

OOH CHILD

Dramatis Personae:

Daley, woman, married to Dashiell

Dashiell, man, married to Daley

Oo-warp, a humanoid alien residing on Earth, friend and neighbor to the D's

Cashier, a recorded algorithm

The Scene

A coffee shop in the suburbs. The sort of middle-of-the-road place Starbuck's customers go to buy local.

Imitation instrumentals of recognizable songs play over the cafe.

OO-WARP is seated, working on a newspaper puzzle, sipping his creamy hot beverage.

After a bit of progress is made on that puzzle, DALEY and DASHIELL enter, noisily.

Oo-warp beams when he sees them.

DASHIELL

How is it my goddamn fault if that dickweed doesn't know how to park?

DALEY

It isn't.

DASHIELL

And if I want to leave him a nasty note, that's my goddamn prerogative.

DALEY

Sure it is. But, you didn't have any pen or paper.

DASHIELL

Well, what was I supposed to do? Type it out on my phone and tuck that under his wiper?

DALEY

No. That's silly.

DASHIELL

It's silly. And a waste of a new phone.

DALEY

You could have bought a pen at that CVS. And some kind of ironic greeting card. We were already late. It was right there.

Daley waves to Oo-warp. He continues beaming and waves back.

DASHIELL

I'm supposed to shell out seven bucks, because Pukie the Parker can't get it right? I don't think so.

DALEY

No. I suppose not. It's just so...extreme.

DASHIELL

Extreme gets the point across. You know, if I found seven bucks sitting inside a stranger's wallet on the walk over here, I still would have did what I did.

DALEY

Extreme does get the point across.
(ready to change the subject)
I've always meant to come in here.

DASHIELL

Why? We've got our place.

DALEY

I know, but I drive by it and see those funny sayings on the sign...

DASHIELL

You think those things are funny?

DALEY

Well, not all of them...

DASHIELL

I don't think any of them are. That one about the janitor was just a terrible pun.

DALEY

But in this political climate...it was kinda edgy.

DASHIELL

If you say so.

He sees Oo-warp, throws him a head nod. Oo-warp beams even harder.

You wanna order first or sit down? It doesn't look like they do table service.

DALEY

Let's order first. Oo-warp is having one of those seasonal lattes.

DASHIELL

I don't see why he can't order a regular coffee like a regular—

Daley punches him.

CASHIER

Season's greetings. Would you like to try a peppermint—

DASHIELL

No.

CASHIER

I heard no. How about the joke of the day?

DASHIELL

No.

CASHIER

I heard yes. What did the janitor say when he came out of the closet?

DASHIELL

Are you kidding me? It's the same thing that was on the sign last—

DALEY

(to disembodied cashier)

We're ready to order.

(to Dashiell)

You know what I want. I'm gonna sit with Oo-warp.

Daley gives Dashiell a show of affection and glides over to Oo-warp's table. He stands and performs some choreographed acknowledgement of her presence, like a salaam and the funky chicken rolled together.

OO-WARP

It is so nice to see you, Daley. I hope there was no problem finding this cafe.

DALEY

No, no problem.

OO-WARP

But, you have arrived very late. I was forced to fight my anxiety and its boredom by purchasing a newspaper and this pen at the CVS.

DALEY

We apologize, Oo-warp. Dash had that thing of his...with the people who can't park.

OO-WARP

Say no more. I once lost one hour's wages, because a stranger to us parked incorrectly. Dashiell, he is a man of strong convictions. Do not fret this tardiness. I was able to try my knowledge at your thinking games. The excitement of the challenge of the test of the individual. And I have proven myself!

Oo-warp shows her the newspaper puzzle. It is filled with scratches and symbols that run across the page and for sure are not the right answers.

DALEY

Yeah, okay.

OO-WARP

Did you order the peppermint latte? I highly recommend it.

DALEY

No, just got my usual.

OO-WARP

So, this is not purely a neighbor's social call. Although, I do love feasting with you and Dashiell.

DALEY

This isn't really feasting, you know.

OO-WARP

I have important news. A request. An asking bound in the mists of honor, draped across the mountain of family. But, I shall wait till Dashiell joins us.

Oo-warp speaks that last sentence with rising inflection, as if Dashiell were upon them.

He was not.

The two sit in deflated silence.

Eventually, Dashiell joins them with two carafes of red for Daley and a 5 gal keg for himself.

Oo-warp stands and performs a different acknowledgement for Dashiell: butterfly hands with twerk butt. Then sits.

The D's jump in to their drinking business. She guzzles directly from the carafes, alternating. He puts the spout inside his mouth and jet-pours that way.

Oo-warp beams, raises his glass mug.

DASHIELL

Don't toast with coffee, Oo-a. That's impolite.

Oo-warp still beams, lowers his glass mug.

OO-WARP

Blessed and fond neighbors of the Rivendell Court Luxury Homes priced between 250 and 300! Today, I announce the news. Shadilldezz and I are expecting a third child. And we want you to take it!

DALEY

Like godparents?

DASHIELL

He said take it; I don't think that means godparents. What's this, Oo-warp?

