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*Dramatic Publishing*



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# Maybe Baby, It's You



Comedy by  
Charlie Shanian and Shari Simpson

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***Comedy. By Charlie Shanian and Shari Simpson.***

*Cast: 1m., 1w., may be expanded up to 14m., 11w. Maybe Baby, It's You* is a comedy about the search for that most elusive of entities, the soul mate, and told in a series of 11 vignettes that cover ground from the first kiss to the not-so-golden years of marriage. We take a raucous ride through male-female relationships with two searchers with a laundry list of must-have qualities for a mate that swiftly dwindles down to "warm and breathing" as the only prerequisite; a mild-mannered Midwesterner whose blind date turns out to be the Greek goddess Medea; a film noir couple who realize that their razor-sharp banter is hiding their fear and vulnerability; a gorgeous, charming brain surgeon who is always "Mr. Wrong" due to his penchant for spastic, arrhythmic club dancing; a couple celebrating their wedding anniversary who realize that marriage may not have ended their search for a soul mate; an elderly divorced couple who entertain the fantasy of a reconciliation at their grandson's soccer game; and other would-be and shouldn't-be couples trying to find each other. *Maybe Baby, It's*

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Maybe Baby, It's You

• Shanian / Simpson

• Dramatic Publishing



# MAYBE BABY, IT'S YOU

by

CHARLIE SHANIAN and SHARI SIMPSON



**Dramatic Publishing**

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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All producers of the play must include the following acknowledgment on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and on all advertising and promotional materials.

“Originally produced off-Broadway in New York City by  
Madeline Austin, Roger Alan Gindi, Bruce Lazarus,  
Dana Matthew, Scott Benedict, Libby Anne Russler  
and Allan Sandler.”

## AUTHORS' NOTES

*Maybe Baby, It's You* has had an unusual production history: two separate off-Broadway openings within a year and two separate Los Angeles openings within six months.

The first off-Broadway production opened November 9, 1999, at the Soho Playhouse, New York City. All male roles played by Charlie Shanian. All female roles played by Shari Simpson. The production was directed by Jeremy Dobrish. Producer credit (in correct order) is as follows: "Produced by Madeline Austin, Roger Alan Gindi, Bruce Lazarus, Dana Matthew, Scott Benedict, Libby Anne Russler and Allan Sandler."

Costumes . . . . . Bernard Grenier  
Lighting . . . . . Michael Gottlieb  
Sound . . . . . Chris Todd  
Production Stage Manager . . . . . Joe McGuire  
Marketing . . . . . Leanne Schanzer Promotions, Inc.  
Movement/Choreography . . . . . Elizabeth Roxas

The play then re-opened at St. Luke's Theater in New York on November 8, 2000, and was presented by Entertainment Events, Inc. It again starred Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian.

The first Los Angeles production opened on November 7, 2001, at the Coronet Theater and was again presented by Entertainment Events, Inc. It was directed by Peter Webb and starred Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian.

The play closed, then re-opened at the same theater on January 16, 2002, with Tori Spelling in all female roles and Charlie Shanian in all male roles.

### **Audio Interviews:**

Recorded audio interviews were played in between each scene in the original productions. In these man-on-the-street-style interviews a variety of people were interviewed by the authors and asked to express their own impromptu opinions about the themes explored in the play. Transcripts of these recordings are included in this script. These recordings are not available for licensing, but if an individual presenter so chooses, this material may be recorded by actors. However, this is not an option the authors recommend. A creative use of music, projections or even original interviews conducted by the individual presenter seem to be better options to cover scene changes.

### **Music:**

Throughout the script, specific songs are suggested by the authors. In such cases, all efforts should be made to obtain the rights to the original song suggested and only upon failure to get permission to use the original song should a replacement song be used. If a replacement song must be used, the song should be as close in spirit to the original song suggested as possible. The authors take no responsibility for the use of copyrighted material without permission.

### **Line Substitutions:**

The female roles have been performed by redheads, blondes and brunettes. There are lines and descriptions in the script that refer specifically to the color of the woman's hair. This is the "redheaded" version of the script. If a blonde or a brunette were to play the roles, here are line substitutions:

**"Dreamlovers,"** page 25. Diego enters and sees Elaine. He says  
"El pelo rojo! Excuse me, red-headed lady..."



For a blonde, he would say “El pelo blondo!” and then “excuse me, yellow-haired lady.” He pronounces yellow as “jello.”

For a brunette: “El pelo negro!” and then “excuse me, black-haired lady.”

**“Into the Fire,”** page 49. Joe refers to Lizette’s “flaming red hair.”

For a blonde: “golden blonde hair.” For a brunette: “silky black hair.”

Then, on page 52, Joe insults Lizette with his “Save it for the funny papers” line.

