

PASSING

by Jean Blasiar

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PASSING

AT RISE, an elderly man in a wheelchair with a piece of cake in his hand and a woman about the same age, maybe a few years younger, also in a wheelchair, sitting next to him. Both elderly people are looking out at the audience while they talk to each other.

MAN

Who are all these people?

WOMAN

You should know. You begot them.

MAN

(turns to look at woman)

I what?

WOMAN

Begot them. Begot!

Leans over, puts her hand in front of her mouth, while she whispers something to the man.

Woman returns to looking out at the audience.

MAN

(grins)

Must have had a good time. There's so many of them.

WOMAN

They multiply. Good at math. Get that from me.

MAN

I'm good at math.

WOMAN

No you aren't. You're good at...

(leans over to whisper to the man again; hand up
to hide her face from lip readers)

Woman returns attention to the audience.

Big grin on man's face as he ponders what the woman just said he was good at.

MAN

Yeah! They don't make them like they...

WOMAN

Don't get naughty. They'll cut off your dopamine. They you'll be shakin' all over the place. Wipe your mouth.

MAN

I don't have a handkerchief.

WOMAN

In your left cuff.

Man looks, feels the left cuff of his shirt, pulls out a very large handkerchief.

MAN

Oh, yeah. Where'd you find it? I thought I lost it.

WOMAN

You'd lose your head if it wasn't for me.

MAN

You're right, Mildred. Soft handkerchiefs are hard to find any more. Got boxes of those paper ones around. Not a damn bit good when you got to blow a honker like mine.

He blows his nose noisily.

WOMAN

Oh, Lord. Here comes Aunt Martha.

MAN

Who?

WOMAN

Martha. Your sister.

MAN

Where's that guy that pushes me around? Get me outa here.

WOMAN

Too late she's seen us.

Like Charlie Brown, a trumpet sounds twice indicating Hello from Aunt Martha.

WOMAN

(smiles at audience)

Hello, Martha. How nice to see you.

Trumpet (or piano keys) sound several times.

Mildred pokes the man in the wheel chair next to her to wake up.

MAN

What? I can't hear a thing with this music. Who is it?

Trumpet (or keys) sound twice.

WOMAN

You remember Martha, Melvin. Your sister.

MAN

Oh, sure. How the hell are you?

Trumpet (or keys) sound many, many times. Martha is telling Melvin how she is...

MAN

I didn't mean how every little thing is. Your movements are your problem.

(looks around)

Where's that guy who pushes me?

When Martha has obviously left them, man turns to woman to whisper...

MAN

Same old Martha. Always talking about her BM's. As if anyone cares. You don't hear me talking about mine.

WOMAN

And I better not!

MAN

Reminds me. I'm out of MiraLax. Can we go now?

WOMAN

Go?

MAN

Home. I think I want to get in bed.

WOMAN

(checks her watch)

It's six thirty.

MAN

I didn't ask you what time it was. It takes me longer these days to get ready.

WOMAN

What do you have to do?

MAN

Put the cat out. Get my MiraLax ready for tomorrow. Incidentally, we're out of MiraLax. Set the alarm in case I sleep past nine. Rearrange the covers so I can pull up a blanket in case it gets cold. Leave a note for the milkman to leave some cream. Get my cereal ready. We got milk?

WOMAN

We got milk. But we haven't had a milk man for years.

(pauses)

And we don't have a cat.

MAN

What happened to the cat?

WOMAN

We never had a cat. We had a dog.