

“No Room in the Waiting Room”

by
David Tippett

- What** Written for a performance on a virtual platform (Zoom, etc.), this funny script reminds us that sometimes we need to stop trying to control things and just trust in the Coach, who ultimately knows best.
- Themes: Streaming Church, Zoom, Letting Go, Be Still, God’s Presence, Control
- Who** Brian
Melissa
Birthing Coach
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Brian and Coach are dressed in casual clothes. Melissa is dressed in a hospital gown, or something that looks similar.
SFX- Chime sound
- Why** Psalm 46:10
- How** This script is designed to be performed on a virtual platform (Zoom, MS Teams, etc.). You can choose different backgrounds for each character. Suggest a hospital room background for Melissa.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

At virtual curtain, we see two screens up. Brian is in one, Melissa is in the other. We only see the upper half of her body throughout.

Brian: OK honey, I'm right here. I got this!

Melissa: *(in distress)* Ohhh...this never gets easier.

Brian: I know.

Melissa: How would you know?! *(imitating a contraction)* Whoa!!

Brian: *(concerned)* That sounded like a big one!

Melissa: *(breathless)* It...was...*(peering at screen)* Where is that coach we hired?!

Brian: *(unconvincingly)* Umm, not sure.

Melissa: You sent her the link, correct?

Brian: Yea. Of course. Weird. *(throws hands up)* I've not heard from her. *(sfx electronic chime; he looks closely at screen, makes a face)* Oops. Sorry, she's been in the waiting room all this time. I forgot to let her in. *(quick typing).*

Melissa: What?!

Coach: *(appears in a third screen, grateful tone)* Thank you. I wasn't sure if I was doing something wrong.

Brian: *(false sympathy)* No, you're fine, it was me.

Melissa: So glad you're here!

Brian: *(confused)* I'm always here.

Melissa: No, I mean—

Coach: It's OK, Melissa, I'm here to help. Both of you.

Melissa: *(another contraction)* Whoa!

Coach: That was a big one.

Brian: *(peevied, muttering to himself)* I said 'big one' too. I can say that stuff.

Coach: *(to Brian)* Umm. Of course. *(to Melissa)* How many minutes apart are they now, Melissa?

Brian: *(still grumbling to self)* Big shot Coach. Big deal. I had this.

Melissa: What?

Coach: I said how many minutes since the last contraction?

Melissa: You're breaking up. What?

Coach: Can you hear me now? (*Melissa holds up her hands like it's still not working*). Hmm. Let's try chat. (*starts typing in imaginary chat box*)

Brian: (*looks into screen*) Hey, no private messages. I wanna see too!

Coach: Oops, sorry. (*quick type*) There, you're included. (*to Melissa, mouthing big while talking out loud*) I just hit send.

Melissa gets comically close to screen trying to read the chat.

Brian: (*typing while also verbalizing what he's typing*) Hi babe! I'm still here too smiley face thumbs up heart heart heart praying hands halo American flag unicorn clapping hands skull and cross bones, oops! Delete delete.

Coach: (*to Brian*) Please Brian, if you could stop typing for a moment, I'm trying to—

Melissa: (*still looking at screen*) Skull and cross bones?!

Brian: Sorry, fat fingers.

Coach: Melissa, can you hear me again? If so, just tell me how many minutes.

Melissa: I can hear you now...they're coming pretty fast.

Coach: OK, start your breathing.

Brian: Like this honey! (*starts comical exaggerated breathing*)

Coach: (*to Brian*) No, not like that, I don't want her to faint.

Brian: (*ignoring Coach*) Breaathe. Breaathe!!

Coach: Brian, that's not the best technique.

Brian: (*defensive*) I think I know what's best for my wife. Look, I watched that "Daddies B' Birthing" video on YouTube. I'm good.

Coach: (*trying to defuse*) Umm, right. Look, I know you might think you know how, but I have the experience and just want what's best for you both.

Brian: I've got this! I always have. She depends on me.

Melissa: Uh, hello! Woman in labor here and whoa!!

Brian: *(to Coach)* Wait one. *(to Melissa)* Honey, I'm going to put you on mute for just a sec.

Melissa: What? No, I need—

Now, it's apparent she's muted but we can still see her mouthing words—she continues to yell silently, waving at camera to get their attention.

Coach: Brian, I need to talk to her.

Brian: We need to clear the air first. *(noticing Melissa, waves at her)* Hi honey!

Coach: Brian. I can't force you. I'm here to help. Truly. But I can't do that unless I can run the show.

Brian: I said, I'm fine!

Coach: *(sighs)* OK. I won't force my way, Brian. *(pause, resignation)* Let me know if I can help. *(her screen goes black)*

Brian: *(less sure of himself)* Wait! I didn't mean you had to... *(to self)* Great. *(gathering himself, but false courage)* Good. I'm fine. Like I said. *(then sees Melissa)* Oh, right, right. Honey, you OK?

Melissa shouting silently again.

Brian: Honey, you're on mute. *(big mouthing, gesturing to ears)* You're on mute!

Melissa pointing at him.

Brian: Oh, right, I put you on mute. *(quick typing)* There. Sorry.

Melissa: *(can be heard now)* What's going on?! Whoa whoa!

Brian: *(starting to panic)* Um, wow, it's really happening. I'm, uh, in charge now honey. The coach, had to um, go do a webinar or something.

Melissa: She's gone?! I—whoa! *(she rears back and her hand appears to hit her screen and then her screen goes black and no sound)*

Brian: *(panicking)* Honey?! Honey?! What happened?! Stupid video thingy *(pretending to hit buttons/frantic typing, etc)*. Oh, man, nothing's working. *(looking up)* Help!!

Brian pauses, head goes down. Then the electronic SFX chime. He looks at screen. Pauses. Sighs. Then quick typing. Then, Coach's screen is back up.

Coach: Thanks Brian. For letting me in.

Brian: Um, yea. I, uh, guess I'm in over my head.

Coach: *(gently)* I know.

Brian: I...I thought I could handle this, but, well, I screwed something up and now, I can't help my wife. I can't even see her!

Coach: I understand. Can you make me the host now? Give me control? I need to be the driver here, Brian. I can help but you have to allow me.

Brian *(reluctantly, sigh)* OK *(quick typing)* There. It's all yours.

Coach: Thanks. *(quick typing and Melissa's screen comes up)* Melissa. I'm here. We're here.

Brian: Honey! I'm sorry, I messed this all up. Are you OK?

Melissa: Oh, thank goodness. I—Whoa! Whoa Whoa!

Brian: Honey, breathe *(catches himself)*. Um, sorry.

Coach: *(smiles)* It's OK. Melissa, nothing to worry about. We'll get through this together. Now...

Her volume drops as she gives Melissa further instructions.

Brian: *(at the same time, he starts typing, verbalizes while typing, trying to be quiet)* The coach has this, honey. Always has. *(pause)* Smiley face, prayer hands, heart heart heart, pumpkin. Ugg! Delete. No. She likes pumpkins. Un-delete. *(looks back at the screen, then types/verbalizes quietly)* Breathe in, breathe out. Breathe in...

Virtual curtain.