

THE GIFT: 7 POUNDS, 3 OUNCES
By Gary Ray Stapp

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AUDITION 1-- for 2 m, 1 w

In this scene, Brad and Kyle have a heart-to-heart.

BRAD: Well, having kids isn't all fun and games you know. There are diapers and fevers and trips to the emergency room.

KYLE: I know. It's just, you know, having no parents, no siblings, no heirs. The Danfield branch of my family tree dies out with me. And I... *(Expels a deep breath, containing HIS emotion.)*

BRAD: Kyle, what is it?

KYLE: *(Shaking it off.)* Nothing. Nothing really. Just, please, please don't mention any of this to Jan. I don't want her knowing I've even talked...talked about anything. She's carried enough guilt as it is.

BRAD: You don't blame her, do you?

KYLE: Of course not! She can't help that's she's got bad eggs. It's just the way it is. I love her, dearly, Brad. She's really, really more than I deserve. And, thank you...and Tina, again.

BRAD: For what?

KYLE: For allowing us to be your children's godparents. All joking aside, it is truly an honor.

BRAD: If not Tina and I, who else would we want to raise our boys?

KYLE: No one else, I hope! But you know, buddy - and don't take this the wrong way - but if something tragic happened to the two of you, I would feel really, really bad...for a while.

BRAD: For a while? What? For, like, five minutes?

KYLE: Maybe. *(Smiles.)* But then, I would of course have to push past my grief and devote myself to raising your children.

BRAD: Gee, thanks.

(THEY laugh as TINA enters with a serving tray with cups of cocoa and sets it on the coffee table.)

TINA: What's so funny?

BRAD: Kyle is fantasizing our demise.

TINA: Our demise?

KYLE: Yeah, you know, like uh, you and Brad getting nailed by a bus as you cross the street, or the two of you succumb to a noxious serving of lobster tail as you dine on one of those cruises you're always going on.

TINA: Or maybe we could just jump overboard and skip the lobster. *(Gives the MEN their cups.)*

KYLE: That would work, too!

TINA: Your fantasies are disturbing, you know that?

KYLE: You don't know the half of it!

TINA: Oh, I was going to bring in cookies. *(Starts to kitchen.)*
I'll be right back. *(Exits.)*

KYLE: Tina sure has a great sense of humor.

BRAD: Well, she has to have to put up with your smart mouth.

KYLE: Ouch.

BRAD: Wussy.

KYLE: Ouch, again! And that reminds me, I'm sorry about my little innuendo earlier. I shouldn't have said something like that in front of Nick.

BRAD: What innuendo?

KYLE: About you sleeping with Tina to get your picture in the yearbook.

BRAD: Oh, that. Forget it.

KYLE: I guess since you're a preacher's son, you couldn't very well admit you were "carnal" before you were married, especially in front of your son.

BRAD: I had nothing to admit.

KYLE: *(Skeptical.)* What do you mean? You and Tina... slept together...before you were married.

BRAD: No, we didn't.

KYLE: Come on. (*Sets his cocoa down on the table.*)
Everybody was having sex then.

BRAD: Not me.

KYLE: (*Beat.*) Seriously?

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