For a blonde: “Save it for the funny papers, blondie, or should I say, *natural brunettie!*”

For a brunette: “Save it for the funny papers, blackie! Oh, and by the way, did you murder a squid in the sink last night—or do you wanna fess up to your *real* hair color?!”

**“Once upon a Time,”** page 74. Frank says “You looked like Rita Hayworth that night.”

For a blonde: “You looked like Lana Turner that night.”

For a brunette: “You looked like Ava Gardner that night.”

Then on page 75, Frank says “Up and at ’em, Red.”

For a blonde or brunette, simply eliminate “Red.”

# MAYBE BABY, IT'S YOU

A Play in Eleven Vignettes  
For 1 Man and 1 Woman\*

## Scenes and Characters

"Wish List" . . . . .	Man, Woman
"Rhythm of My Heart" . . . . .	Ron, Cindy
"The Eliminator" . . . .	Audrey, Ralphie, Vinny, Davey, Tommy, Lincoln, Mrs. Burkee (V.O.)
"Dreamlovers" . . . . .	Elaine, Diego
"Blinding Date" . . . . .	Paul, Medea
"My Heart Will Go On" . . . . .	Ron, Ellen, D.J. (V.O.)
"I Do, I Do" . . . . .	Groom, Bride
"Into the Fire" . . . . .	Joe, Lizette
"Anniversary" . . . . .	Michael, Anne
"Once Upon a Time" . . . . .	Frank, Marie
"Heart to Heart" . . . . .	Ron, Harriet, D.J. (V.O.)

\* Originally, all roles were played by two actors, one male and one female. However, it is also an option to have different sets of actors play the different characters from each scene: from one to fourteen males and from one to eleven females.

Approximate running time: 90 minutes. Originally performed without intermission; if intermission is desired, it should be placed after "My Heart Will Go On."

## WISH LIST

*A MAN and a WOMAN are standing on opposite ends of the stage, facing forward. A TIMER can be heard TICKING slowly to a steady beat.*

MAN. Long blond hair, blue eyes, *Sports Illustrated* swim-suit model, really smart, sexy, funny, loves my friends, my furniture and football, wants the man to make all the decisions, resolves never to gain more than twenty pounds with any pregnancy, hates to spend money, realizes that male monogamy is unnatural, adores me.

WOMAN. Long black hair, eyes the color of the sky, some sort of European accent, published poet, independently wealthy, spiritual, brilliant, funny, loves my mother, anticipates my every need and fulfills it, wakes up early every morning to watch me while I sleep because he's waited for me his whole life and can't believe he's been this blessed.

*(The TIMER SPEEDS UP a bit.)*

MAN. Okay. Blond hair, blue eyes, has done some swim-suit modeling, really smart, funny, lets me make all the important decisions, lets me keep some of my furniture and a few of my friends, but loves football, realizes that male monogamy is very challenging, adores me.

WOMAN. A decent head of hair, blue eyes, can be American as long as he doesn't have a Long Island accent, has read poetry, independently wealthy, spiritual, smart,

funny, fulfills my every need once I tell him what they are, wakes up early to watch me sleep every—some... On the mornings I set his alarm.

*(The TICKING INCREASES in speed and volume. They are nervous.)*

MAN. Blond...ish, bluish eyes, Sears model—

WOMAN. A decent haircut, eyes that look blue when he wears the right shirt—

MAN. Smart, funny, lets me decide which friend I get to keep—

WOMAN. Spiritual, smart, he'll buy me flowers if I leave him money—

MAN. Lets me keep a football in the garage—

WOMAN. If I cry loud enough, he'll wake up early and mumble, "I love you"—

MAN. Okay, realizes that whole difficulty of male monogamy thing is just an excuse, but lets me look at the girgle ads in the K-Mart circular. *(The TICKING is now very loud and terribly fast. They are desperate.)* All right! Hand model, any color hair—

WOMAN. I don't care if he's bald!

MAN. As long as it's not a wig!

WOMAN. As long as he doesn't wrap that one remaining strand of hair around his head—

MAN. It would be good if she had a head—

WOMAN. He probably should have a head—

MAN. And some kind of body—

WOMAN. A body, just to hold up his head—

MAN. As long as she's ALIVE—

WOMAN. I'D WANT HIM LIVING—

MAN. AND BREATHING!

WOMAN. I'LL TAKE ANYTHING THAT HAS  
BREATH IN IT!

*(They stop and shut their eyes. The TIMER STOPS. After  
a moment they look up. They're all right.)*

MAN. ...But...smart.

*(The TIMER starts ticking again. Slowly.)*

WOMAN. ...and...and...

BOTH. ...funny.

WOMAN. And spiritual...

MAN (*getting cocky*). And...adores me.

WOMAN. Puts me on a pedestal—

*(The pace and volume on the TICKING TIMER instantly  
increase. They throw up their hands in surrender.)*

MAN. Just...loves me.

