

YOUR LITHOPEDION

By
Justin Maxwell

CINDY/ELLA

© 2023 by Justin Maxwell

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performances of **YOUR LITHOPEDION** is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic, and digital reproduction, transmission, and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions, and Canada for **YOUR LITHOPEDION** are controlled exclusively by Next Stage Press. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee. Inquiries concerning production rights should be addressed to genekato@nextstagepress.com

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce any play collected in **YOUR LITHOPEDION** is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author.

Your Lithopedion was originally produced at The Brick Theater's Antidepressant Festival in Brooklyn, New York, featuring the following:

Lithopedion..... Christian Toth
Wife..... Lillian Wright
Director..... Rusty Thelin
Technical Director..... Chuck Radder
Stage Manager..... Matthew Osterhaus
Costume/Props..... Jillian Tully

Your Lithopedion received its second production at the Minnesota Fringe Festival in Minneapolis, Minnesota, featuring the following:

Lithopedion..... Kevin McLaughlin
Wife..... Sarah Broude
Director..... Cherie Anderson
Stage Manager..... Emily Arachtingi
Stage Hand/Corpse.... Hugh Simons

Your Lithopedion received its third production at the Shadowbox Theatre in New Orleans, Louisiana, featuring the following:

Lithopedion..... Glen Aucoin
Wife..... Rebecca Elizabeth Hollingsworth
Director..... Lyam B. Gabel
Lighting Designer..... Mandi Wood
Costume Designer..... Honey Tangerine
Stage Manager..... Christopher Thompson

YOUR LITHOPEDION

CAST: 1 man /1woman

LITHOPEDION mid 40's, mild mannered, a very-successful serial killer. He has no affect whatsoever—most of the time.

WIFE early 40's, Lithopedion's wife, bourgeois expectations, difficult. She's mercurial, but not hysteric.

TIME: Just the other week, when you were really busy.

NOTES:

Lithopedion doesn't really *talk* to his wife, often he just talks directly to the audience; even though the words are directed to the Wife, his body language, projection, and everything is to the audience—after all, for most of this play, Wife is an *object* from Lithopedion's perspective. The *flatter* and calmer Lithopedion is, the funnier the show is. Also, it is okay for the audience to feel disconnected from these characters; it creates distance, which creates fear—and these are terrifying people. The humor will hold the fragments together through time, while the play itself holds dysfunction in its structure.

One of the two characters will also announce the scene titles at the beginning of each scene. Usually Lithopedion does this; however, Wife takes over from “Scene: Walk this Way” until “Scene: We Can Dance if We Want to,” sometimes staying on stage, exiting then re-entering, or behaving however the director decides.

The Wife should have as many costume changes as possible, especially with the “pregnancy” element, which should change in degrees of fakeness.

All the props (like the collage, the trophies, the sex toy, the torture devices) that come on the stage, stay on the stage, slowly cluttering the playing space with a chaotic host of objects.

YOUR LITHOPEDION

YOUR LITHOPEDION

Scene: Nothing but Flowers

The living room of a contemporary suburban home, just without the home, only a couch. On the couch sits LITHOPEDION; he is dressed in a cheap suit and covered with mud. He is exhausted and shows no emotion whatsoever in this scene—stone still, no facial expressions, a calm that reveals no internal happenings. His WIFE stands next to the couch. They stoically stare at the audience until the audience begins to laugh nervously.

LITHOPEDION. Scene: Nothing but flowers.

WIFE. Did you lose your job again?

LITHOPEDION. I didn't want to.

WIFE. But?

LITHOPEDION. I couldn't help myself.

WIFE. You need to make some changes around here. What would happen to us if I lost my job every time I wanted to do something other than go to work? I've got more in my life than making sure the bills get paid.

LITHOPEDION. They were draining the big swamp by the new highway

. . . .

WIFE. *(Taken aback.)* Oh.

LITHOPEDION. So I had to deal.

WIFE. *(Mercurial switch.)* You better not have wrecked my flower beds again! We need to keep a nice yard. Everyone in the neighborhood has a nice yard. Nice.

LITHOPEDION. I need to swing by the hardware store to get some tools. Won't cost more than 40 bucks.

WIFE. Forty dollars! We do have expenses you know. There's a cable bill that'll be overdue in three weeks . . . and the roof is three years old already.

YOUR LITHOPEDION

LITHOPEDION. Things'll be fine. There's an unused section of the quarry that'll probably be off limits for the next sixty years.

