

YOO HOO, MISTER SOLOMON

A Ten Minute Play by Jean Blasiar

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YOO HOO, MISTER SOLOMON

AT RISE, MISTER SOLOMON (50-60) is sitting by the window in his apartment reading the paper by the sunlight pouring through the window. Mozart playing softly in the background. Several seconds pass.

A VOICE from nowhere...

WOMAN'S VOICE (MRS. CASTLE))

Yoo hoo, Mister Solomon.

Mr. Solomon puts down his paper, looks around.

SOLOMON

Who is it?

MRS. CASTLE

It's Mrs. Castle. I made you a streudel.

Solomon sighs, walks with his paper to the door, opens it, looks out. Nobody there. Closes the door.

SOLOMON

Where are you?

MRS. CASTLE

In 1B downstairs.

Solomon follows the sound of the voice to the back of the room.

SOLOMON

Where?

MRS. CASTLE

Down here. In my apartment. Turn off your hi fi. I'm talking through the register on the floor.

SOLOMON

(grumbles)

Hi fi.

He walks over and turns down his stereo.

SOLOMON

Three thousand dollars to buy and install and she calls it a hi fi.

MRS. CASTLE

Is it okay if I come up?

Solomon debates

SOLOMON

*(standing over and talking into the register
on the floor)*

I'm not dressed.

MRS. CASTLE

Neither am I.

Solomon looks out at the audience in shock.

SOLOMON

Come up.

Solomon sits back down to wait. He adjusts his yarmuckle, spits on his finger and smooths his hair over both ears. Resumes reading until -

KNOCK ON THE DOOR

SOLOMON goes to the door. MRS. CASTLE is standing there with a streudel on a plate in her hand.

MRS. CASTLE

Good morning.

SOLOMON

Afternoon

MRS. CASTLE

Morning... afternoon... they run together.

SOLOMON

Hopefully.

MRS. CASTLE

I brought you a streudel.

SOLOMON

I see.

MRS. CASTLE

You like streudell?

SOLOMON

I don't know.

CASTLE

You never had a streudel?

SOLOMON

I don't think so. Maybe once at a bar mitzvah. I don't know.

MRS. CASTLE

Where can I put this?

Solomon starts to take it from her.

MRS. CASTLE

Let me set it down.

Without being invited she walks in.

MRS. CASTLE

A nice place. I like what you've done. I can only stay a half hour.

Solomon is still at the open door. Closes it.

Mrs. Castle is standing.

MRS. CASTLE

You're Jewish.

She sits down in a chair opposite the one Solomon was sitting in.

SOLOMON

You going to cut me a piece of that cake?

MRS. CASTLE

(gets up)

Oh, sure. You got a knife?

Solomon gets a knife out of a cabinet drawer, hands it to her.

MRS. CASTLE

And a plate.

Solomon looks perturbed that he has to wait on her, but he reaches into the shelf in the cabinet and takes down a plate.

Mrs. Castle cuts a piece of cake and puts it on the plate.

MRS. CASTLE

Where are your forks?

Solomon points to a drawer.

MRS. CASTLE

(taking out a fork)

Your knives and forks should be next to the dishwasher.

Solomon takes the piece of cake over to his chair and sits down.

SOLOMON

I'm the dishwasher.

Castle comes over and sits opposite Solomon.

MRS. CASTLE

I don't see you at temple.

SOLOMON

I don't go.

MRS. CASTLE

Shame on you. What about your wife?

SOLOMON

She doesn't go either. She's dead.

MRS. CASTLE

(a beat)

Mrs. Weiner downstairs told me. You have children?
They come to see you?

SOLOMON

No.

MRS. CASTLE

You don't have children or they don't come to see you?

SOLOMON

(between bites)

One. He doesn't come.

MRS. CASTLE

Shame on him. A son who doesn't visit his father? What kind of boy is that?

SOLOMON

A married boy.

MRS. CASTLE

He married jewish?