WOMAN. Just loves me.

*(The volume drops to a bearable level but continues to  
tick on. They look relieved. They wait expectantly.  
BLACKOUT.)*

**BLINDING DATE**

*PAUL, a nervous and awkward man, is sitting alone in a restaurant. He speaks to an unseen waiter who is passing by.*

PAUL. Excuse me, excuse me! Hi. Has there been a young woman in here looking for me? Oh, my name is Paul Jensen. Um...I'm not really sure what she looks like. You see, it's a... (*Mumbles.*) blind date. (*A bit louder.*) A blind date. (*Loud.*) I said, a blind date! (*Embarrassed.*) Yeah, my friend Jack's sister-in-law's chiropractor set us up. I've been having a really hard time finding the right girl; all I want is someone who's kind and loving and gentle and I know she's out there, and Jack— (*Off waiter's reaction.*) This is a little too much information, right? Yeah. Anyway, if a woman comes in named Maria...um, Maria— (*He fumbles in his pocket for a piece of paper, pulls it out and reads.*) Oh gosh, I'm sorry. Her name's not Maria, it's— (*A booming voice from offstage interrupts him.*)

MEDEA (O.S.). OH! WHAT MISERY, WHAT WRETCHEDNESS! IF ONLY I WERE DEAD!

PAUL. —Medea.

*(MEDEA enters. She has long wild hair and is wearing a toga.)*

MEDEA. COME FLAME OF THE SKY, PIERCE THROUGH MY HEAD! OH, HOW I HATE LIVING!

PAUL (*to waiter*). Will you excuse me for a second?

MEDEA. OH, LIFE! LIFE IS A SHARP KNIFE THROUGH THE GUTS!!

PAUL (*ever the good sport, tentatively approaches, taps her on the shoulder*). Hi! You must be... (*Reads from paper.*) Medea.

MEDEA. You're Paul?

PAUL. Yep.

MEDEA. OH GOD, WHY? WHY?!

PAUL. Uh, I don't know. Hey, I've got a great little table over here. Would you like to have a seat? (*He holds out the chair for her. She eyes him suspiciously, then sits. There is an uncomfortable silence.*) So...I'm really happy to meet you.

MEDEA. Ravens peck out the eyes of liars.

PAUL (*almost to himself*). Oh. I didn't know that. (*Silence. PAUL tries again, eyes her toga.*) Hmm...I'm guessing that you're Greek.

MEDEA. Don't mention GREECE! WHY DOES EVERYONE ALWAYS HAVE TO BRING UP GREECE?!

PAUL. I'm sorry, I'm sorry! The toga, I just—

MEDEA. No! No, I'm sorry. My fault. I'm just a little sensitive. I was recently banished from Greece.

PAUL. Banished? (*MEDEA grunts. Then PAUL:*) You mean, like they kicked you out of the country?

MEDEA. Oh yeah.

PAUL. Why?

MEDEA (*matter of fact*). Well, I gave the princess a golden dress coated in poison that made her flesh catch on fire and when the king tried to save her, he also ignited and they both blew up in an unholy inferno. (*Then.*) Where are you from?

PAUL (*faintly*). Michigan.

MEDEA. The Wolverine State.

PAUL. Yes.

MEDEA. Uh-huh. Will you excuse me for a moment? ARE THERE ANY WAITERS IN THIS PLACE?!

PAUL. Oh, Medea—

MEDEA. I WAS RECENTLY BANISHED AND I WANT A DRINK—!!

PAUL (*rises, trying to calm her*). Medea, Medea! I'll be glad to get you a drink. I'll just run up to the bar. What would you like?

MEDEA. Bloody Mary.

PAUL. Okay, I'll be right back.

*(PAUL exits. MEDEA rises from the table, slowly, dramatically. LIGHTS SHIFT. An eerie, mystical MUSIC is heard as she speaks.)*

MEDEA. Oh, Zeus. This is surely the cruel end of my accursed life. Let scorpions sting me to death, let a fire-breathing bull melt my tender flesh, let a gibbering, drooling woodsman drop his ax and chop my skull in two, BUT DON'T MAKE ME SIT THROUGH A BLIND DATE!! Let a serpent swallow me whole before I make small talk! Let the sun scorch me into a pile of flaky skin before I hear, "My girlfriend left me for another guy, how about you?" LET THE EARTH BELCH ME FROM ITS GRAVITATIONAL PULL, FLINGING ME OUT INTO THE ETERNAL NIGHT OF SPACE, BEFORE I LET HIM ORDER MY MEAL, GROPE ME AT THE FRONT DOOR, AND SAY, "I'LL CALL YOU" SO THAT I RUN HOME EVERY DAY AND



THERE'S A LITTLE ZERO ON MY ANSWERING  
MACHINE!! TAKE ME, GODS!! TAKE ME NOW!!

