

Monday with Midge

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MONDAY WITH MIDGE

*Empty stage except for a door. The door looks relatively normal, like a waiting room door. White with a brushed nickel handle. Nothing special. There is a soft blue light emanating from underneath it. A Marine Guard (early 20's in dress blues, handsome, young, but very tough) stands guard in front of it. The blue light coming from behind his feet casts a huge shade on the stage in front of him.*

*Miriam (70's) enters and bee lines across the stage for the door. She walks with a cane. It's wooden, rubber footed and has "Badass Gramma" written on the side of it in huge gold letters. It's unclear whether she actually needs it to walk or not. She's got spunk, this one. She isn't exactly on a mission, but she has a glint of determination in her eye and she's certain she's headed in the right direction. Of something.*

*Marine Guard clicks his heels anytime he's uncomfortable. He almost never makes direct eye contact and almost always stares straight ahead. He speaks in a stilted and aggressive way... even if he's not technically yelling. Although he often is.*

MIRIAM

*Stops in front of the guard, waits a moment.*

Excuse me young man, I need to get through this door.

GUARD

Sorry ma'am. Unfortunately I'm unable to allow you to do that.

MIRIAM

To what?

GUARD

To... let you through this door.

MIRIAM

Oh! That's what I thought you said, but you never know these days. Yesterday, Frank asked me to take out the trash and I yelled "You sure, Frank?" and he yelled "Why wouldn't I be sure, Midge, of course I'm sure!" and I said "Alrighty then, if you say so!" And so we had succotash for dinner! He was very excited by it, had been years since he had succotash. Less excited when we missed the trash pickup in the morning though. Not to be trusted, these old ears. Too many ear plugs I think. Got one stuck in there once, had to see a specialist.

Not my fault though, Frank snores like a seven hundred pound pig with a sinus infection. Anyway, step aside please! I'm on my way!

GUARD

(clicks his heels... then  
yells)

I'm sorry ma'am! I'm unable to do that! I'm under strict orders not to allow you through this door... ma'am!

MIRIAM

Me? Why me? Who am I?

GUARD

(he yells)

I'm sorry ma'am I'm not authorized to release that information at this time, ma'am!

MIRIAM

What information?

GUARD

(clicks heels, confused, he  
yells)

What you just asked... ma'am!

MIRIAM

What did I just ask? Who I am? I asked you who I am, young man!

GUARD

(he yells)

Yes, ma'am! I'm not authorized to release that information at this time... ma'am!

MIRIAM

Well that's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. I'm Miriam Elkin! I know who I am. I'm married to Frank Elkin and I have two gorgeous children Tommy and Laurie and five of the most perfect grandchildren that ever walked the earth. I know who I am, young man! I don't need someone telling me who I am.

GUARD

(he yells)

Yes! Ma'am! Understood, ma'am! You are aware of who you are, ma'am!

*She stares at him. He stares straight ahead. Beat.*

MIRIAM

Why can't I walk through this door... Brian? Jeff? Timmy? Wade? Charlie? Matt? Lucias?

I don't actually know anyone named Lucias except the Harry Potter boy, of course. But wouldn't it be fun if that was your name?!

GUARD

(slightly softer)

I believe that was his father, ma'am.

MIRIAM

Who's father?

GUARD

(he's starting to lower his voice)

The Harry Potter boy, ma'am. I believe the boy's name is Draco and his father is Lucias! Both with the impossibly shiny white hair and the angry faces and the black robes... ma'am.

MIRIAM

*She eyes him up and down while she considers it.*

Oh for heaven's sakes John, they all had black robes. My gardener has a black robe and white hair and an angry face. Is he Lucias too?

GUARD

(yells again, confused)

I'm having a hard time following! Ma'am!

MIRIAM

Don't you tell me what I know and don't know about Harry Potter! I won't have it! I know my Hogpimple characters like my own grandchildren! Next you're going to tell me my cane is made of chocolate.

GUARD

I'm allergic to chocolate ma'am.

MIRIAM

Oh my. You poor thing. That sounds like a terrible fate. Saint Patrick's Day must be a nightmare for you!

(beat)

GUARD

I find Easter and Christmas and Halloween to be worse than anything, ma'am!

MIRIAM

*She stares at him. He stares straight ahead.*

*She whips her cane up and strikes the Marine Guard in the shin with the swiftness of a ninja. The guard remains staring straight ahead but roars...*

GUARD

AHHHHHH! OH MY GOD, WHY MA'AM? WHY? WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT, MA'AM?! MY LEG, MA'AM!

MIRIAM

Because I have to get through this door and you're in my way! I had no choice, Brian!

