

This one lady there, this lady, Irma, she's got Alzheimer's pretty bad actually.

And one day the nurses notice, she's saving her cookie.

NANCY. Her cookie?

CARLA. The cookie she got from lunch every day. She leaves it right on top of her chest of drawers, Right in front of this little mirror she's got there.

NANCY. Why would she do that?

CARLA. Nobody knows.

And then she starts leaving little pictures there too, stuff she drew at the craft table.

And then she leaves little cards, notes that say things like, "Hello," and "Nice to meet you."

And the nurses can't figure it out.

They don't know why she's doing this,

Leaving all these little treats and presents and everything in front of the mirror on her dresser.

Until one day, they realize:

Irma thinks the woman in the mirror is somebody else.

She thinks it's some other woman, trapped in there.

And she's trying to make a friend.

NANCY. You mean she's so far gone...

CARLA. That's right.

She doesn't even recognize herself anymore.

*They both sit with that for a moment.*

NANCY. I don't think I've...

Ever really recognized what I saw in the mirror.

CARLA. Oh yeah?

NANCY. I think I can count on one hand the number of times I've looked in the mirror

And the thing I saw matched anything I felt inside.

CARLA. I look in the mirror these days I'm like...

AAAAAAH!

I'm not leaving treats, I'm running for cover.

NANCY. I always felt like I had these big things inside me. I mean I did, I know I did.

But on the outside, I just looked like a librarian.

CARLA. You mean because...

NANCY. Well, because I was.

I was a librarian.

CARLA. Oh. *(Laughs.)*

Well, that's a great job, you must get to read everything.

NANCY. I did read a lot. I still do.

Sometimes I thought about writing a book.

I had this idea I could put my book on the shelf.

CARLA. You probably could,

I mean who's more qualified to write books than a librarian?

Write what you know.

And you know books.

NANCY. Being a librarian is mostly just telling people to be quiet.

CARLA. Oh, sure, yeah, I could see that.

NANCY. How about you?

CARLA. Oh, I'm a,

I was a receptionist—dentist's office.

NANCY. Oh.

CARLA. I mostly tried to cheer people up

While I was, you know, finding a time for their root canal.

I'd make jokes.

Wear a bright print.

I'd dress up for holidays, you know?

Like those reindeer horns with the bells for Christmas

Or I had this axe that I would put on my head like, chopping through my head, for Halloween.

Just trying to say, "Okay, it's the dentist, but we can still have a good time."

I did the job that way for forty years.

When I was young, people thought it was cute.

When I got older I think people thought it was kinda sad and crazy.

And then, when I got even older, nobody noticed.

I could have had a real axe in my head, nobody would have noticed.  
You know, you get older, you become invisible.

NANCY. Or you're reduced to a cartoon.

CARLA. I know!

NANCY. You're either a cute old grandma, or you're a crotchety old bitch—

There is nothing in between.

CARLA. I know, and then I hear younger women complain about—  
Well, anything—

And I just want to punch them in the fucking face.  
They have no idea what's coming for them.

NANCY. Do you still have sex?

CARLA. That's sort of personal.

NANCY. You're taking my husband, I think it's fair.

CARLA. Well, I'll tell you.

I had stopped for a long time.

I was so tired of these men, bumping around down there

As I pretended to have a good time.

So I had given it up.

NANCY. (*Apprehensive.*) Until Bill?

CARLA. Until I got a vibrator.

NANCY. Oh, that's smart.

CARLA. You don't even have to go into a sex store anymore.

You just order them on the internet.

It comes in a plain box so nobody knows.

And they don't look like a penis anymore,

I mean you can get a penis one if you want, but they come in all kinds  
of shapes.

Mine looks like an egg.

NANCY. Really?

CARLA. Like a little blue egg.

And it's hands-free.

NANCY. Hands-free?

How is that possible...

CARLA. It just tucks right in there.

It has different speeds, different rhythms, you can do harder, softer,  
pulse, steady.

It's just like on a blender.

NANCY. That's fantastic.

CARLA. I'm telling you.

NANCY. Who needs marriage, right?

CARLA. Who needs marriage is right.

Not that—I mean—look, I don't want you to get the wrong impres-  
sion—

I have the greatest respect for marriage.

NANCY. Have you ever been married?

CARLA. No, like I said I was a receptionist.

END

~~NANCY. Well, if you had been, I doubt you would respect it so much.~~

~~CARLA. Oh yeah?~~

~~NANCY. It's not some high and mighty thing up on a hill.~~

~~It's sort of a stray dog of a thing.~~

~~Sometimes it's nice to have someone around.~~

~~Other times it's more of a box you can't claw your way out of.~~

~~It holds you. It keeps you.~~

~~But don't *respect* it because god knows it doesn't respect you—~~

~~It's a boa constrictor—~~

~~It will watch you wither and keep going and going for generations,  
whether you live or die.~~

~~Are you getting married?~~

~~CARLA. Who?~~

~~NANCY. You and Bill.~~

~~CARLA. I never thought of myself as the marrying type really.~~

~~And I don't cook or anything, so...~~

~~NANCY. Well, you'll have to cook a bit now.~~

~~Bill likes to be cooked for.~~

~~I can send you some recipes.~~

~~CARLA. Oh yeah? I don't want to trouble you.~~

~~NANCY. It's no trouble at all. It's the least I can do.~~