

**Date With Mom**  
A 10 Minute Comedy  
by Andy Accioli

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### **Synopsis**

His mother and his aunt go out to dinner every Saturday night. And, since neither one still has a driver's license, the obligation to take them out to eat has fallen on Frankie's shoulders. Lucy finds it less than enjoyable to be on a first date with Frankie, Etta (his mother) and his deaf Auntie Ida.

### **Characters**

Etta (mother) Caputo – very Italian, late 60's (*with = wit, never = nevah, ever = evah, over = ovah*)

Aunt Ida Spaziano – very Italian, late 60's hearing problem (*with = wit, never = nevah, ever = evah, over = ovah*)

Frankie Caputo – an accountant, late 30's

Lucy (Lucretia) Mendez – Alvarro – quiet Latina, 37

### **THE SET**

A "car" made up of only 4 chairs: 2 in the front and 2 in the back. ETTA sits in back of front passenger side and IDA sits in back on the driver's side.

### **Production Note**

Whenever the dialog is in ALL CAPS, this indicates lines which should be spoken LOUDLY given Ida's hearing problem.

### **Author's Blurb**

Andy Accioli is the author of 11 full-length plays and 8 books. Info: [AndyAccioli.com](http://AndyAccioli.com)

**Date With Mom**  
Saturday Night, 7PM  
Inside A Car

ETTA and IDA sit in “car”.  
Both are looking out of ETTA’s window  
toward “house”.

ETTA

Would you take a gander at her house?

IDA

WHAT?

ETTA

HER PARENT’S HOUSE. IT’S HUGE.

IDA

WHAT DOES HER FATHER DO?

ETTA

How should I know? I never met her to ask.

IDA

WHAT?

ETTA I

DON’T KNOW WHAT HE DOES. *(a beat)* MAYBE HE’S A LAWYER. THEY GOT LOTS A MONEY.

IDA

OR A DRUG DEALER. AH, SAME DIFFERENCE.

ETTA

SSSH. THEY’RE COMIN’.

IDA

WHAT THE HELL IS SHE WEARIN’?

ETTA

THEY ALL WEAR SHORT DRESSES.

IDA

SHORT? I CAN SEE HER TONG.

ETTA

IT’S THONG, DEAR. NOT TONG.

IDA

WHATEVER IT IS, I CAN SEE IT.

FRANKIE & LUCY “enter” car.  
FRANKIE opens LUCY’S “car door” as  
LUCY gets in. LUCY doesn’t notice ETTA  
and IDA. FRANK goes around “car”.

ETTA

Hello.

LUCY (*startled*)

Oh, I didn’t see—

IDA

WHY DID SHE JUMP LIKE THAT?

FRANK gets in “car”.

ETTA

Sorry to startle you, dear.

FRANK

Lucy, this is my mother, Etta Caputo.

LUCY

Hi.

FRANK

My mother’s sister, Auntie Ida. Ida Spaziano.

LUCY

(*to IDA, quietly*) Hi.

ETTA

Speak louder, dear. She has a hearing problem.

LUCY

HI.

IDA

WHY IS YOUR DRESS SO SHORT?

LUCY

What?

IDA

YOU COULD CATCH PNEUMONIA, YOU KNOW. DON’T YOU FEEL IT  
ALL DRAFTY DOWN THERE?

LUCY

No, I—

FRANK

You have to excuse my aunt. She babbles but she's harmless.

ETTA (*random*)

She ain't nevah been married, my sister. Nevah.

FRANK

When my father died my aunt moved in with us to keep my mother company.

LUCY

How thoughtful.

ETTA

Every Saturday night since she moved in eleven years ago, me and Ida go out to supper. Every Saturday night.

FRANK

Auntie Ida used to drive them.

ETTA

I don't drive no more. I got bad eyes.

LUCY

Sorry to hear.

FRANK

Six months ago, Auntie Ida got into a little accident when she was parking her car at Applebee's.

ETTA

When we was driving through the parking lot. She plowed right through six cars and their drive-thru. Honest in God, I thought we was gonna die me and my sister (*sistah*).

LUCY

How terrible.

IDA

WHAT?

ETTA

I'M TELLIN' LUCY ABOUT YOUR APPLEBEE'S ACCIDENT.

IDA

IT WASN'T MY FAULT. SO MANY OF THEM CARS PARKED SO CLOSE. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT WAITIN' TO (*ta*) HAPPEN.

FRANK

Now with both of them without a driver's license, I drive them to dinner on Saturday nights.

LUCY

That's nice.

FRANK *(to LUCY)*

Don't worry; they'll sit away from us at another table. What food are you in the mood for?

LUCY

Doesn't matter.