WIFE. Well, without your job at the quarry, how will you afford the gas to get there? *(Beat, crocodile tears.)*

I . . . I

All I ever wanted was a quiet life.

LITHOPEDION. I need to tell you.

I'm a serial killer.

WIFE. Don't make stories dear.

LITHOPEDION. I brought you flowers.

(He dumps small rocks everywhere.)

WIFE. *(Sincere.)* They're lovely.

(They freeze in tableau.)

Scene: Everybody Wants to Rule the World

LITHOPEDION. *(Breaking tableau.)* Scene: Everybody wants to rule the world.

(Lithopedion reclines on the couch; he is his usual calm, still in the muddy, cheap suit. Wife enters. Maybe a bit pregnant looking?)

LITHOPEDION (cont'd). Honey, I finished reorganizing those old boxes in the garage like you asked. They're heavy.

WIFE. Well, they're practically empty.

LITHOPEDION. Heavy nonetheless.

WIFE. There's a Bally's opening soon. Maybe we should get a family membership.

LITHOPEDION. We've got nearly twice as much space in the garage now.

WIFE. I'm not getting a nasty old heavy bag and a ratty jump rope so you can play Rocky in there all by yourself.

LITHOPEDION. I just meant there was enough room for your Toyota

YOUR LITHOPEDION

now.

WIFE. A gym membership might be good for us. Keep off the love handles and . . . burn up extra energy.

LITHOPEDION. I'm half-exhausted most of the time already.

WIFE. Honey, even the cat needs to lose some weight around here.

LITHOPEDION. I'm the same weight I was on our first date.

WIFE. Well, since you brought up our relationship

(Wife produces an old shoe box, and a flicker of emotion races over Lithopedion's face before his calm returns.)

WIFE (cont'd). I found this box in the closet, behind your shirts. This afternoon. In case you were thinking this is some kind of ambush or something.

LITHOPEDION. *(Faking flirtatiousness.)* Were you snooping?

WIFE. Jewelry? Watches, rings, a big ass medallion from Is this thing from the 70's?

LITHOPEDION. Early 80's, probably.

WIFE. You've been cheating on me since before we met?

LITHOPEDION. Well. No.

I'm a-

WIFE. I don't want to hear it! I don't want to know about these other women.

LITHOPEDION. Women?

WIFE. Da! Stop! I'm holding a shoe box crammed full of jewelry. A medical alert bracelet. This billfold. This Timex. A cap gun. A Game Boy. Some G.I. Joes. A nerf football. A cub scout handbook. This blood-spattered copy of Hotrod Magazine. You've kept a little trophy from each

YOUR LITHOPEDION

sexual conquest. You should be ashamed.

LITHOPEDION. (*Bailing her out.*) What's in the boxes in the garage?

WIFE. (*Secretly grateful.*) Oh, you know. Your old rock polisher, some books, nothing. You know.

LITHOPEDION. Oh. (*Beat.*) I thought you were going to throw that stuff away.

WIFE. I throw it away all the time.

LITHOPEDION. Some things can't be helped.

WIFE. And then there's your role in all this.

LITHOPEDION. They're your boxes.

WIFE. And they're going to stay that way, mister. You've got your job hunting and gazebo building.

LITHOPEDION. You've got the cat.

WIFE. And my boxes. (*Beat.*) I've got the cat, and my boxes.

LITHOPEDION. Yes.

WIFE. In the future, just do the chores to be done.

LITHOPEDION. And then?

WIFE. Then we won't ask random questions. No more, "What am I storing in the garage?" Or, "Why's there a dildo in your glove box?"

LITHOPEDION. The boxes are just where you wanted them.

WIFE. Let's watch TV.

LITHOPEDION. That would be nice.

YOUR LITHOPEDION

WIFE. I love you.
(They freeze in tableau.)

Scene: Welcome to the Pleasure Dome

LITHOPEDION. *(Breaking tableau.)* Scene: Welcome to the pleasure dome.

(Lithopedion on couch, expressionless as usual. Wife enters, a little bit pregnant, jangling car keys.)

WIFE. I'm off to work honey.

The classifieds are on the kitchen table.

LITHOPEDION. Thank you. I'll spend the day job hunting.

(Wife pecks him on the cheek and makes to leave. She sits on the opposite end of the couch from Lithopedion, and it becomes her car; she drives off. Lithopedion looks around to make sure she's gone, and his side of the couch becomes his van. We are watching them as they drive around during their day.)

