendy lays flat on an operating table with her head DS and a blinder set up between her chest and her feet. Doctor, Nurse and a handful of Orderlies attend to her, all dressed for surgery.)

HAROLD

*Oh, how do you love more than one?
Oh, will you just know when they come?*

NURSE, DOCTOR
Oh-OH, you will know what to do.

HAROLD
I'm think I've about come undone.

(The sounds of TWO INFANTS CRYING
comes from behind the blinder.
Doctor and Nurse step out from
behind it with the SWADDLED
INFANTS.)

Slowly, Harold's demeanor changes.
The sound of hearing his children
for the first time overwhelms him.
He turns to see them.)

Are they okay?
WENDY

They are perfect.
DOCTOR

What...are they?
WENDY

They are fraternal. One's a boy and one's a girl.
DOCTOR

(lovestruck) Oh...
WENDY

(feeling sick) Oh...
HAROLD

Any ideas for names?
NURSE

(to Harold) You name the boy. I'll name the girl.
WENDY

Really?
HAROLD

Yeah.
WENDY

HAROLD

Count of three. (Beat) One.

Two.

WENDY

THREE.

HAROLD

(simultaneous with below) Blake.

WENDY

(simultaneous with above) Mason.

HAROLD

(They pause.)

Blake and Mason. I love it.

WENDY

I love YOU.

HAROLD

(Score swells.)

COMPANY

*Welcome.
To your new life.
Where everything changes.
But you will be fine.*

Welcome.

(Preston enters ecstatically from
SL holding his own swaddled child.)

HAROLD, PRESTON

Thanks to the women we love!

COMPANY

*And the wonders of Dad-dom.
You are now in the club.*

*Welcome.
To your new life.*

PRESTON

To one hell of a year.

HAROLD

To anxiety and fear.

NURSE

You will have so much fun.

WENDY

Sew me up, please, someone!

COMPANY

And the wonders of Dad-dom.

You are now in the club.

(Doctor and Nurse hand both infant
Mason and Becky to Harold.)

You are now in the club.

(Preston, Doctor, Nurse and Company
strike the set, wheel Wendy off and
all exit SR and SL.)

HAROLD

I am now in the club.

(Looks at both his new infants.)

Twice.

(Lights fade out as score swells.)

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP, BLIP, BUZZ,
WHOOOP.

Score ends in black.)

End of scene.