

Mim and Max

A short play

Written by

Kenneth Robert Crost

Ken Crost
2753 W. Riverwalk Circle
#J
Littleton, CO 80123
720-260-5582
kcrost@msn.com

Cast of Characters

Mim	A young woman around 22. She exudes a wholesome sexiness and would never be considered a Marilyn Monroe type. She has an aura about her that men pick up on, but it is something that she is unaware of - she is a true innocent. She wears a summer dress, flip-flops, and carries a purse and a large canvas bag. When Mim speaks, she does so in gibberish.
Max	A man in his late twenties dressed in jeans and a tee shirt.
Setting	A bus stop in a large city such as New York or Chicago. A bench sits down stage right with a bus stop sign next to it. The overall lighting should be soft and subdued.
At Rise	Horns honk to give the feel of a busy city street. The lights come up slowly as Mim enters. She looks lost, as if she has never been in this city before. She crosses to the bus stop and pulls a large map out of her bag. She looks at it briefly and puts it away. She crosses to the bench and sits. Max enters. Mim watches Max as he crosses to center stage. He stops and freezes. Mim rises and crosses to Max and studies him closely. Mim circles around Max and softly touches his face. She then crosses back to the bench and sits. Max takes a few more steps and stops, then looks toward Mim.

MAX

(to audience)

It was a warm, sunny, summer day and I was hurrying to nowhere, when, out of the blue, something happened. I'm not sure what, exactly, but there, sitting on a bus stop bench at the corner of Michigan and Chicago avenues was a woman like no other I had ever seen. I was so lost in my trivial thoughts, I probably would have kept on walking, but something inside me told me to look in her direction, and I did.

(Max crosses to the bench and circles around it looking at Mim.)

MAX

(to audience)

What is it about those moments when someone crosses your path and you are so drawn to them that you seem to have no control over your own fate. There is a sense of insanity about it all.

(Max turns to Mim.)

MAX

Do you mind if I join you here on the bench?

(Mim turns away.)

MAX

(to audience)

Should I take that as a no? Does her action indicate that I should just keep walking, ignoring my strong attraction? I think I should at least try to press on. See if there is any change in her demeanor that may indicate that there is some interest on her part.

(to Mim)

Excuse me.

(She turns toward Max. To audience.)

Ah, a bit of an opening?

(to Mim)

Do you mind if I sit here with you on this bench?

MIM

Shabish, nor snof lef tofamin. Bandorino wellsacmich bindlem?

MAX

I guess I didn't get that.

MIM

Shabish, nor snof lef tofamin. Bandorino wellsacmich bindlem?

MAX

Ahh...parle vouze France?

MIM

Beflamin cabsolin a wastin toolk fando um tillda camstantshin.

MAX

Se hable Espanole?

MIM

Seets?

MAX

Spreken sie Deutch?

MIM

Flambosin?

MAX

Flam...huh?

MIM

Besovin kecmilick.

(Mim takes a very tiny notebook out of her bag and then pulls out a giant pencil. She scribbles something down and puts them back in the bag. Max rises.)

MAX

(to audience)

There is, of course, no way to know for sure ahead of time whether this attraction will lead to good or evil, joy or pain, love or loss. I can walk away from this path, of course, but then I never get to discover which of the possible scenarios plays out, except the scenario of walking away. But that is the safe path and I must be willing to take a risk to discover a future with more intrinsic value.

(Max crosses back to Mim.)

MAX

(slowly)

If you're new to the city, maybe I can help you get to where you are going.

MIM

Sestovickly.

MAX

Sesto...Sesto...

MIM

...vickly.

MAX

I see...I don't see.

(Mim reaches into her bag and pulls out a very large notebook and a very small pencil. She opens the notebook and begins to write something down. Max tries to look at what she is writing and she tries to hide it from him. They go back and forth, looking and hiding. Finally, she closes the notebook.)

MIM

(angrily)

Besttilidin copsovick!

(Max crosses back to center stage.)

MAX

(to audience)

This, however, might be one of those moments best left to the imagination. Walking away feels like it might be the proper course of action here - the future be damned.

(Max begins to exit. Mim stands.)

MIM

(forlornly)

Conpilik bottin el poshis ah bot.

(Max stops in his tracks.)

Sanchin dek poid.

(Max stands, not moving.)

MIM

(forlornly)

Sisel missel dots.

(He turns toward Mim.)

MIM

(forlornly)

Kipple dosin wasik el potsosin vec tillis von coppis.

(Max takes a step toward Mim
and stops.)

MAX

(to audience)

I think I'm hooked.

MIM

(forlornly, slowly)

Billik ah billik son pekis.

(He crosses to Mim and stares
at her for a moment then
looks out at the audience.)

MAX

(to audience)

Do you see the trouble I'm heading toward? I look into her eyes, I hear the mournful sound of her voice, and, yet, having absolutely no idea what she is talking about, I feel sorry for her, pulled toward her. She is a blank slate that my own emotions can play off of. Look at her face, look at her eyes, mouth, lips, and tell me dear friends if you, yourself, have not fallen for this most compelling, delicious, beautiful young woman. And, if you haven't, you are blind in a way that is different from the blindness that is now affecting me. I must now move forward on this path that, somehow, has chosen me and find out where it might lead. Although I fear the possibilities of failure and heartache, I must press on. I must.

(Max stares at Mim for a moment, let's out a scream, then begins to dash off stage. Mim rises quickly.)

MIM

Dissel!

(He stops.)

MIM

Dissel.

(He turns.)

MAX

I, I...

(Max quickly exits.)

MIM

Dissel?

(He's gone. Mim slowly sits back on the bench. She pulls out her large pencil and large notebook. She sits silently writing something into the book. Max slowly enters. She looks up and smiles.)

MIM

Zeetson, zeetson.

(Max crosses to Mim.)

MAX

(to audience)

Okay, I'm a chicken at heart. Berate me, if you will, from your safe perch as observers. For your sake I carry on.

(pause) Okay, I lie. I tried to make you the scapegoats for what possible pain may come my way from this encounter. I carry on for my own sake. There you have it.

(back to Mim)

I'm sorry. I tried to flee because your beauty is more than I can possible bear. My hands shake from the fear of it, my heart pounds for the excitement of it, my legs and feet and head want to retreat from it. But I am too weak to resist.

(Mim takes his hand and pulls him down to the bench. They sit.)

MIM

Blizness.

MAX

Blissness?

MIM

Jahness.

MAX

Joyness?

MIM

Zafness.

MAX

Safeness?

MIM

Oosness.

MAX

Usness? (pause) Oh, God.

(Mim rises and takes Max's hand. He rises and she begins to hum a tune and lead him in a quiet dance. They dance for a moment and he steps away and crosses downstage and speaks to the audience.)

MAX

(to audience)

My heart has won over my head, at least for now, that is. Who could have thought that just a few moments ago, a lonely, sad, man, lost in thought, would cross paths with a beautiful, young woman and take the risk that all such encounters bear. I still have no idea who she is or what she says, I guess at her words, but for now I don't care about all of that. My heart says go and I will go.

MIM

Bindle.

(He turns toward her.)

Bindle.

(He crosses back to her and
takes her hand.)

MAX

Bindle es tootle.

MIM

(smiling)

Bindle es tootle.

(Max begins to hum a tune and
Mim follows. He puts his
arms around her as they
dance. Street noises come up
slowly as lights fade to
black.)

End of Play