

ACT ONE

scene one

(Lights up on the living room. Holly is there, cheerily straightening and preparing for Jack's arrival. She hears him outside and moves to the center of the room anxiously waiting for him to enter. Jack enters wearing a coat, carrying a brief case, etc. He sees her and stops and smiles.)

JACK: Hi.

HOLLY: *(Bursting with excitement)* I'm pregnant! *(Jack is temporarily paralyzed by this news.)* Jack? Did you hear me? *(He doesn't move or even look up)* Jack?

JACK: *(Looks up at the call of his name, but takes a long moment to compose a response.)* Hm?

HOLLY: *(Still bubbling)* Did you hear me? I'm pregnant!

JACK: *(After a beat, still frozen where he stands)* Hm?

HOLLY: *(Slowly enunciating)* I'm pregnant.

JACK: No you're not.

HOLLY: Yes I am.

JACK: No.

HOLLY: Yes.

JACK: *(Hopefully)* Indigestion?

HOLLY: *(Holding up a home pregnancy test stick)* Blue!

JACK: That could be wrong.

HOLLY: *(Holding up a paper)* Test.

JACK: Probably some young intern who can't even take a temperature.

HOLLY: He's been our family doctor for over thirty years.

JACK: Senile.

Jack *
Holly *

HOLLY: No.

JACK: Mixed your test up with someone else's.

HOLLY: I'm ten weeks along. The due date is September third.

JACK: (*Slow realization*) Oh. September. . . .

HOLLY: Third!

JACK: (*A beat*) So. You're --

HOLLY: Pregnant!

JACK: (*Trying to collect his thoughts*) Well . . . I'm

HOLLY: Happy?

JACK: I'm

HOLLY: Excited? (*Starting to sound concerned.*)

JACK: (*Keeping the exact same tone as before*) I'm

HOLLY: Surprised? (*Getting wary.*)

JACK: I'm

HOLLY: Starting to piss me off.

JACK: (*Finally declaring*) Confused!

HOLLY: (*Not happy with his answer*) Confused?

JACK: You're

HOLLY: Pregnant. We've been through this already.

JACK: Pregnant?

HOLLY: Yes.

JACK: How?

HOLLY: Please. You were there.

JACK: No. (*Tries to think of another way to put it.*) How?

HOLLY: How what?

JACK: Birth control?

HOLLY: Remember that weekend we spent at the beach house?

JACK: (*Smiling at the memory*) Yeah. . . .

HOLLY: Remember -- I forgot to pack my birth control pills?

JACK: It was just a weekend. Don't those things last a little longer than that?

HOLLY: That's not how they work. And what do you mean -- just a weekend?

JACK: Two days. Forty eight hours.

HOLLY: But we had sex all weekend. We barely even saw the ocean. I mean, we must have done it a few dozen times at least. I walked funny for days afterward.

JACK: Me too. But it was just two days.

HOLLY: Two days of mad, passionate sex. (*Being flirty in an attempt to get more than a dazed reaction from him*) Quantity and quality.

JACK: It was just two days.

HOLLY: (*Suddenly no nonsense*) OK. You can stop saying that now.

JACK: (*A beat, thinking, then quickly*) Are you sure? (*She holds up the pregnancy stick and paperwork.*) Oh. Yeah.

HOLLY: Why do I get the feeling that you're less than thrilled about this?

JACK: Thrilled? In the past few minutes at least five years have been taken off of my life from the sheer shock.

HOLLY: Shock? Why are you shocked?

JACK: Oh, I don't know. Maybe because the last thing -- with perhaps the exception of you confessing that you were actually secretly a lesbian -- the last thing I ever expected you to say when I walked through the door was "I'm pregnant." So, yeah -- it's something of a surprise to me. What did you expect?

HOLLY: (*A little hurt*) I expected you to be a little more caring and a little less insensitive.

JACK: Insensitive? I could be having a brain tumor here. It's a little hard to walk in here, hear that kind of news and suddenly jump up and down and shout: "Yippee!" What exactly did you want me to do?

HOLLY: Hold me, tell me you love me. Something that resembles being supportive.

JACK: (*Going to her and putting his arms around her*) I'm sorry. I love you.

HOLLY: (*Pushing away*) It doesn't count now! Not after I've told you.

JACK: I'm just trying to catch up here.

HOLLY: (*Moving away, becoming more distant*) Too late. At least I should give you credit for not totally screwing up and saying the one really insensitive thing you could have.

JACK: What's that?

HOLLY: Is it mine?

JACK: (*A beat*) Is it?

HOLLY: Oh my god. Are you that stupid?

JACK: What?

HOLLY: How could you say that?

JACK: You said it first.

HOLLY: And I told you it was the worst thing to say. Then you said it.

JACK: I didn't think it counted after the fact. Like hugs and "I love you's."

HOLLY: Showing affection is time specific. You can't do it any time you please. Being insensitive can happen anytime. That's why it's called insensitive!

JACK: I wish you'd write all this stuff down for me so I could keep track.

HOLLY: Like that!