

# Hypnotic Transfer

A short play

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## **Hypnotic Transfer**

### **Cast:**

**CHARLES** (30 – 40 yrs): A nervous father in waiting. Neatly attired.

**HELEN** (30 - 35 yrs): Lying on a labour ward bed, dressed in a nightie, and about to give birth. She is quite calm and in complete control.

**MIDWIFE** (25 - 30 yrs): A competent nurse with a reassuring manner. She is dressed in a nurses' uniform.

### **Setting:**

The stage set represents a maternity labour ward.

The bed is mid stage – positioned length ways across the stage (perhaps slightly angled towards rear of stage so as the audience cannot see the Midwife in action!).

There is a chair beside the head of the bed (front of stage).

The wheelchair is on the opposite side of the bed.

The equipment trolley is positioned near the foot of the bed. There are some towels, face washers, a bunny rug, 2 metal bowls and a large pair of scissors on top of it.

### **Time:**

The Present.

### **Some Suggested Props**

- Single bed
- Sheets and pillows
- Chair
- Wheelchair
- Equipment trolley
- Towels, washers, bunny rug
- 2 medium size metal (or plastic) bowls
- Large pair of scissors
- Baby (life size baby doll)

## Hypnotic Transfer

*(HELEN is lying calmly on the bed propped up on a few pillows. Her legs are drawn up. A sheet covers her from just over her knees up over her abdomen.)*

*The MIDWIFE is busying herself with things under the sheet.*

*CHARLES is pacing to and fro along the length of the bed. He is very nervous, wringing his hands and rubbing them through his hair.)*

MIDWIFE: *(Pops her head up)* Everything is going fine. It won't be long now.

CHARLES: Oh, my God! *(He grabs his stomach as if in pain.)*

HELEN: *(quite relaxed)* Come on, Charles. We can do this. I know we can. We've gone this far together.

CHARLES: Oh dear, I don't feel so good.

MIDWIFE: Charles, come over here.

CHARLES: *(Shakes his head)* Oh, I don't think that would be a particularly good idea.

MIDWIFE: Come on. When you know what's going on it makes it all so much easier.

CHARLES: *(reluctantly moves over to the foot of the bed)* I'm not so sure about this.

MIDWIFE: Just look at that!

*(CHARLES peers under the sheet and between HELEN'S legs.)*

MIDWIFE: See, there it is, the top of the baby's head!

CHARLES: Ahhhh! *(He grabs his groin with both hands as if in great pain, and drops to his knees)*

HELEN: *(reassuringly)* It's all right. It's a baby. It's our baby!

CHARLES: Helen, I'm afraid it's not a baby. It's a black slimy hairy creature!  
And I can't bear it. Oh my God!

MIDWIFE: That's the top of the baby's head. He has black hair.

HELEN: You hear that, he has black hair. We are so blessed.

*(CHARLES regains his feet)*

CHARLES: Blessed? Blessed with pain – yes! Blessed with fear –  
absolutely!

MIDWIFE: Everything is progressing normally. Just breathe away Helen and  
wait for the next contraction.

*(CHARLES moves to the head of the bed and drops onto the chair. He  
doesn't know what to do with his hands and just can't keep still.)*

*The MIDWIFE places her hand on HELEN'S tummy waiting for the  
next contraction.)*

HELEN: Wet washer please

*(The MIDWIFE stretches out and grabs one from the trolley and tosses  
it to HELEN. CHARLES instinctively stands and leans towards  
HELEN. She wipes his brow and face.)*

HELEN: *(continues)* There you are. You're doing so well. We're nearly  
there now. Just breathe slowly and evenly.

*(CHARLES tries, with difficulty, to compose himself)*

...See, that's a bit better...

...Now, I'm starting to sense another contraction coming on so I  
want you to go down and see how it's all going.

*(CHARLES shakes his head)*

CHARLES: No, I can't

HELEN: Now, now. We said we would not use the "can't" word –  
remember? The "can't" word is an unacceptable substitute for  
the word "won't" – and we both know you *will* do what's best.

CHARLES: Yes, but I...

HELEN: *(firmly interrupting)* Charles! Remember our key word - *Focus!*

*(On hearing the “key word” CHARLES heads to the business end once more. The MIDWIFE has turned her attention to under the sheet.)*

MIDWIFE: Now just a little bit of a push Helen.

*(HELEN gives a push that seems like no real effort at all. CHARLES throws one hand over his tummy and the other over his groin.)*

MIDWIFE: *(continues)* That’s lovely. Here Charles, look how it’s progressing...

*(CHARLES peeks over)*

MIDWIFE: *(continues)* ... the head is almost out now!

CHARLES: *(Gasping)* Oh dear Lord! This is dreadful. Ahhhh!!

*(His knees go weak and he trembles. He is momentarily transfixed to the image of the impending birth.)*

...Ahhhh! Ohhhh! Ahhhh!

HELEN: Just pant Charles. Come on pant - just as we practiced.

CHARLES: It’s monstrous! *(PANT, PANT, PANT)*

it’s too big *(PANT, PANT, PANT)*

it won’t fit *(PANT, PANT, PANT)*

it just can’t be done!

HELEN: Charles! No “*can’ts*”.

CHARLES: Sorry, sorry, my love.

MIDWIFE: Just a tad more Helen.

