

**WINNER: BEST DRAMA, 2008, Christians in Theatre Arts sketch contest**

# Miss Addie Waits

By Michael Leathers

## CAST: 2 females

**Miss Addie:** Retirement home resident, 80, waiting for a family visit.

**Bernie:** Nurse's aide, woman, mid-40s, at retirement home.

## RUN TIME: 10 minutes

## PROPS

- |                                                |                                                                      |
|------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wheelchair (optional) | <input type="checkbox"/> Lancet                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shawl                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Glucometer                                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Small bedside table   | <input type="checkbox"/> Container with test strips (for glucometer) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Phone                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Empty container (to discard lancet)         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Small tray            | <input type="checkbox"/> Package of cotton balls                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Alcohol-wipe package  | <input type="checkbox"/> Plastic bag filled with sugar cubes         |

## STORY

Miss Addie's been in a retirement home for the last five years, receiving rare visits from her family. She knows today will be different; it's her 80th birthday and it falls on Mother's Day. Bernie, the nurse's aide who cares for her, isn't as confident. Whether or not Miss Addie's family visits, Bernie wants her to know others care for her.

## THEMES

Mother's Day. Isolation. Honoring Parents. Family.

# Miss Addie Waits

(We're in a retirement home. MISS ADDIE is in a wheelchair, a shawl over her lap. She's having a pleasant conversation with someone on the phone on her bedside table)

MISS ADDIE

I can't tell you how much I appreciate your call. ... Oh, you don't have to go right now, do you, angel? I never get any calls here. ... Don't mind my asking, but do you and your wife – Kathleen, wasn't that her name? ... Do the two of you have little ones? ... Oh, you do, don't you? I knew it. I'm sure they're precious. ... Oh, that's such a blessing. When is she due? ... Your mother must be so proud. I'm sure she'll spoil them. ... You visit her often. And call often in between visits. She'll appreciate that. ...

(BERNIE enters with a small medical tray with an alcohol-wipe package, lancet, glucometer, container with test strips, an empty container to discard used lancets and a package with cotton balls. She stops when she sees MISS ADDIE on the phone, knowing what she's up to)

MISS ADDIE (cont'd)

Because I know how it feels. That's the truth. My family, you know they haven't visited in years. ...

(Listens, then chuckles)

Angel, if you make it to my age, most of your friends will be dead. ...

(BERNIE sets the tray down on the bedside table and takes the phone from MISS ADDIE. She talks to the caller)

BERNIE

Whatever you're selling, she ain't buying. Now don't call this number again.

(BERNIE hangs up the phone)

MISS ADDIE

(Her demure phone voice has disappeared)

I hope you're pleased with yourself.

BERNIE

Why do you string those telemarketers along like that?

MISS ADDIE

Five more minutes would have broken my record.

BERNIE

The good Lord expects us to be kind to His children. Telemarketers included.

MISS ADDIE

The good Lord should have His Sunday interrupted by them when He's waiting for family to call. I can't believe they're permitted to make calls today ... of all days.

BERNIE

They make their calls when they do, no matter the day. That's no reason to treat them like you do.

MISS ADDIE

I was perfectly cordial.

BERNIE

You were makin' him feel guilty so's he wouldn't hang up.

MISS ADDIE

I was curious to know more about the gentleman. Turns out he's a rather pleasant young man from Georgia. He hopes to break into country music one day.

BERNIE

What was he sellin'?

MISS ADDIE

Cemetery plots.

BERNIE

Oh, for heaven's sakes.

MISS ADDIE

They're dirt cheap.

BERNIE

You have arrangements made.

MISS ADDIE

Maybe I was shopping for a friend. ... Bring me my brush. I want you to fix my hair before my family arrives.

BERNIE

(Turning on the glucometer)

Time enough for that later. First I need to check your blood sugar. Then after you have lunch in the cafeteria, I'll make you all gorgeous.

(BERNIE removes a test strip from the container and inserts it into the glucometer)

MISS ADDIE

You know I can't leave. I want to be here when my family arrives.

BERNIE

They'll find you fine. Pleasant Valley ain't that big. No tellin' when they'll be here anyways. Now gimme your finger.

MISS ADDIE

I don't want to do this now.

BERNIE

Don't go makin' this difficult. If I have to get an orderly again –

MISS ADDIE

(Extending her hand)

– There. ... Happy?

BERNIE

(Ripping open a packet and removing an alcohol wipe)

Overjoyed.

MISS ADDIE

... You don't think they're coming.

BERNIE

What I think don't matter, sweetie.

(BERNIE disinfects MISS ADDIE's finger with the alcohol wipe and takes a lancet out of its package)

MISS ADDIE

They are coming. What could be more important than today? It's my eightieth birthday and it's Mother's Day. That's a special day.

BERNIE

I know it is. Now hold still.

(BERNIE pricks the side of MISS ADDIE's finger with the lancet. MISS ADDIE winces, but she's used to it)

MISS ADDIE

I swear you like poking me with that thing.

BERNIE

(Discarding the lancet in a small container on the tray and placing MISS ADDIE's finger against the test strip in the glucometer so it absorbs the blood)

It's one of the few joys of my job. ...

(Gives MISS ADDIE a cotton ball)

Keep this pressed on your finger. ...

**END OF SAMPLE**

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