

MIMI-1

A COMEDY OF TENORS

17

MARIA. That's not the kind of urge I'm a-talkin'! Women have needs, Tito. And sometimes more than you think.

TITO. More than *I* think? What, you got a man on the side for all the urges? Maybe you got two men. For urge a-one and urge a-two. 'Cause apparently I'm not doin' so good with number three!

MARIA. *Don't change the subject!*

TITO. *I'm a-not change!! The subject is Mimi, my daughter, my life, who is still a baby, and if any man even touch my girl, I'm gonna KILL HIM! And now I'm gonna take a NAP!!*

(TITO pulls the afghan off the sofa and walks into the master bedroom. MARIA follows him and they slam the door and they're gone.)

(However...when the afghan comes off the sofa, it reveals their daughter MIMI in the arms of a young man. They're both wearing very little – just underwear and barely that – and they're both disheveled. Obviously, they were fooling around before SAUNDERS first entered the room, and they've been lying there frozen, under the afghan, ever since. As the afghan comes off, they spring to their feet, still standing on the sofa.)

(Also, though MIMI is the Merellis' daughter, she was brought up in America and has an American accent, as does the YOUNG MAN.)

Start

YOUNG MAN. Oh my God. Your father's going to kill me.

MIMI. I know he is. I told you we should go to a hotel!

YOUNG MAN. This is a hotel!

MIMI. I meant a hotel that doesn't have my father in it!

(in the bedroom, offstage:)

TITO. *I tell you Mimi is a good a-girl, she's the best a-girl, and she's gonna wait till she talk to her father!*

MARIA. *How do you know this?*

TITO. *Because if she doesn't, I'm gonna KILL HER!*

(back in the living room:)

MIMI. This comes perilously close to French farce.

YOUNG MAN. I think we should get out of here as quickly as possible.

MIMI. I think that's a very good idea.

(They spring into action. MIMI grabs a second afghan off the chair and pulls it around her, then they desperately look for their clothes.)

YOUNG MAN. *Where are my pants? They were right here!*

MIMI. *Shh!*

YOUNG MAN. *Where are my pants?!*

MIMI. I'll tell you *after I find my dress!*

(At which moment, the door to the bedroom flies open and we see MARIA calling back into the room, holding the knob, but facing into the bedroom, calling to TITO. MIMI and the YOUNG MAN plaster themselves against the wall and freeze.)

MARIA. I get a-you pills!

TITO. *(offstage)* I don't want a-pills! And where's a-the luggage?

MARIA. I'll call downstairs.

TITO. *(offstage)* *So do it already!*

MARIA. *Fine!*

TITO. *(offstage)* *FINE!*

(Bang! MARIA goes back into the bedroom and slams the door, never having seen the two kids.)

YOUNG MAN. Did I just have a heart attack?

MIMI. Are you still breathing?

YOUNG MAN. Yes.

MIMI. Then no.

YOUNG MAN. Ha! There's my pants! Oh, thank God. Oh they're so beautiful!

(He starts pulling them on.)

MIMI. Wait!

(She gazes romantically into the distance.)

You know this does have something timeless about it. Two young lovers, defiant in the face of the old generation that would stand in the way of their innocent desires. It reminds me of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* without the fairies. Embrace me.

(They embrace.)

My God, I love you.

YOUNG MAN. I love you too, but I'll love you more if we get the hell out of here.

MIMI. Right! Let's move!

YOUNG MAN. Wait! Don't you have a big audition or something?

MIMI. That's not till five. It's three o'clock.

YOUNG MAN. It's four-thirty.

MIMI. *(scornfully)* It is not.

(He shows her his watch.)

Oh my God! Did we fall asleep?

YOUNG MAN. I think so.

MIMI. *Oh my God!* This is your fault.

YOUNG MAN. My fault?

MIMI. Yes! You're just like a man –

YOUNG MAN. I'm *like* a man –?

MIMI. You act all lovey-dovey till the chips are down, then you fall asleep, *now where's my dress?!*

YOUNG MAN. *Well I can look for it if I get my pants on first!*

(He's hopping around on one leg, struggling to get his trousers up – at which moment, MARIA re-enters.)

Stop

MARIA. *(calling back to TITO and closing the door behind her)*
I think I left my purse in the –