

# MALLBABY

By

Jennifer Maisel

Jennifer Maisel

[Maiselj@dogearplays.org](mailto:Maiselj@dogearplays.org)

Or contact my agent

Susan Schulman

Schulman@aol.com

The following monologue is copyrighted and is to be used for classroom or audition purposes only. For production rights please contact the author.

MAGGIE in MALLBABY by Jennifer Maisel

Maggie, five months pregnant and fearing she's lost the baby, confronts her doctor. Maggie is a reporter on the mall beat at U.S. Mall, a mall slowly taking over the country. MALLBABY was developed at ASK Theatre Projects and the Jerome Center's Playlabs.

### MAGGIE

First we thought it was the normal hard time conceiving - everyone keeps telling you to relax or it'll happen when you stop thinking about it but when you try to stop thinking about something you've just added a whole new level of thinking about it, a layer of trying to dismiss or thinking you have to stop thinking of thoughts running through your head that you haven't stopped thinking and you're doing it all wrong and it's your fault because you're so tense and relax, damnit, relax.

So we did all the testing at Dr. Baum's before the insurance switched me here - I'm sure it's there in my chart - and Mark passed with flying colors and we did the whole test tube thing which made me think - What do you tell your kid about the night they were conceived - do you maybe have a pamphlet about that somewhere? Because I can't seem to come up with a plausible romantic memory about weeks of fertility shots and my legs up in stirrups as a way to start this whole damn thing as well as finishing - a pamphlet would be a good idea, don't you think? and then I realize it doesn't matter very much because the miracle of life is manifesting itself in the very cliched throwing up and sleeping all the time ways, so it's a done thing and my kid will just have to deal with the fact that his parents didn't have sex to make him, Dr. Freud.

And while Mark might think it's cute, I'm not finding any of this pregnancy thing romantic and I don't believe in any fucking glow that's for sure and I look fat, I look really fat which bugs me because we haven't told anyone yet so I can tell in their eyes they think I'm not going to the gym anymore which I'm not doing, actually, because I'm too busy sleeping and throwing up but still.

And my breasts have gotten really big which Mark likes and I like and the fat is now obviously enlarged uterus and the ultrasound - the heartbeat - and I know I am mother potential on the brink.

Saturday morning I woke up and I felt different - just different. My breasts - I mean the cleavage was gone and I didn't need the saltines for the first time in weeks and I felt disconnected unplugged somehow - un...Mark tried to jolly me out of it and he convinced me of my very own paranoia and the consequences of raging hormones but I

kept saying, that's it, my hormones aren't raging, are not stampeding, aren't controlling. They have been subdued.

I called the service. I left a message - Saturday night, I bet you doctors love that. Is this an emergency?

An emergency implies something that has to be taken care of right away. Something that action can determine the outcome of like this - which has not been decided. So yes...yes this is an emergency. An emergency implies....

I went to "Your Future Is Ours To See" on the third level and she gave me this affirmation and a little crystal to promote my fertility. My body is the perfect home for my child. My body is the perfect home for my child. My body is the perfect home for my child. But it doesn't seem...I can't... I want to...

I don't think we ever thought a baby would be something we'd have to work for.

We tried so hard.