

# SORRY, I JUST GOT HERE MYSELF

by Ken Bradbury



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*Two babies sit side by side in the viewing area of the hospital's maternity ward. They may be played by actors of either sex. They suck their fingers for a bit, then....*

Vachel: So ... what do you think?

Rustal: About what?

Vachel: The future.

Rustal: I don't know. I really haven't had much time to think about it.

Vachel: I know. I just got here myself.

Rustal: Natural?

Vachel: Induced.

Rustal: Oh. Hope you didn't mind.

Vachel: I was ready. Might as well get on with it.

Rustal: Is this it?

Vachel: What?

Rustal: Is this all there is to it? You're born then you sit here?

Vachel: No, there's a bit more ... childhood, adolescence, marriage. Then you pay taxes, go to Disney World and die. It's a pretty good gig.

Rustal: But I mean ... your purpose. How do you find your purpose?

Vachel: Oh, some people go their entire life without one.

Rustal: That's depressing.

Vachel: Don't forget Disney World. That's a good time. Expensive. You need coupons to really make it work.

Rustal: Coupons? All I've got is diapers.

Vachel: You'll be out of the diaper phase soon then you can start collecting the coupons.

Rustal: (*looking around*) Why do they keep the lights so bright?

Vachel: The want to make sure we're awake for the viewing.

Rustal: (*looking at the cribs nearby*) Then why are all the others sleeping?

Vachel: They don't know the routine. You lay here for a couple of days, people walk by that window and wave, you gurgle and smile and civilization continues for another thousand years.

Rustal: So those things in the window ...?

Vachel: That's what we'll grow up to be.

Rustal: (*looks a long, hard moment at the faces pressed against the maternity ward window*) You're kidding. Do we have a choice in this?

Vachel: Not much. Look. See that one with the purse? She's what you call a grandmother. That's why she's so happy. She can feed us and buy us things and spoil us then send us home at night. But that one ... that's a father. He's smiling now, but he's thinking about hospital costs, college tuition, and what it'll do to his car insurance to have a teenager driver in the family.

Rustal: That's why he's crying?

Vachel: That's why he's crying. He's scared.

Rustal: How about that one?

Vachel: Oh ... she's called a sister. She has no desire to bring you home. You're all her parents have talked about for the past nine months and she's sick and tired of you already.

Rustal: That doesn't seem fair.

Vachel: Sisters don't do "fair."

Rustal: So ... they all seem to fall into two groups: male and female. Which am I?

Vachel: I have no idea.

Rustal: How about you?

Vachel: I hadn't really thought about it. It won't be important for another twelve years or so.

Rustal: Is there a big difference? I mean between being a boy or a girl?

Vachel: Oh, it used to be huge. Power ... voting rights ... bigger restrooms. Things have pretty much evened out in the last fifty years. You got a preference?

Rustal: I don't know. Men don't look as colorful.

Vachel: That's changing, but you're right. Look at that guy. No female would go out in public dressed like that. On the other hand, if you're a man you can just put on anything.

Rustal: Do they do about the same things?

Vachel: Well ... men cry more.

Rustal: You're kidding?

Vachel: Oh not out loud ... and not where you can see them. They don't do emotions well.



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*by Ken Bradbury.*

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