

Zimmerman & Bubba

(A retirement Skit)

By Mary Engquist

Props: Set room up like a Post Office; desk, P.O. boxes to stuff letters in

Zimmerman: Oh yes! Just think, a few more days and I will have my feet up in the air with a beer in my hand and watching T.V. Yippee coyote and a pan, vote for Zimmerman if you can!

Bubba: You're cracking up. Why, just listening to you for the last 30 years makes me want to cry. Every day was a challenge for you; putting the letters in the wrong box, and I always got blamed for all your mistakes.

Zimmerman: Yeah, I know, but look at the bright side. You're still here after 30 years.

Bubba: Only because I own this small independent post office.

Zimmerman: Yeah, but you liked it when all the women were young and good looking and they would always asked to see you when they got the wrong mail. Remember, it always ended with you getting a few dates from them.

Bubba: That was fine and dandy, but when I showed up it was a hoist when their old sisters thought I was their date...

Zimmerman: Yeah, I remember how disappointed you were until you found Molly. But that never worked out either.

Bubba: Yes, she was the best thing that ever happened to me.

Zimmerman: Then why did you give her up?

Bubba: I never gave her up! She dumped me when she found out I worked with you.

Zimmerman: What? You've got to be kidding.

Bubba: No, she told me that under no terms could she stand going to the post office every day and see you.

Zimmerman: What does that got to do with the price of China? And why did you not tell me she wanted me?

Bubba: I didn't say she wanted you. She wanted you to get the mail in the right box and you never did! She said to me, "how could you keep such a poor mailman?"

Zimmerman: And what was your answer?

Bubba: I had no answer. Besides, why would I want a woman to tell me how to run my business? Even if she was right.

Zimmerman: Aha Bubba, you really like me.

Bubba: Now let's keep that to ourselves, got it?

Zimmerman: What time is my retirement party?

Bubba: Who said that you were getting one?

Zimmerman: Well, anyone who's put up with you for 30 years deserves a medal, but I will settle for a party.

Bubba: Well, I am sorry to tell you this, but it's been called off.

Zimmerman: No, tell me it's not true. Besides, what happen to change the date?

Bubba: No, you don't understand. We cannot give you a party for your retirement.

Zimmerman: You better have a good reason for this.

Bubba: No reason whatsoever!

Zimmerman: So this is what I get after all the years of service.

Bubba: Sorry old timer, but your clock just stopped.

Zimmerman: (*Gets real excited*) Well, be that way. See if I give you another 30...30...oh my Gosh! Oh my Gosh!

Bubba: What Zimmerman? What? Spit it out! Come on,

you're freaking me out.

Zimmerman: This has got to be a very bad dream. I just saw my life flash before my eyes.

Bubba: No, no, Zimmerman. That is a sure sign that you're dying. Lay down so I can start CPR. *(Bubba pushes Zimmerman down to the floor and starts pumping on his chest.)*

Zimmerman: *(laying on floor and gasping for air.)* Get off of me you brute. You're killing me! Get off! Hurry, before I take my last breath!

Bubba: HELP! HELP! He's dying! Call 911! Hurry!

Zimmerman: *(Lifts his head off the floor and looks at Bubba.)* Who the heck are you talking to? It is only you and I in the room. Let me die in peace!

Bubba: I refuse to let you leave the world like this. You see, I really liked you for a long, long time. And now, since you are going to die, I must confess everything to you.

Zimmerman: Well, start confessing! I do not have much time left.

Bubba: It's like this, Zimmerman. During all of those years of putting up with you, I did something that is unforgivable.

Zimmerman: I'm listening. Tell me quick before I die.

Bubba: *(Bubba talks real fast to Zimmerman with his words become scrambled)* All the time that the mail got in the wrong box...well, I was putting it there and blaming you.

Zimmerman: *(pretends to be almost dead and says in a low voice.)* Why, Bubba? Why? All those years of torment that you did to me! And for what? So I would die an early death? *(Zimmerman now lapses into a coma.)*

Bubba: Oh please, don't die on me. I will give you anything you want, but please wake up! Come back among the living.

Zimmerman: *(Opens his eyes and looks straight at Bubba)* One look at you, Bubba and I can tell this is not the living. *(Zimmerman closes his eyes again and falls back into a coma.)*

Bubba: What have I done? What HAVE I DONE? *(Bubba stands up and paces back and forth.)*

Bubba: You all can come in now. I think that Zimmerman is gone. I said that you all can come in now. Where are you? *(Bubba looks towards the door and no one comes in. He is very sad.)* Darn! I planned a surprise retirement party for Zimmerman, and he has to go and die before I give it to him! And then to top it off, no one shows up.

Zimmerman: *(Starts moaning)* Where am I? Where am I?

Bubba: Oh, Zimmerman, you came back! I am so sorry that no one came to your party. I cannot believe this.

Zimmerman: *(Gets off the floor)* Oh, Bubba, there is something I want you to know.

Bubba: I am listening, buddy!

Zimmerman: I thought that my surprise party was tomorrow night.

Bubba: You knew about it? Okay, dude! How did you find out? It was a well-kept secret. *(They put their arms around each other and start to exit the stage)*

The End