WIFE. *(Leaning out window.)* Double soy latté.

LITHOPEDION. *(Leaning out window.)* I'd like a pint of Jack Daniels and a pack of black cherry wine coolers.

WIFE. Hello Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. Hop on in. I'm sorry I'm a little late. Traffic—what can you do?

LITHOPEDION. *(Making a notebook entry.)* Hmm. New fence around the junior high school. The quickie mart that sold them loosies is out of business again. I wonder if the new soccer fields are done.

WIFE. I assume you both want to take another peek at the house on Maple before we do any paperwork?

(Beat.) Good. We'll head right there.

LITHOPEDION. *(Another notebook entry.)* Hmmmm. New wing's being built on the Mall That'll be a poorly guarded construction site.

WIFE. You know there are a couple places that just came on the market. You should really take a look at them, just to be sure.

(Beat.) I insist. They're barely out of our way.

LITHOPEDION. *(Charming.)* Hey kid, you lost?

YOUR LITHOPEDION

(*Beat.*) Are you looking for that missing puppy I found a few hours ago?

(*Beat.*) Alright. Well, have a good one.

WIFE. I know. I know.

Maple Street.

But there are six other houses you should really give some attention to.

(*Beat.*) My mother taught me: Just because someone doesn't want to do something doesn't mean they shouldn't.

LITHOPEDION. That soccer ball isn't much good without a team.

(*Beat.*) Was it a good practice?

(*Beat.*) Just waiting for a ride huh?

(*Beat.*) Well, I live just a few blocks from there. I'll give you a lift.

(*Beat.*) Great. Oh, and there's some wine coolers in the back of the van.

Help yourself.

(*Beat.*) Sure. I can do that. But we'll have to take a short cut. I've got a job interview in a few hours.

WIFE. Maple Street. See, the house is still there. And you're more informed customers because I was looking out for you. And what's an extra five hours of looking, when you know *for sure* this is your dream home.

(*Beat.*) Oh. But I thought you were sure.

(*They freeze in tableau.*)

Scene: You Spin Me Right Round, Baby, like a Record, Baby

LITHOPEDION. (*Breaking tableau.*) Scene: You spin me right round, baby, like a record baby.

(*Lithopedion is on the couch still in the same dirty suit, drinking the last of a black cherry wine cooler—now made disgusting from violence. He is still emotionless, and tired again. Wife enters, same pregnant.*)

WIFE. Did you get the job?

LITHOPEDION. Yes.

WIFE. Oh good.

(*Nostalgic.*) The house will be so quiet come Monday.

YOUR LITHOPEDION

LITHOPEDION. I don't start Monday.

WIFE. Oh. I just assumed that because you were *between jobs* at the moment, they'd have you start on Monday.

LITHOPEDION. Well

WIFE. Yes, dear?

LITHOPEDION. I didn't get the job.

WIFE. What! Why the hell not?

Look at that tie;
that's the tie of a man with a job,
a house,
a devoted wife,
and a nice, gnome-free lawn.

That, is a power tie.

LITHOPEDION. I was waiting by the receptionist's desk and things got out of hand.

WIFE. Well, at least your shirt stayed clean. That swamp water did a number on your collars

LITHOPEDION. Swamp's gone.

WIFE. ?

LITHOPEDION. Big potted plant right there in the office. I mean, really big. Tree really.

WIFE. Oh.

LITHOPEDION. I figured I didn't want to start off the new gig with one strike against me, so I just came home.

WIFE. How are you going to make it through a job interview?

We will never be able to afford a cabin on the lake at this rate.

And there's no excuse for it. None.

(Wife exits.)

LITHOPEDION. You'd think I'd have heard a million reasons by now. But they're always just, "Please. Oh please, please, no." Or some variation on that theme. Very polite. Never original.

WIFE. *(From off.)* What was that, dear?

LITHOPEDION. Oh, I just need to run to the hardware store. I've got an idea for that gazebo you mentioned, and I need to price a few things out.

WIFE. Be home in time for supper; I'm making your favorite.

YOUR LITHOPEDION

LITHOPEDION. Great. I love my favorite. I'll see you at six.

WIFE. Goodbye honey.

LITHOPEDION. Goodbye wife.

(Beat.) I do a lot of thinking in the hardware store. They have free coffee. I have so many secrets

(In a show of real emotion he blurts:) Sometimes I pick my nose at red lights.