*(PAUL enters with the DRINKS. As soon as he hands  
MEDEA the BLOODY MARY the LIGHTS SHIFT BACK  
to normal and the MUSIC CUTS OUT.)*

PAUL. Here's your drink.

MEDEA. Thank you. *(She smoothly grabs it and sits...*

*[Scene continues]*

**INTO THE FIRE**

*A smoky set, dim lighting. Jazzy blues MUSIC plays in the background. JOE and LIZETTE are in two pools of light. He wears a fedora and trench coat. She's dressed every inch the '40s dame, holds an unlit cigarette. They often speak directly to the audience.*

JOE. The story of our marriage starts like many others. A fella, a dame, and a slippery little fish called Passion. I'd seen her in the saloon before. Flaming red hair, a pair of gams that'd make a monk reevaluate, and lips as pouty as a teenager on a family vacation. Oh sure, I'd had my share of flames before, but this dame was pure heat. I knew once I threw myself into her fire, all the dropping and rolling in the world wouldn't save my hide. No, this skirt wasn't for trying on; this skirt was for wearing. And was just my size. (*Double take.*) You know what I mean.

LIZETTE. The big lug just stood there at the end of the bar night after night. I looked, but I didn't touch. This joe was an illegal firecracker and I'd seen too many dames get their fingers blown off playing with cherry bombs like him without adult supervision. I didn't want a Fourth of July sparkler relationship; you know, the kind that sizzles and sparks and throws off its heat for an instant before it burns down to a dead, dry, ashy stick you can't even roast weenies on.

JOE. She stood there with a Pall Mall in her mouth. But it turned out to be my lucky strike. (*He approaches and speaks directly to LIZETTE.*) Say, need a light?

LIZETTE. I can see just fine, thanks. (*He turns away.*

*LIZETTE holds out cigarette.*) But I could use a match.

JOE. Sure, sure, I got plenty of matches: black and blue, Abbott and Costello, coffee and cream. Take your pick.

LIZETTE. Very funny, but when I want a crack, I'll look down at the sidewalk. (*She starts to walk away. He grabs her arm.*)

JOE. Hold on, Junior. I got one more match for ya: you and me. But you'd better be careful; when struck properly, flames will ignite. (*She slaps him, hard. They both like it.*)

LIZETTE. Say, you're right. I'm warming up already.

JOE. Versa-visa. (*Pulls her close.*) Say, I got a hunch there's something about you that'd go awfully swell with something about me.

LIZETTE. Yeah? And what do you do when you get a hunch?

JOE. I lay down a bet.

LIZETTE. Even if the odds are long?

JOE. That's how I like 'em. See, I'm a go-the-distance kind of guy.

LIZETTE. And who says I'm a go-all-the-way kind of girl? You're barking up the wrong tree, Fido. (*She pulls away, starts off. He grabs her again. This time he's serious.*)

JOE. You got me wrong, Kitten. This dog stopped barking a long time ago. I'm whimpering and looking for a good home to take me in.

LIZETTE. Sure, sure you are. I've got your license number, Rover. You're tired of catting around and now you're ready to settle down and stud, but I'm the one who gets stuck at home with a pack of puppies, see?

JOE (*wry smile*). You know what your problem is?

LIZETTE. What?

JOE. You use your mouth for talking. (*He grabs her and dips her back in a long passionate kiss. They come up for air, both panting a bit.*) Pass me the butter, baby, I just got a third-degree burn on my heart.

LIZETTE (*protesting faintly*). Who do I look like, Florence Nightingale? Fetch your own oleo. (*She puts the CIGARETTE in her mouth. JOE grabs the cigarette, throws it to the ground, and dips her back in a longer passionate kiss. They come back up for air, swooning.*)

JOE. Sorry, baby, but smoking's bad for you anyway.

LIZETTE (*dreamily*). I know. But women live longer than men. I figure if I play my fags right, we'll drop dead at the exact same time. (*She dips him back in an incredibly long passionate kiss. They come up for air. He's weak-kneed. She walks offstage, smiling. He turns to the audience.*)

JOE. So we kept kissing. We smooched like starving beggars whose favorite meal is lips. We kissed all the way to Sausalito to meet her parents, take a few minutes of Reverend Wilson's time, and honeymoon in a bed and breakfast—where we never got to the breakfast. We were so close our shadows got confused. We were so moony we threw off the earth's tidal system. We were so hot for each other they could have used us to weld. We were ready for a lifetime of verbal gymnastics and connubial bliss. And then— (*Jazzy MUSIC cuts out.*) —we started living together.

*(MUSIC hits ominous chord. LIZETTE reenters wearing a housecoat with curlers in her hair. He tosses off his trench coat to reveal a dirty white tank.)*

LIZETTE. And the honeymoon glow lasted about as long as an albino's day at the beach.

*[Scene Continues]*