

Bloated Ducks

List of Characters

Lizzy..... Female, 25-35
Dan Male, 25-35, Lizzy's husband
Rob..... Male, 25-35, Dan's friend

Setting

A lounge/dining room with table, sofa and coffee table.

Running Time

Approx. 15 mins

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Lights up on Lizzy, sitting at the table, sipping coffee and reading the newspaper. "If I Were A Boy" by Beyonce is playing and gradually fades as Dan enters. He's wearing a tracksuit and is very pregnant.

- LIZZY** *(Looking up)* All good?
- DAN** Yep. She cried again, but she's just got to get used to it.
- LIZZY** Poor little poppet. Did you give her an extra special hug.
- DAN** You can't mollycoddle them, Lizzy.
- LIZZY** I know, but the first months of day-care are hard. They feel abandoned.
- DAN** Suddenly you're the expert?
- LIZZY** Sorry. You're probably right.
- DAN** You're not with her all day every day.
- LIZZY** Right.
- DAN** And you're not the one waddling around like a bloated duck, are you?
- LIZZY** No, but
- DAN** You have no idea what this feels like.
- LIZZY** I know. But imagine what it was like in the old days, when men were pregnant for nine months.
- DAN** Well thank God for medical science. They had to do something, didn't they – no man should have to go through nine months of this hell. Three months is bad enough.
- LIZZY** I don't know how you do it. It looks like torture and you definitely have my full respect. If I could swap with you, I would.
- DAN** Ha! You have no concept of the pain in this entire process. My painman pain! No way could you do this!
- LIZZY** *(Laughing)* Probably not. And the labour! Oh my God!

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- DAN** Not fun, I can tell you. Thankfully I'm out for most of it. I don't know how they get it out and I don't really care, as long as I'm asleep, and wake up with a baby in my arms and my wife by my side.
- LIZZY** Well I know how they do it and, believe me, you're better off not knowing. Ignorance is bliss. It amazes me that it ever goes back to its original size and shape.
- DAN** *(Fingers in ears)*. Not listening, not listening, lalalalala.....
- LIZZY** Let's just hope you don't go into early labour.
- DAN** Have you quite finished?
- LIZZY** *(Grinning)* I think so.
- DAN** Good. Another coffee?
- LIZZY** No thanks. I'll be late for work as it is.
- DAN** They won't mind. They love you.
- LIZZY** I do make them a lot of money.
- DAN** Money isn't everything, you know.
- LIZZY** No, but it is important.
- DAN** Are you saying what I do isn't important?
- LIZZY** Of course not.
- DAN** Because it's vital. It's the most important job in the world.
- LIZZY** I'm not having this conversation again, Dan.
- DAN** *(Getting teary)* Of course you aren't.
- LIZZY** What's that meant to mean?
- DAN** I feel so undervalued. You have no idea what it's like.
- LIZZY** Please don't start -----

Lights up on same scene some hours later. Dan enters with a bowl of chips and six-puck of beers, which he places on the coffee table. The doorbell rings. He exits then immediately re-enters with Rob, who is also heavily pregnant and in a tracksuit.

- ROB How's it hanging, Dan the man?
- DAN Only just mate, only just.
- ROB I know what you mean.
- DAN Really? Apparently you're "glowing".
- DAN Lizzy. She said she saw you the other day and you were "glowing".
- ROB Yeah? Isn't she a sweetie?
- DAN *(Sarcastic)* She's a peach.
- ROB Especially since I feel like crap.
- DAN Wait till you're having your second one and you've got a toddler to chase after as well.
- ROB Not happening mate. Once is more than enough.
- DAN Sienna doesn't want more?
- ROB I don't care if she wants a netball team, I'm not putting myself through this torture again.
- DAN Good decision.
- ROB One more week before they whip it out, then I'm back to work, back to the gym, back to my pre-baby weightback to sanity.
- DAN Not nursing it?
- ROB God no! Eeewww. Couldn't think of anything worse.
- DAN You're not wrong. I tried it for three days then stopped that garbage quick smart. That's what formula's for.
- ROB Exactly!
- DAN And it's better for them!
- ROB Exactly! No-one's going to make a milk factory out of me. This whole process is demeaning enough as it is.
- DAN Well, I'll have to disagree with you there. It's an important job. Otherwise, why would it be left to the men to do it?
- ROB I see your point.

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DAN Believe me, I've thought long and hard about why we were burdened with this and I've come to the conclusion that women just couldn't hack it.

ROB Too true. Hey, what time does the match start?

DAN Any minute now, so sit yourself down and relax. Those beers aren't drinking themselves.

They both flop down onto the sofa and open a can, while Dan points and presses the Remote. Lights down.

Lights up on the same scene a short while later. The beers are drunk and the chips eaten. The men slouch with chip crumbs on their big bellies.

ROB Good match. Nice and close.

DAN I need to pee again.

ROB You just went!

DAN I know. It must be lying on my bladder.

ROB I hate that.

Pause. Dan jiggles on his seat.

DAN And all the fun's gone from it now I can't even see my donger.

ROB Just go!

DAN What if they score and I miss it.

ROB Look where they are! They're not gonna score.

DAN *(Getting up)* OK.

He exits and Rob starts building a tower with the beers cans, periodically glancing up at the TV, then takes out his phone and enters a number.

ROB Hey Sienna. Hope you're having a great day at work. Just thought I'd let you know -----