(More emotion.) I freakin' love 80's rock.

(More emotion still.) I find a lot of peace in the hardware store.

WIFE. *(From off.)* Honey, you're talking to yourself in the living room. Talkie men aren't seen as particularly masculine.

LITHOPEDION. *(To Wife, animated.)* I need to change my life.

WIFE. What will the neighbors think? We are part of a community here! A community that wants us to have a gazebo.

LITHOPEDION. What if the woman who prepares our taxes found out . .

..

I'll need to get the windows on the Econoline tinted. That'll cost more than 40 dollars. I need a job. *(Beat.)* It's two days later and I've gone to six thousand four hundred eighty-two point seven job interviews.

WIFE. Are any of them at the hardware store, dear?

LITHOPEDION. Gone to. Past tense.

WIFE. Gazebo! Far too future tense if you don't want to sleep on the couch.

LITHOPEDION. I'm working on personal improvement. I'm assessing my life.

WIFE. Build me a gazebo before next weekend and I'll give you a blow job.

LITHOPEDION. Soul searching.

WIFE. You need to get going now or you'll be late for dinner. I'm making your favorite.

LITHOPEDION. I love my favorite.

(Lithopedion freezes in tableau.)

YOUR LITHOPEDION

Scene: I Have a Picture Pinned to My Wall

LITHOPEDION. (*Breaking tableau.*) Scene: I have a picture pinned to my wall.

(*Lithopedion exits. Then Wife enters with another shoe box. Opens it. Takes out photographs. She looks at them with casual curiosity, never seeing them for what they are.*)

WIFE. (*To self/photos.*) So many sleeping boys.

(*Pause.*) When did he start collecting art photographs?

(*Pause.*) Thank God it's not girlie magazines; I could never live up to those standards.

(*Pause.*) Oh. This one looks like a Mapplethorpe.

(*Beat.*) Maybe we could hang it in the bathroom

(*Wife freezes in tableau.*)

Scene: If You're Lost You Can Look and You Will Find Me

LITHOPEDION. (*Entering.*) Scene: If you're lost you can look and you will find me.

(*Lithopedion on couch; his face shows some emotion. Wife puttering, less pregnant.*)

LITHOPEDION. I've tried everything.

WIFE. I believe that.

LITHOPEDION. Not that way.

WIFE. (*Flirty.*) What way then? Something you want to try with me?

LITHOPEDION. I just I

It's like with that job hunt. I've got some problems and I can't seem to get a handle on them.

WIFE. (*Sympathetically.*) Since you've got the time, why not find a therapist . . . a few towns over? You can pay for it out of your mad money.

LITHOPEDION. That didn't work.

WIFE. You haven't left yet.

(*Lithopedion takes out a bloodied therapist thing and sets it down. Wife has zero reaction to the thing.*)

YOUR LITHOPEDION

LITHOPEDION. I drove all that way for nothing.

WIFE. Maybe a hobby.

LITHOPEDION. My sand collection will be a disappointment. Simply thousands of very small rocks. I spend all my time with a microscope putting each grain in chronological order.

WIFE. And it clogged my vacuum. I'll have you know, those bags are the third most expensive vacuum cleaner bags available at the second most expensive discount store.

LITHOPEDION. I also try cooking. Little green Jell-O squares with gypsum flakes in them, for the minerals . . . healthier.

WIFE. You wasted our Jell-O?

LITHOPEDION. I thought I'd expand my mind, so I tried reading. Too slow, although the JAMA had some diagrams that might come in handy. I've been overlaying them with pictures I cut out of GQ.

(Lithopedion produces a vicious collage from behind the couch. Wife doesn't react to it.)

WIFE. At least you didn't ruin my Cosmos.

LITHOPEDION. I took all the stones out of the yard and swallowed them. That helped.

WIFE. How much do you think that will cost us in plumbing bills? We could have had a gazebo.

LITHOPEDION. I was out of ideas.

WIFE. You need some kind of guru.

LITHOPEDION. So I started following this guy around. Nothing special, just everyday kind of following: home, work, gym, home. Garage, parking garage, office, lobby, brown bag in the park, office lobby, parking garage, garage. And this guy had one of those lives you never read about—the kind that never makes the papers or requires “outside experts” from the FBI.

WIFE. You met my dream man.