GUARD

I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL LIKE THERE WERE SO MANY OTHER CHOICES, MA'AM!

MIRIAM

Well. There wasn't. Look Ralph, I have to get through this door and I can't allow you to stop me. Not this time.

GUARD

(he yells)

There hasn't been any other time, ma'am! Just this time. This one very, very confusing time!

MIRIAM

Don't you dare sass me, Scott!!

*She lifts her cane up again, but this time Marine Guard is ready for it. He grabs it, then she counters with her free hand. They struggle for a moment and then... and there is no way to describe how truly awkward this is...*

*Miriam flails and Marine Guard gets her into a gentle headlock, of sorts. He's slowly taking her down to the ground. Her arms are awkwardly stuck next to and behind her head and her feet are shuffling, trying to kick his shins. Her face is squished against one of her arms. Things get quiet for a second. This entire next sequence takes place while holding each other awkwardly.*

GUARD

(he yells frantically now)

MA'AM I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU HOW AWFUL THIS IS FOR ME, PLEASE STOP KICKING! MA'AM! I CAN'T BE INVOLVED IN INJURING ANYONE, ESPECIALLY A WOMAN... BUT I'VE BEEN GIVEN EXPLICIT ORDERS TO TAKE ANY AND ALL INVASIVE MEASURES NECESSARY TO KEEP YOU FROM WALKING THROUGH THIS DOOR!

MIRIAM

(She lets out an exasperated exhale and finally calms down.)

George, I'm fine. I'm fine! I'm fine. You can let go.

GUARD

(Still holding her somewhere between the floor and the air. )

Ma'am. I can't let you through here. And I can't let go until I know that you understand that. If I fail this mission, I will have failed almost everything. I'll be transferred and I can't be transferred. Not again. I'm sorry, Ma'am.

MIRIAM

Well that's touching, dear. But. I have to get on the other side of that door.

GUARD

Permission to ask a personal question, ma'am?

MIRIAM

I think we're passed that don't you, Richard?

*He sets her down gently. She straightens herself back out. He cautiously hands her the cane.*

GUARD

Why?

MIRIAM

What?

GUARD

What?

MIRIAM

What did you say?

GUARD

(he yells again)

Why, ma'am?

(beat, then louder...)

WHY DO YOU NEED TO GET THROUGH THIS DOOR?

MIRIAM

I heard you, Paul. You don't need to shout. I just. Well. I. Don't know. I just know I'm supposed to walk through that door! And the last time I felt like I was supposed to do something this strongly and I didn't listen to myself I lost my Jimmy.

GUARD

Tommy, ma'am?

MIRIAM

Jimmy, I said! Boy you should get those ears checked. You really should. Jimmy. My first. Lost him a couple days after he was born. I knew I should've gone to the hospital earlier, but everyone said I was overreacting and there was nothing to worry about. Turns out, there was a lot to worry about. And I could've stopped it. Lost my heart that day when I lost my Jimmy. And I won't lose it again! I won't! So. For the last time, step aside!

*He stares straight ahead. Clicks his heels. Beat.*

GUARD

Is there any way that it's the wrong door, ma'am?

MIRIAM

Excuse me? You think I don't know which door I'm supposed to walk through, Nicholas? I don't need your sass, young man. I know exactly where I'm supposed to be. This! Door!

*Another door suddenly appears just next to the first one. Looks exactly the same. Same glow. Maybe it was there the whole time. Maybe it just became illuminated at this moment. Maybe it magicked it's way onto stage.*

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Well for heaven's sake then. Can I go through THAT door, Mike? Would that be alright with you?

GUARD

Oh absolutely ma'am. That door is perfectly fine to walk through.

*(Tilts his head down and looks right at her)*

One hundred percent.

MIRIAM

*(She stares at him, incredulously.)*

Fine. I didn't want to go through your door anyway. Your door is stupid. So there. *(beat)*

Hm. You have very nice eyes, young man. You're a shmuck of course. But you have very nice, kind eyes. Has anyone ever told you that? What did you say your name was again?

GUARD

*(he clicks his heels, yells)*

Yes, thank you ma'am! My mom told me that once, ma'am.

MIRIAM

Well. It's true. Very kind indeed. I can't say this has been the most pleasant occasion. But. I'm off. Good day, young man.

*Miriam turns on her heels and charges towards the other door. She opens it and walks through. The door closes behind her. We hear a female VO.*

VO

(softly, gently)

Welcome back Miriam. We're all right here. Everything went really well. You scared us there for a minute. But the doctor said everything's going to be just fine.

GUARD

Name's James, ma'am. Jim. At your service.

*He clicks his heels. Salutes.*

*BLACKOUT*