OO-WARP

I have told you about my struggles with birth control.

DASHIELL

Only like everyday we ride-share.

DALEY

Oh, I didn't know about these...struggles.

DASHIELL

It's guy stuff.

OO-WARP

As gender specific as that is true, it is also important preamble for this request. May I retell the circumstances that have brought me to this moment.

DALEY

Of course!

DASHIELL

I guess...

OO-WARP

The blending of Earth ways with our ways has created some...very hilarious hybrids...if I may say so. I have shared quite a few of these with Dashiell on our morning commutes.

The humans settle in for some back story.

So, to prevent my wife from being extinguished, and me going to Earth jail, I began employing birth control. Not the drugstore variety like you would use. I have special needs, special shapes and viscosities to consider. Well, as fortune would have it, I developed an...appreciation for my chosen birth control apparatus. I was acutely tuned to its maintenance. I would rinse it out, reversing it when necessary, twisting it into the snuggest forms, lubricating it so that my dear Shadilldezz's organs stayed inside her body. Ours is a relationship built on the bedrock of respect, painted in the weather-proof latex of love.

DALEY

How exactly do you, uh..?

Dashiell frowns and shakes his head slowly.

OO-WARP

Well, after some time, I began to find the interior of my apparatus, as sweet as Shaddy's poopooresh. So, sometimes, I would go inside the apparatus. And make it. Without Shaddy even being around. Without her even watching me. This grew to be my greatest shame.

DASHIELL

That's not un-Earthlike.

OO-WARP

So, I have heard. Anyway, as my passion mounted, my attention to the apparatus's maintenance declined. This culminated one evening I was so consumed with the sharing, I left it laying there, in the den, caked in the expected liquids and powders. Well, Shaddy saw it, and not knowing what it was, ate it right up. Instantly pregnantizing herself.

DALEY

Are you certain she didn't know what it was? Cuz, some women—

OO-WARP

Oh, very. The apparatus strongly resembles food.

Oo-warp feels like he is losing them.
He, for sure, is not.

Yes, long story short, this future baby is yours. Or, one of the grown babies. We just can't have a third.

DASHIELL

Yeah, okay, I'm in.

Daley laughs nervously.

DALEY

Maybe we should discuss this at home...

DASHIELL

What's to discuss? Have you seen the arm on his eldest? He could pitch for the Angels. Or drum for Def Leppard.

OO-WARP

Albotlyn will be pleased. So too Shadilldezz. She loves her life. Now, drink drink. I will incant the binding contract in my native language and...

DALEY

One second, Oo-warp. Dash, may I?

She gestures for them to step away from the table.

DASHIELL

You jump right in, Oo-a. We'll just be a sec.

Dashiell drags the keg with him as he follows Daley.

OO-WARP

Ehn klahck roho djudju hiveree. Gutch larwoo kurtee lizz tarp. Poopooreesh Shadilldezz mahm Dashielloo furz Daleyex.

Oo-warp has his coffee drink in his hands as he intones, jostling himself and splattering it about as he gets into the binding contract ritual. Some nearby customers throw disapproving looks at

Oo-warp. And his voice drops to a low, continuous incomprehensible murmur.

Meanwhile, simultaneously...

DALEY

Why don't we just thank Oo-warp for the drinks and discuss this at home?

DASHIELL

You think he's gonna pick up *our* drinks? Sweet! Anyway, I want that big-arm kid.

DALEY

Well, I don't want that big-armed kid. And Oo-warp acts like he's half-retarded. You didn't see what he did to that newspaper of his. Saying he was master of the Jumble or Bananagrams or, I don't know, bridge. You couldn't even see what it was supposed to be.

DASHIELL

What's any of that got to do with these free outer space kids?

DALEY

What if he and Shaddy are mental incompetents? Then, we set the precedent. The State of California will have us looking after the other two.

DASHIELL

So, we just take Big-Arm on a trial basis.

DALEY

No. Dash, you heard how he went on about that god-awful apparatus. His kid is probably spanking or tugging or whatever it is that makes the powders and viscosities come out. Ugh, the whole idea has me off my wine. Besides, maybe I want to make my own big-armed kid with you. The human way.

This last part perks Dash right up.

And Oo-warp has finished his binding contract incantation. That big-arm kid legally belongs to the D's, if the US ever tosses out all its child custody laws.

DASHIELL

So, uh, we love this idea. But, like you said, relationships are the mountain of bedrock. And thanks for the suds. Dale, I'll bring the car around front.

Exit Dashiell.

DALEY

Oo-warp, you are a truly special individual and the way you just put yourself out there. Well, what I'm trying to say is don't ever change. You know. You got this thing, a spark.

OO-WARP

I'll drop Albotlyn off as soon as he's packed!

Daley scrunches her face and wags her finger at Oo-warp, as if to launch into a

lecture on Earth parenting, but she thinks better of it and exits.

Oo-warp is left alone at his latte-soaked table. He unfolds his latte-soaked newspaper. And, he beams.

DASHIELL (OS)

Which one of you wing-dinglers drives a purple Altima?!

END OF PLAY