FRANK

Your restaurant choice. Anyplace but Applebee's. They have a restraining order preventing Auntie Ida from setting foot on their property.

LUCY

Okay. How about Italian?

FRANK

Sounds good—

ETTA

You nuts? What Italian in her right mind goes out to eat Italian? What kinda Italian are you?

LUCY

I'm not Italian.

ETTA

You're not—

IDA

WHAT'D YOU SAY?

ETTA

SHE AIN'T ITALIAN.

IDA

I KNEW IT. *(leans over to "whisper" in FRANK's left ear)* NO ITALIAN DRESSES LIKE HER UNLESS SHE'S A HOOKER *(hook-ah)*.

FRANK

STOP IT, AUNTIE.

ETTA *(to LUCY)*

You must be Italian, dear. My son told me your last name. It ends with "o".

LUCY

My full name is Lucretia Mendez Alvarro.

ETTA

Mendez Alvarro. Madonna (*mah-dorn*). You're married?

LUCY

No, I—

ETTA (*slapping FRANK on the side of his head*)

Whatta ya doin' getting' involved with a married woman for?

LUCY

I'm not married.

FRANK

She's not married.

ETTA

Maybe not now you ain't but at your age-- how "rold" are you now, anyway?

LUCY

Thirty-seven.

ETTA

You been married. You got two last names.

LUCY

No, Mrs. Caputo, I've never been married.

ETTA

Wait a minute, you one of them woman's libbers? With (*wit*) them dashes in your last name?

IDA

WHAT?

ETTA

LUCY AIN'T MARRIED. SHE'S A WOMAN'S LIBER.

IDA

A WOMAN'S LIVER? (*slaps FRANK on the side of his head*) WHY YOU GOIN' OUT WITH A WOMAN'S LIVER FOR?

FRANK

AUNTIE IDA IT'S WOMENS' LIBER AS IN LIBERATION.

LUCY

No, I'm not a women's libber.

ETTA

Then why you got two last names?

FRANK

Lucy's family is originally from Spain. Two last names is their custom.

LUCY

My middle name is my father's last name and my last name is my mother's families' last name.

ETTA

Aspetta. You tellin' me if you and my Frank got married--

FRANK

MA!!! This is only our first date. *(to LUCY)* I'm so sorry.

ETTA

I can't ask a question? This ain't America no more? I'm just askin' if you two was to get married, my grandchildren would not be known as Caputo's but be Caputo Alvarro's?

LUCY

This is our custom.

ETTA *(slaps FRANK on side of the head/overly dramatic)*

I'm dead. Right here, I'm dead. Drive me to Sacred Heart Cemetery; I'll be buried with *(wit)* your father.

ETTA whimper.

FRANK

I'll drop you off at Sacred Heart after dinner, ma. It's always good to be buried with a full stomach.

IDA

WHAT'S GOING ON?

ETTA

IT'S LUCY'S FAMILY CUSTOM, MY GRANDCHILDRFN, YOUR GREAT NIECES AND NEPHEWS, THEIR LAST NAME AIN'T GONNA BE CAPUTO, SHE WANTS TO CALL THEM CAPUTO DASH ALVARRO'S.

IDA *(slaps FRANK on side of his head)*

WHATSA MATTA FOR YOU? YOU TRYIN' TO KILL YOUR PARENTS?

FRANK

AUNTIE, MY FATHER'S ALREADY DEAD.

IDA



DOESN'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE. IF HE WAS ALIVE, I KNOW YOUR FATHER, IF HE WAS ALIVE THIS WOULD KILLED HIM.

ETTA

Now, I get it, your mother got top billing with the last name because she works and your father don't? Is that it?

FRANK

Her father works at the Ambassador Hotel where I work, ma.

IDA

WHAT?

ETTA

HER FATHER WORKS AT THE HOTEL WHERE FRANKIE WORKS.

IDA

WORKS AT A HOTEL? IS HE A PIMP, YOUR FATHER? *(to ETTA)* NO WONDER THEY GOT SUCH A BIG, SPACONE HOUSE.

FRANK

AUNTIE IDA, LUCY'S FATHER IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL CHAIN WITH OVER 300 HOTELS IN THE UNITED STATES, 750 worldwide.

IDA

OH. *(a beat)* ETTA MAYBE WE COULD GET A DISCOUNT WHEN WE GO TO MIAMI NEXT WINTER *(wintah)*.

Pause. Deafening silence.

ETTA *(continuing to whimper)*

Son, since this is going to be my last supper - *(leans over to LUCY)* just like Jesus had a last supper – I was thinking as a final request that we have Chinese food.

LUCY

I'm so sorry, Mrs. Caputo. I'm allergic to peanuts.