LITHOPEDION. So I really started to put in the time. King sized bed, up at 6:15 with the alarm set to buzz. No snooze. Jog fifty-five minutes Monday, Wednesday, Friday. Must have given up gym membership. Shower. Simple towels, no bathrobe. Marine corps tattoo. Regular guy hair. Shave. Wake wife, sweetie Josettie. Dresses. Sweetie Josettie down to

YOUR LITHOPEDION

make breakfast—English muffins—Thomas’s—sweetie Josettie terrycloth robe with penguins. God why? Penguins. Breakfast, talk—quiet, standard unobserved talk.

WIFE. (*Revolted.*) Was his cock bigger than yours?

LITHOPEDION. (*Thinks.*) I never saw.

WIFE. Honey. What’s your point?

LITHOPEDION. He drives an Escalade. Likes the adult bookstore on this side of the warehouse district and is a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. I started going to their meetings.

WIFE. What?

Neighbors!

LITHOPEDION. Some of them go too.

WIFE. Which ones? Is it Them?

LITHOPEDION. Some of Them. But mostly The Other Ones.

WIFE. Really, I’d have never suspected The Other Ones. They have that mild mannered pointer that stays in the yard. What’d you learn?

LITHOPEDION. They’re all about self-improvement.

WIFE. They sound like a cult. You should avoid cults—unless it’s the Freemasons. They could probably get us a poured concrete driveway done under cost. You should become a Mason.

LITHOPEDION. I failed the second initiation on the day after tomorrow.

WIFE. Well, how about the Shriners?

LITHOPEDION. (*Actually to Wife, calm but stern.*) I’m trying to change.

WIFE. Why do you think that’s a good idea?

LITHOPEDION. You wanted me to.

WIFE. I want you to change the gazeboless spot in the back yard to an ungazeboless one. That’s the kind of personal change you should make.

LITHOPEDION. Don’t be afraid.

WIFE. I just don’t want you getting weird ideas.

LITHOPEDION. Okay. I’ll be careful. I promise.

WIFE. I’m thinking about getting a face lift. Have I mentioned that?

LITHOPEDION. No.

WIFE. Well I am. Take away all these wrinkles. I’ve been thinking carefully about it, and doing research . . . for almost a year now. Or maybe

YOUR LITHOPEDION

something with my ass. Of course my breasts aren't what they could be. I've given it a lot of thought.

LITHOPEDION. The hardware store will probably have its annual going-out-of-business sale soon. We could get discount lumber and save enough for you to have some work done.

WIFE. Oh. Always cheaping out. Why can't you ever make up your mind?

LITHOPEDION. I'll swing by the hardware store and see about that sale.

WIFE. When?

LITHOPEDION. Now. My AA meeting doesn't start for about an hour.

WIFE. Wino!

(They freeze in tableau.)

Scene: Put on Your Red Shoes and Dance the Blues

LITHOPEDION. *(Breaking tableau.)* Scene: Put on your red shoes and dance the blues.

(Lithopedion with Wife on the couch, really the inside of his car; this is their first date, about twenty years ago. Lithopedion is calm as always, but faking emotions; his Wife is younger, fresh. The scene has the energy of a really good first date, just not the words.)

WIFE. This was a great first date.

You're quiet, but I like that.

It means you're strong.

LITHOPEDION. —

WIFE. It's weird how you got my name from my little cousin John. I haven't heard from him in months.

LITHOPEDION. I bumped into him at The Bar at the Edge of Town. *(Beat.)* He kept insisting that I had to meet you, so I got up my courage and called.

WIFE. I'll have to thank him, but God, it's like he just fell off the earth or something.

LITHOPEDION. Anything's possible.

(Beat.) I'm really having a nice time too.

YOUR LITHOPEDION

WIFE. You've got a good job at the butcher shop and when I finish up at the community college maybe we could open our own small business.

LITHOPEDION. I've always been partial to hardware stores.

WIFE. Maybe a lawn care, landscaping thing. A beautiful yard would tell people about our happy home.

LITHOPEDION. I've always liked yard work.

WIFE. Maybe we could buy a place

LITHOPEDION. Somewhere with loamy soil.

WIFE. ?

LITHOPEDION. Oh . . .

easy to dig in . . . it'll make a flower garden grow better.

WIFE. And maybe you could start wearing suits.

I like suits.

Wearing a suit says something about a man's character.

LITHOPEDION. I'll do it for you.

WIFE. Wonderful.

(Beat.) Is this the kiss?

(They kiss: Wife excited, Lithopedion with feigned excitement.)

(They freeze in tableau.)

