

Mimi and Me

Kitty Dubin





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MIMI AND ME

by Kitty Dubin

CAST

MIMI MANDELBAUM: 90-year-old nursing home resident.

TINDY O'MALLEY: 20-year-old community college student.

Setting: *A nursing home. There is a chair a table with a water pitcher and a glass.*

At Rise: MIMI MANDELBAUM is sitting in her wheelchair, hunched over, staring into space. TINDY enters.

TINDY: Mrs. Mandelbaum?

MIMI: *(doesn't look up)* Yeah?

TINDY: *(bubbly)* Hi! I'm Tindy O'Malley.

MIMI: Yeah?

TINDY: I go to O.C.C. and I'm taking Soc. *(pronounces it sosh)* We have to work with seniors somewhere and write a paper on it, so I'm volunteering at the nursing home this semester. This is my first day.

MIMI: Whaddaya want?

TINDY: Well, I'd like to take you to the Sing-A-Long.

MIMI: Get lost.

TINDY: Oh, c'mon. It'll be fun!

MIMI: Leave me alone.

TINDY: Everyone's gonna be there.

MIMI: Look, Miss--peer pressure don't work so well at my age.

TINDY: OK. Would you like a magazine? I've got Cosmo, Time, Newsweek--

MIMI: I don't give a shit about what's going on in the world.

TINDY: Well then, why don't we go to the activity room and do a jigsaw puzzle?

MIMI: Feh.

TINDY: Excuse me?

MIMI: I said--Feh!

TINDY: Uh, Mrs. Mandelbaum, I'm told you just sit here all day. Personally, I don't think that's very healthy. Now, tell me whatever it is you like to do and we'll do it. I'm at your service. Just name it.

MIMI: What would I like to do?

TINDY: Yes.

MIMI: Die--preferably in my sleep.

TINDY: Uh...Other than that--

MIMI: Look, Tandy--

TINDY: Tindy.

MIMI: I'm all done.

TINDY: All done? With your dinner?

MIMI: No. With my life.

TINDY: Oh please. Don't say that.

MIMI: Why not? I've had a good life, but I'm done. I'm ready to go.

TINDY: I probably shouldn't be telling you this, but you're so--with it-- compared to everyone else I've seen around here.

MIMI: Well, that's not saying much. Most of 'em pish and poop in their pants and don't even know it. Look, why don't you go 'help' someone else?

TINDY: I'm sure there must be something that would cheer you up.

MIMI: Yeah. A visit from Dr. Kevorkian.

TINDY: Well, that man is finally where he belongs.

MIMI: I wrote to him once. He turned me down.

TINDY: (*horrified*) You mean you asked him to come here and--kill you?

MIMI: Yeah. Says I gotta be a whole lot sicker or he'd get in trouble. A whole lot sicker? It's not enough I got arthritis, emphysema, and the worst case of gas--

TINDY: (*changing the subject*) Would you like me to do you hair, Mrs. Mandelbaum?

MIMI: What?

TINDY: Can I do your hair? I'll make you look real pretty.

MIMI: Who needs to look pretty to play bingo with a bunch of alter kockers?

TINDY: But what if you get a visitor?

MIMI: I don't get any visitors.

TINDY: Oh. I presume Mr. Mandelbaum is--

MIMI: Dead. Nineteen years.

TINDY: Oh. You must miss him.

MIMI: I must?

TINDY: Well, what sort of a gentleman was he?

MIMI: "Gentleman?" He was more of a--shlub. But don't get me wrong. He was a good husband and a good father.

TINDY: (*upbeat*) So you have children.

MIMI: Yeah. My daughter's in LA and my son lives in Boston.

TINDY: I guess they can't visit too often.

MIMI: They try but they got busy lives. I hate to see 'em travel two thousand miles with their kids just to come and sit here with me. What kind of trip is that? Feh.

TINDY: So, how long were you and Mr. Mandelbaum married?

MIMI: Fifty-one years.

TINDY: Oh, that's wonderful. I just got engaged last month. (*proudly shows off her ring*)

MIMI: Engaged? You look like a little girl.

TINDY: I'm twenty years old.

MIMI: Too young to get married.

TINDY: Believe me, Mrs. Mandelbaum. We know what we're doing. Steve and I've been dating since sixth grade.

MIMI: Oy.

TINDY: So, what's the secret of a long and successful marriage?

MIMI: You want to know my secret?

TINDY: Yes.

MIMI: Boyfriends.

TINDY: Boyfriends?

MIMI: Yeah. You gotta have boyfriends or your husband'll get on your nerves.

TINDY: (*a beat*) I don't understand. Are you saying you had relationships with other men while you were married?

MIMI: (*without apology*) That's right.

TINDY: But you said Mr. Mandelbaum was a good husband. Why did you feel you had to--go outside the marriage?

MIMI: (*matter of factly*) Because he was such a good husband. He made a very good living, but he was never home. He was always working at the scrap yard.

TINDY: So, who were all these--boyfriends?

MIMI: Look, don't get me wrong. In fifty-one years, there were only three.

TINDY: Who were they?

MIMI: Well, the first was our mailman--Sammy. Oy. Gorgeous. A body like Schwarzenegger. He delivered the mail every day at two. Just when my kids were going down for their nap.

TINDY: Really...

MIMI: But after a couple of years, Sammy got a different route, which was just as well, because by then the kids stopped taking their naps.

TINDY: Didn't you feel disloyal to Mr. Mandelbaum? I mean, he was working his head off--while you were in the house that he worked so hard to pay for--doing it with another man.

MIMI: (*unapologetic*) Oh, I never looked at it like that. I looked at it like this: He was doing what he was supposed to--working hard and providing for his family--but it was making me miserable. I had to decide: Either I could go crazy or I could get a boyfriend.

END OF FREEVIEW
You'll want to read and perform this show!