ETTA

We ain't eatin' no peanuts. Chow mein, fried rice, egg roll. No peanuts.

LUCY

They cook with peanut oil.

ETTA *(a beat/quietly leaning up to LUCY)*

Don't you think it's a little selfish, dear? You have a peanut allergy so all the rest of us have to suffer? *(to IDA)* NO CHINESE.

IDA

WHY?

ETTA  
THE PEANUT OIL THEY COOK IN WILL MAKE LUCY SICK.

IDA (*leans up and "whispers" in Frank's left ear*)  
FRANK, THIS AIN'T GOOD. YOUR COUSIN RONNIE WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME WHEN HE MARRIED THAT SICK GIRL.

FRANK  
SHE BROKE HER WRIST FALLING OFF THE STOOL PAINTING THEIR NEW APARTMENT.

IDA  
WHERE IS SHE TODAY (*TAH-DAY*)?

ETTA  
SHE AIN'T WITH YOUR COUSIN NO MORE.

FRANK  
SHEILA RAN OFF WITH HER PERSONAL TRAINER.

IDA  
SEE.

FRANK  
WHAT? SEE WHAT?

IDA  
I TOLD YOUR CAPO TOSTO (*cop-oh-toasto*) COUSIN TO NOT MARRY HER? SHE WAS SICK, SHE WAS TROUBLE. BIG TROUBLE.

FRANK  
I'M DONE. DONE. NO MORE TALKING TO YOU TWO ALL NIGHT. I WANT YOU INVISIBLE. UNDERSTAND ME?

IDA  
YES.

ETTA (*continues to whimper*)  
Don't look at me. I'm dead. Your mother, Mrs. Caputo, is dead.

Pause.

LUCY (*quietly to FRANK*)  
How about Mexican?

FRANK  
Great. How about Casa Tortilla's?

LUCY

I love that place.

ETTA

Frankie, don't you remember? Last time me and your aunt went there, we was up all night? (to IDA) RIGHT IDA? REMEMBER THE "CASE OF TOR-TILL-AHS" RESTAURANT?

IDA

THEM "SUMM-IN-A-BITCHES" GAVE US FOOD POISON. REMEMBER ETTA, WE HAD THE SHITS FOR TWO DAYS.

LUCY

Oh, my God.

FRANK

ENOUGH.

IDA

IF "YOUS" TWO WANT TO GO EAT THERE, ME AND YOUR MOTHER WILL SIT IN THE CAR AND WAIT FOR YOUS. WE'LL MAKE TOAST WHEN WE GO HOME.

ETTA (*whimpering*)

IT'S OKAY IT AIN'T IN A GOOD AREA. DON'T WORRY, WE CAN LOCK THE DOORS. BESIDES I GOT MACE.

FRANK

STOP BEING SO CRANKY. WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE ELSE.

IDA

CRANKY? WHOSE BEIN' CRANKY? I AIN'T BEING CRANKY. YOUR MOTHER AIN'T BEIN' CRANKY.

LUCY (*after a couple of beats*)

You know what? I completely forgot I told my friend, Julie, I would, ah, meet her tonight right here (*LUCY looks out her "window"*) in front of Atlantic Plumbing and Heating.

FRANK

Right here?

FRANK steers "car" to curb.

LUCY

Yes. We always meet here. Then it's off to a full night of Christmas shopping?

ETTA

It's July.

LUCY

Um. Yes, we believe in getting our shopping done early. Beat the crowds. It's kind of a tradition.

ETTA

"Yous" got a lot of traditions.

FRANK

I'm really sorry, Lucy, for all of this.

LUCY (*gets "out of car"*)

Don't worry about it. It was a unique experience meeting all of you? Bye.

FRANK

Bye, Lucy.

ETTA

Good-bye, dear.

FRANK starts to "drive" away.

IDA

WHERE'S SHE GOIN'?

ETTA

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

IDA

IT'S JULY (*slaps FRANK on the side of the head*) YOUR AUNT AIN'T NO DUMMY WHEN I SAY, "STAY AWAY FROM THAT GIRL". SHE'S SICK IN THE HEAD.

FRANK (*slams on "brakes", turns around to them*)

DO YOU SEE WHAT BOTH OF YOU DID TONIGHT? LUCY WILL NEVER GO OUT WITH ME AGAIN.

ETTA and IDA slap each other a high 5.

FRANK starts "driving" again.

Dead silence. ETTA and IDA look out their side windows.

WELL? WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY?

IDA (*a beat*)

I'M SORRY, FRANKIE. YOU KNOW I ONLY WANT WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU. ALWAYS.

Pause. Silence.

FRANK

Ma, what do you have to say?

ETTA (*after a beat*)

How 'bout Chinese?

Lights out.

**End of Play.**