

Please return
to check in

ANGEL FAT
by Trista Baldwin

Selection 2

About the play (from Trista Baldwin's website):

Two executives search for a surrogate for their powerful employer and his barren wife. A young woman, Angela, is lured to the search, seeming to take power as her body swells with the would-be heirs.

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NATALIE BROOKS – Female, around 40. An actress who gets cast a few times a year. Wealthy.

About this scene:

Natalie and her husband, Frank, have had fertility problems. She hopes that she has finally become pregnant.

NATALIE

A number of diseases can be diagnosed by smell. Including pregnancy. Untreated diabetics can have breath that smells like rotten apples. And some rats have been trained to smell schizophrenia. I think it's kind of sweet smelling. I can't remember.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

NATALIE

It's this new script the agent sent me.

FRANK

Send it back.

NATALIE

No, it used to be medical science. I looked it up! Doctors would smell you to diagnose your disease.

FRANK

Pregnancy is not a disease.

NATALIE

According to my medical records, it is. I keep getting diseased. Ha! I'd like to be able to say I'd adopt. If this doesn't work out.

FRANK

It will.

NATALIE

I know, but if not...I don't think I can fly to China or Romania and pick up some poor little baby, I wish I could, I wish I could be one of those women to pick up a child and smile at it like "I'm your Mommy, everything's okay now," because it doesn't feel okay to me. When I hold someone else's baby, it smells like someone else. It doesn't smell like mine. How can you fake that? How can you promise to love someone that could grow into a person you can't possibly understand? Isn't parenting hard enough with genetic reference points? When the kids being a real jerk, you can say "that's just like his uncle Ed" or when they're nose grows in crooked you can croon and say "aw, it's Grandma JoJo's nose!" and I have the same birthmark as my mother, on the back of my neck, we have the same birthmark.

I can't fly to China.

I can't adopt some kid from New Orleans.

Those poor little babies can't make me a mother.

I wish they could, I really wish they could make me feel like a mother, but they can't.

Does that make me bad? I feel so bad.