*(HELEN gives a tiny GRUNT)*

MIDWIFE: *(continues)* There Charles, there's the head!

*(CHARLES grabs his groin with one hand and his head with the other.)*

CHARLES: Holy Mother of Jesus!

*(CHARLES breaks his gaze and runs to the head of the bed. The MIDWIFE instinctively passes the metal bowl to HELEN. HELEN holds the bowl up for CHARLES who grabs it with both hands and dry retches into it.)*

*(The MIDWIFE grabs the bunny rug.)*

*(CHARLES passes the bowl to HELEN who returns it to the MIDWIFE who exchanges it for another damp washer. HELEN wipes CHARLES face once more.)*

HELEN: Back you go now.

CHARLES: But, but...

HELEN: *(sharply)* Focus!

*(CHARLES immediately returns to the bottom of the bed.)*

MIDWIFE: Just a little more now Helen.

that's great...

*(CHARLES is gagging)*

lovely...

and...

and, here is your new son!...

look at that Charles!...

CHARLES: It's a beautiful, beautiful monstrous boy – I mean baby boy!

*(CHARLES becomes choked up and tearful.)*

HELEN: I am so proud of you Charles. You have done great – just great.

*(The **MIDWIFE** passes **CHARLES** the very large pair of scissors.)*

MIDWIFE: How about you cut the cord.

*(**CHARLES** is crying and shaking like a leaf with the scissors in his hand.)*

MIDWIFE: On second thoughts how about *I* cut the cord.

*(She takes the scissors back and does the job herself. **CHARLES** goes to **HELEN** and hugs and kisses her.)*

HELEN: We did it. It wasn't so bad after all was it?

CHARLES: *(through blubbing and tears)* It's so wonderful - so unbelievable.

*(The **MIDWIFE** has quickly cleaned and wrapped the baby.)*

MIDWIFE: Here is your son.

*(She presents the baby to the new parents. **CHARLES** takes him and shows him to **HELEN**. They both fuss and "ooh" and "aah" for a moment.)*

MIDWIFE: There's just the matter of the placenta now.

HELEN: Charles.

CHARLES: Surely I've done enough. I can't be expected...

HELEN: *(shakes her head and points her finger)* No, no no! Focus!

*(On hearing the key word **CHARLES** automatically leaves the baby with **HELEN** and is once more in attendance with the **MIDWIFE**. **HELEN** is stroking and whispering to the baby.)*

MIDWIFE: It's starting to come away now. You see the cord getting longer.

*(**CHARLES** grabs at his tummy and GROANS.)*

MIDWIFE: *(continues)* Grab that spare bowl off the trolley for me.

*(CHARLES grabs the bowl and holds it under his chin. The MIDWIFE snatches it off him.)*

MIDWIFE: *(continues)* That's for me silly - for the afterbirth.

...There we go.

...Out it comes.

...and, that's the placenta.

CHARLES: *(gags for a moment before being able to speak)* Oh that is positively revolting. *(He massages his own tummy).*

*(CHARLES returns unsteadily to the head of the bed and sits down. The MIDWIFE is doing a quick clean and tidy.)*

HELEN: Good job Charles. The hard work is now over. You are so clever. And look at our new baby. He is just so perfect.

*(CHARLES remains seated but reaches up and strokes the baby's head)*

CHARLES: Yes, he's a little angel. My little man. You are so very special.

...I feel so drained. It's really taken its toll I'm afraid.

*(HELEN has now focused all her attention on the baby.)*

HELEN: *(To the baby)* Oh dear such a tired little face. You've been through so much.

CHARLES: I know. I think I'll need to sleep for a month.

HELEN: *(To the baby)* You just close your little eyes and rest you poor baby.

CHARLES: *(Nods his head in agreement)* Sure... rest... sleep... what a wonderful idea.

HELEN: *(To the baby)* Look at you. So settled already. Not even making a little sound. You are so good aren't you?

CHARLES: Well, I'm truly a spent force. I don't think I've got a squeak left in me.



MIDWIFE: Okay, all's well at this end.

HELEN: That's great thanks. I think Charles needs some rest now. I should get him off to bed.

MIDWIFE: Yes, it appears so. He's really worn himself out.

*(The MIDWIFE takes the baby from HELEN for a moment. HELEN bounces out of bed on the opposite side and comes back around the bed with the wheelchair.)*

HELEN: In you get Charles. Nice and easy.

*(CHARLES moves carefully into the wheel chair. The MIDWIFE passes him the baby.)*

MIDWIFE: You right there, Charles?

CHARLES: Thank you. Yes. I think I'll be okay now.

HELEN: *(to the MIDWIFE)* Thank you so much for your help.

MIDWIFE: You're most welcome. Tell me what was this process called again?

HELEN: It's called *Hypnotic Transfer*. I'm a Psychologist; it's my specialty area. Totally pain free and the process is as smooth as silk.

*(CHARLES gives her an astonished look that she doesn't notice.)*

MIDWIFE: *Hypnotic Transfer*, what a tremendous break through.

HELEN: Yes isn't it sensational *(she starts to wheel CHARLES and baby off stage then pauses briefly)*.

...next we move on to breastfeeding!

*(CHARLES head swings around to face the audience with a look of horror.)*

*(They move off stage)*

**PLAY ENDS**