Scene: The City Don't Know What the City is Getting

LITHOPEDION. *(Breaking tableau.)* Scene: The city don't know what the city is getting.

(Lithopedion sitting on couch, struggling to write something, Wife enters, in gardening outfit, same pregnant as before, but relieved to see what Lithopedion is up to.)

WIFE. Polishing up the résumé?

I love it when you get all corporate.

LITHOPEDION. Do you believe in God?

WIFE. *(Panic.)* I believe in church.

LITHOPEDION. That's a good answer.

WIFE. You're not going to start some kind of tax-dodge church in the garage are you? That's where I park my Toyota. But property taxes keep

YOUR LITHOPEDION

going up No. No, your new church is a bad idea dear.

LITHOPEDION. Yeah.

(Wife looks over his shoulder at what he's writing.)

WIFE. Honey, you use bullet points on a résumé, not numbers. And twelve is probably too many.

LITHOPEDION. Uh-huh. Well, maybe this isn't a résumé.

WIFE. *(Happy.)* Are you planning a big anniversary party for us? We could invite Everybody. A house full of guests to witness our love. It would be delightful!

LITHOPEDION. Especially if we had a gazebo.

WIFE. I knew those were gazebo plans.

LITHOPEDION. Well, plans, in a way.

WIFE. In a way?

LITHOPEDION. I realized I need to change how I'm living.

WIFE. *(Now angry.)* Are you about to confess to being a chronic masturbator now?

LITHOPEDION. No.

WIFE. *(Pause.)* Good. I've got our budget all set and I don't want to have to reconfigure it for a different volume of tissues.

LITHOPEDION. Have you ever been terribly bored? I mean so bored that you actually wanted to change something about yourself, but then found that you couldn't stop even though it was so unrelentingly dull?

(Wife tries to keep her countenance up, but we can see it slowly disintegrate until she bursts into tears. Then she tirades:)

WIFE. Oh my God. You go to orgies. You do, don't you! You go to them because I'm not good enough at whatever it is you want in bed when we do what we do on Wednesday and Saturday. God, it's probably why you lost your job at the quarry. Some complex jealousy thing over a gangfuck you went to at the Super 8. And, and, I bet that's how you got all those job interviews, wasn't it? Just people from the orgy community. Oh God, I can just see you sitting on some couch, bored, with strangers' frumpy genitals flopping and waving all over the place. And it's all my fault. This stupid body of mine just couldn't . . . well *(She's stumped, having talked herself out of her tirade.)* Oh God.

LITHOPEDION. Honey, it's okay. It's not orgies. It's not about you at

YOUR LITHOPEDION

all.

(Wife panics.)

LITHOPEDION. *(Bailing her out from another tirade.)* It's not about sex at all.

WIFE. But that's the only rational explanation.

LITHOPEDION. Sometimes life just doesn't make sense.

WIFE. I guess not.

Would you like some cookies? I think I'll go bake some cookies. It's hard to worry with an apron on.

(She hurries out. Lithopedion returns to writing as though nothing happened.)

(They freeze in tableau.)

Scene: I Think I'm Turning Japanese

LITHOPEDION. *(Breaking tableau.)* Scene: I think I'm turning Japanese.

(Lithopedion is on the couch, in the cheap suit, but covered in children's toys. He's having a drink, maybe a Manhattan. It would be a very Ward Cleaver moment if not for the toys and the mud on the suit. Wife enters, not pregnant looking.)

WIFE. The FBI came by today. They said they were lost, and their GPS was broken, and they left their cell phones in their office, and some punk teens stole their maps. So I let them use the phone.

(Lithopedion sighs, a very "What did the Beaver do now?" kind of sigh, and returns to his drink, nonplussed.)

WIFE. And, I'm pregnant.

(Lithopedion performs the exact same reaction again.)

LITHOPEDION. I think I'm going to buy an iPod.

WIFE. *(Heartbroken.)* I'm going to stay with my mother! *(She exits dramatically.)*

(He sips his drink and casually tortures one of the toys, complete with begging-for-mercy sounds. This goes on until it's just a little past funny for the audience. Then Wife enters, hugely pregnant.)

YOUR LITHOPEDION

LITHOPEDION. You've only been gone for 27 minutes.

WIFE. Shut up. I'm practicing.

(Beat.) Here. You can feel it kicking.

LITHOPEDION. Oh. You can.

Creepy.

(They freeze in tableau.)

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –
ORDER A COPY AT WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM***