



Jean Blasiar

THE MIRROR

A set of six one act short plays for dinner theatre

By Jean Blasiar

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THE ROBBERY

AT RISE:

Stage is dark, two ninja-types, all in black, carrying flashlights appear sneaking around the stage, shining their flashlights on this and that, trying to determine what to take.

Suddenly, one of the ninjas shines his light on what is actually a mirror, but he sees himself and his friend and thinks it is two other robbers.

FIRST NINJA

MURRAY!

First Ninja jumps into the arms of the second ninja, who is now holding him and looking into the mirror.

SECOND NINJA

You dope. It's a mirror!

Second ninja drops the first ninja.

FIRST

Oh, whew! Let's take it. Bonnie loves mirrors.

SECOND

It's in bad shape. See that gold stuff on the front.

FIRST

That's cause it's old, Murray. My grandmother has one like that. She says it's a Louis the Fourteenth or Fifteenth, whoever he was... some teenage king back in the old country.

SECOND

He wasn't fourteen or fifteen. That's who he was in the lineup. C'mon. There's bigger stash in here than that broken down mirror. Look for the silver in that breakfront over there.

FIRST

What's a breakfront?

SECOND

Ain't you had any culture? Your grandmother probably has one. It's a piece of furniture with drawers. That's where they hide the silver.

First ninja goes to the breakfront and opens a drawer.

FIRST

Napkins.

SECOND

Look under the napkins. It's not gonna be out anywheres where you can see it.

FIRST

There's a box.

SECOND

Do I havta do everything? Open it.

First ninja opens the silver chest.

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THE FIND

AT RISE,

A second hand store.

A very well dressed WOMAN (Mary) ENTERS, looks around, sees the mirror among other “junk” on display.

She looks the mirror over top to bottom, front to back

The PROPRIETRESS of the store comes out from the back room.

MARY

(to proprietress)

Pardon me, but could you tell me something about the provenance of the mirror over there.

Mary points to the mirror on a nearby wall.

PROPRIETRESS

Providence?

MARY

(correcting her)

Provenance. May I ask the history of this piece.

PROPRIETRESS

I don't know it had any history. A lady brought it in. She said her husband gave it to her for an anniversary gift.

It's in sad shape...

(realizes what she said)

but it would look good on somebody's wall. I can let you have it at a discount. Today's the last day of the sale.

MARY

How much would that be?

PROPRIETRESS

How's one fifty? I can let it go for one twenty five, but that's my last offer.

MARY

Thank you. I'll take it.

PROPRIETRESS

I'm not good at wrapping. It's awful clumsy.

MARY

I'll have John carry it to the car.

PROPRIETRESS

Okay. I'm closing at five tonight.

MARY

Yes, of course.

Mary digs into her purse and pulls out the correct amount of bills from a money clip.

MARY (cont'd)

(hands the Proprietress)

One hundred and twenty five dollars.

PROPRIETRESS

(in shock; she was asking a dollar twenty five)

Anything else you see that you want? I can give you a special price. It's all going tonight. I got the Salvation Army coming in at five o'clock to take what's left. Making way for the new stuff, you know.

MARY

I don't think so. Thank you. The mirror caught my eye.

I have the perfect wall for it.

PROPRIETRESS

Yeah. It don't bother you that some of the backing is missing?

MARY

No. It doesn't bother me. Some would say that's a sign of its age and vintage. This mirror may have hung in Versailles.

PROPRIETRESS

Counda been. I went there once when they had the county fair. Ohio's pretty miserable in August.

MARY

Yes. Well, I'll go get John.

PROPRIETRESS

I'll hold the mirror for you in case anybody comes in and wants it.

MARY

I'll be right back. John is right outside with the car.

Mary exits and when she returns a liveried chauffeur is with her.

MARY (cont'd)

This is John. And here is the mirror, John.

Mary spies a chenille bedspread on a table.

MARY

I'd like to purchase this bed covering to protect the mirror.

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MOVING ON

AT RISE,

An empty living room.

TESS (20's) ENTERS, door stage right.

TESS

(calls over her shoulder)

In here.

HANK (20's, a moving man in uniform) ENTERS

Hank is carrying a mirror.

TESS

Once I place the mirror, I'll know where everything else
goes.

HANK

I'll set it down while you think about it.

TESS

Where are you going?

HANK

Back to the truck for the kitchen stuff and clothes.

TESS

Forget that. I have to place the mirror before I bring
in anything else.

HANK

Is this like a fen... schway thing?

TESS

Feng Shui.

What do you know about feng shui?

HANK

I'm in the moving business, we run into all kinds of...

TESS

Kooks? Hold the mirror up against that wall, please.

Hank holds the mirror a long time while Tess decides.

TESS

No. Try this wall over here.

Hank moves to the wall, stage right; holds up the mirror.

TESS

Not right there either.

HANK

What is this room?

TESS

This is the most important room in the house.

The entry, the living room, the room everyone
sees the minute they walk in. It has to be right.

That's my grandmother's mirror. I want it to
be the focal point of the entire house.

It speaks of who I am.

HANK

Who are you?

TESS

You see? If that mirror were placed in exactly the right spot, you wouldn't have to ask. You'd know who I am.

HANK

Yeah. I could see you in the mirror. And I would know who you are.

TESS

Right. Who am I?

HANK

You don't know?

TESS

No. I don't know, but I'm going to find out.

HANK

Maybe you're Alice and this isn't a mirror.

It's a looking glass.

TESS

What's your name again?

HANK

Henry. But everyone calls me Hank.

TESS

You see, you don't even know who you are. Henry is a very strong German name... a Roman Emperor, a king, a poet, a great actor. Hank is...

(grapples)

hair! Which are you?

HANK

(hesitates; sits on the floor)

I'm a moving man and I get paid by the hour.

TESS

(looks around the room)

What other choices do I have?

HANK

You could give it back to your grandmother.

TESS

She left it to me in her Will.

HANK

Maybe she didn't know where to hang it either.

TESS

Don't you understand? This is a very important piece. I'll build a house around this mirror some day. It's been in my family for three generations. Do you realize how old this mirror is?

HANK

(aside)

It's getting older by the minute.

(to Tess)

It isn't even in good condition. It's missing some of that stuff on the back that makes it a mirror.

TESS

It's an antique.

HANK

(not impressed)

Yeah.

I'll wait. It's your money.

Tess sighs, walks around the room.

HANK

Why don't you put it on the ceiling in the bedroom?

Tess glares at him.

HANK

Is there an attic?

Tess tosses him another dirty look.

HANK

(checks his watch)

This is Thursday. Trash pickup tomorrow. I could break it up into pieces that would fit in a garbage can.

TESS

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AM I GOOD?

AT RISE, Nora Fisher is “prepping” the living room, flowers, soft music, candles (which she is lighting as the scene opens), and on the bar the blender, Marguerita mix, ice and tequila. (Mirror over the sofa.)

Nora finishes lighting the candles, looks around the room, fluffs a pillow on the sofa, checks her hair in the wall mirror, maneuvers her thong so it isn’t so uncomfortable, raises her skirt, checks the thong and her backside in the mirror, satisfied that it is not askew, admires her backside, lowers her skirt.

In lowering her skirt, Nora has caught the hem of her skirt in her waistband and one side of her backside is exposed. She is unaware of this mishap.

- Or -

As performed by the Santa Cruz Players:

IN THE BLACKOUT, A TOILET FLUSHES

LIGHTS UP on Nora Fisher coming out of the bathroom. Unbeknownst to her, the back of her skirt is caught in her waistband, revealing half of her very perky backside (thong or teenie panties).

Then... Nora preps the living room, etc. from above.

DOORBELL.

Taking a deep breath, Nora goes to the door.

Mrs. Henderson and her sixteen year old son, Brody, are at the door.

Mrs. Henderson is frantic.

MRS. HENDERSON

Nora... oh, thank God, you're home. Can Brody stay with you a little while?

(doesn't wait for a response)

My mother's had some kind of spell. I called the paramedics and I'm rushing to meet them at her house. I'll be back as soon as I can. Mom's had spells before and usually they just have to stabilize her, but we never know. Brody and my mother don't...get along..

(whispers to Nora as Brody looks around)

I don't trust him to stay alone.

(to Brody)

I'll be back, sweetheart. Maybe you can watch television while I'm gone. You have cable, Nora?

(doesn't wait for an answer)

Brody loves "Fear Factor".

(blows a kiss to Nora)

Thank you, Nora. I won't forget this.

Mrs. Henderson backs out the door and closes it behind her.

Nora has tried to say something, but hasn't been able to break through the non-stop commentary of

Mrs. Henderson.

After his mother leaves, Brody looks at Nora.

BRODY

Tell me you have cable.

Nora sighs, points to the television in the corner.

She turns and Brody sees the exposed backside. He smiles, looks around the room.

BRODY

Sorry if I spoiled your evening.

Nora is bending over, blowing out candles.

Brody sits on the floor where he can get even a better view of Nora's backside.

Nora picks up the phone, keeps her backside to Brody.

While she talks on the phone, Nora keeps her back to Brody, who keeps his eyes on Nora's lovely behind.

NORA

(whispers into the phone)

Jake... oh, good, you haven't left yet.

Listen, my neighbor had an emergency and...

(whispers even softer)

she left her son with me for a little bit

while she takes care of it. I'll call you when

NORA (cont'd)

she gets back. Shouldn't be long.

(listens)

I know, Jake. I'm sorry. She said it wouldn't

be long.

(listens)

I made lasagne. It'll keep.

(listens)

I know, Jake. I'm looking forward to it. I'll call.

Nora hangs up. Brody continues to stare at her.

Nora turns around to face Brody.

NORA

Isn't your show on?

BRODY

I've outgrown "Fear Factor".

NORA

(nods, smiles weakly)

I... don't have any games or anything.

BRODY

(grins)

I'm just happy to be here.

Nora walks over and sits down in a chair. Brody remains sitting on the floor.

NORA

How's... school?

BRODY

Boring.

NORA

Do you like baseball?

BRODY

No.

(looks over at the bar)

You making Margueritas?

NORA

What? Oh. Yeah.

(she looks around the room nervously)

Can you keep a secret?

BRODY

(grins)

Definitely.

NORA

I don't drink. But... oh, never mind. I don't want to bore you. Tell me about your grandmother.

BRODY

No, no. You're not boring me. You don't drink.

NORA

No. I don't even know how to make a Marguerita.

But I bought a book.

BRODY

Excuse me for saying this, but you're planning on Margueritas with lasagne?

NORA

Is there something wrong with that?

BRODY

No, no. Not if you want your date to get sick and leave early.

NORA

What?

BRODY

Margueritas go with Mexican food. With lasagne,
you need a good Chianti.

NORA

Oh, dear.

BRODY

Do you have any Chianti?

NORA

No. I don't know anything about drinks.

Nora starts to cry.

BRODY

Whoa! It's okay. What else do you have?

NORA

Nothing. Jake... my date... ordered a Marguerita
the other night on our first date and I thought I'd make
him one tonight.

BRODY

I'll be right back.

Brody hurries out the front door.

Nora gets up, walks over to the bar area (backside to the audience) and starts to put the bottles into the cabinet beneath the bar.

Brody re-enters with a bottle of wine.

Nora is bending over, her backside towards Brody.

BRODY

Here. My mom will never miss it.

NORA

(turns, accepts the bottle)

I'll pay her for it. Is this Chianti?

BRODY

A good one. My dad knew wines... and women.

Nora puts her hand on Brody's arm.

NORA

Brody, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

BRODY

(tosses off lightly)

His loss.

NORA

Yes, it is. I'll put this in the refrigerator.

BRODY

No. It needs to breathe. Do you have a bottle opener?

NORA

You mean one of those...

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READ ABOUT IT

AT RISE,

A bus-stop bench, stage left.

A MAN (HERB, 40's, wearing heavy coat, muffler) sitting on the bench, reading the newspaper.

Behind the bench, stage right, is a travel agency (posters, etc.). In the window is a cardboard cut out of a ship with the mirror in front of it. The caption over the ship reads: You could be here. A lei is draped over the mirror.

After a few seconds, A WOMAN (Hilda, 40's, also dressed in heavy coat, scarf, gloves) comes along, is heading for the bus-stop bench, but sees the mirror in the window, checks out her image (right profile, left profile, backside), happy with what she sees; studies it some more; starts to leave; comes back to study her image again); walks over and sits down next to the man on the bus-stop bench.

HILDA

Are you waiting for the bus?

Man looks up from his newspaper, out at the audience and sighs at the ridiculous question.

HERB

No. I'm waiting for a bus.

(goes back to newspaper)

HILDA

(nods; crosses her arms; uncrosses her arms; sighs;

looks back at the travel agency window)

You ever been on a cruise?

HERB

What?

HILDA

A cruise?

(nods to the window behind them)

On the sea.

HERB

(hates being interrupted while reading his
newspaper)

Yeah. Once.

HILDA

(excited)

Was it wonderful?

HERB

No. My wife got seasick.

HILDA

Did she take anything?

HERB

Everything.

(resumes reading)

HILDA

Did she take the patch? I hear the patch works.

No response from Herb.

Hilda nudges his arm.

HILDA

Did she take the patch?

HERB

(trying to maintain his cool)

Did she take what?

HILDA

The patch.

HERB

She wasn't trying to give up smoking. She was seasick.

HILDA

They have a patch for everything now.

HERB

Do they have a patch for not bothering other people
when they're trying to read?

HILDA

I wouldn't wear it if they did. I'm sorry I bothered you.

Herb resumes reading. After a few seconds, he starts to feel guilty for having
been so rude.

HERB

They didn't have the patch when we went on the cruise.

It was a long time ago.

HILDA

Where did you go?

HERB

Bermuda.

HILDA

Oh, Bermuda! Was it nice?

HERB

Nice? It was... yeah, nice.

(tries to resume reading)

HILDA

You should try it again.

HERB

Reading my newspaper?

HILDA

No. A cruise. Your wife could wear a patch.

HERB

She's dead. They didn't have a patch for cancer.

HILDA

Condolences.

Herb tries to get back to his newspaper.

HILDA

You have grandchildren?

HERB

No. I'm forty eight.

HILDA

Really. That young.

(smooths her hair, straightens her dress)

You haven't remarried?

HERB

Not yet. I'm looking for a nice quiet woman who
lets me alone.

HILDA

My name is Hilda.

Herb can't make her stop no matter what.

HILDA

What's your name?

HERB

(sighs)

Herb.

HILDA

What's your last name, Herb?

HERB

(reluctantly)

Martin.

HILDA

No! We have the same monogram. HM. Hilda Masaratti.

Herb snaps his paper.

HILDA

My husband was Italian.

(crosses herself)

Stroke. It happens to Italian men early.

I'm Polish. Polish women are good cooks.

And good listeners.

HERB

And talkers.

HILDA

I like to cheer people up.

HERB

Do I look like I need cheering up?

HILDA

Yes. I thought you were a recent widower.

HERB

You did. How'd you know that?

HILDA

You're missing a button on your coat. And your socks don't match.

Herb looks at his socks.

HILDA

And you got a stain on the front of your pants. A wife would take better care of your clothes. That coat isn't that old, so you haven't been taking care of yourself very long.

HERB

You noticed all that just sitting down?

HILDA

I'm very observant. You know, the mirror in that window...

it's like one of those trick mirrors.

HERB

What?

HILDA

Look in it. Go ahead. I'll save your paper...

Realizing Hilda isn't going to stop until he does, Herb gets up, walks over to the window, looks in the mirror.

He studies his profile, right and left, and backside, front again.

Studies it several seconds, comes back to the bench.

HERB

It must be warped or something.

HILDA

Did it make you look thin?

HERB

Well, thinner.

(looks back at the window)

Excuse me a minute.

Herb walks into the shop.

He is seen talking to a woman inside the shop.

Herb comes back with brochures.

HERB

I got these brochures about cruises. For singles.

Here.

(plops them in Hilda's lap)

Read.

HILDA

(smiles)

That mirror really turned you on.

HERB

Showed me what I could look like if I took off
some weight.

HILDA

Why you giving these to me?

HERB

I thought you might like to go.

HILDA

(smiles)

Really?

HERB

Excuse me, Sis... I'm gonna check out an exercise
place down the street. Don't forget the patch on
your cruise.

Herb walks off stage, left.

Hilda, disappointed, looks down at the brochures.

SOUND OF A BUS (air brakes stopping; starting off again).

Hilda remains sitting.

She folds the newspaper carefully.

Seconds pass.

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THE INTRUDER

AT RISE:

Two homeless people:

MARIE (ageless) and

JOHN (ageless) are sleeping in sleeping bags.

Among their possessions in a grocery cart nearby is the discarded mirror.

WOMAN (20'S) ENTERS, stage right, carrying a blanket.

WOMAN

There you are. I knew there were some homeless around here.

I have coffee and breakfast bars. Rise and shine.

MARIE

(trying to open her eyes against the sun)

Go away.

WOMAN

(laughs)

Smell the coffee?

(spreads the blanket; exits stage right)

Marie closes her eyes; tries to go back to sleep.

Woman re-enters with coffee pot, box of breakfast bars, napkins, carafe of o.j.,
bottled water.

WOMAN

Here we are. Fresh squeezed orange juice.

I squeezed it myself.

MARIE

(eyes still closed)

She squeezed it herself.

JOHN

Tell her to leave it.

WOMAN

I can't do that. I have to interview you. It won't take long. C'mon. You have a fabulous nutritious breakfast waiting for you.

Marie sits up, yawns, stretches, scratches.

MARIE

We have a fabulous nutritious breakfast.

JOHN

Fabulous.

MARIE

What time is it?

WOMAN

Six thirty.

JOHN

What time did she say?

MARIE

Six thirty.

JOHN

In the morning?

WOMAN

It's almost morning.

(pours two cups of coffee)

Non fat milk or sweetener?

MARIE

Half and half and lots of sugar.

WOMAN

Naughty, naughty. Think of your cholesterol.

JOHN

Has she got any jelly donuts?

WOMAN

Tsk, tsk. Jelly donuts.

(to John)

What is your name?

(silence from John; to Marie)

What is his name?

MARIE

Caesar.

WOMAN

And yours?

MARIE

Cleo.

WOMAN

I'm Natalie.

Natalie hands Marie a cup of coffee; nudges John and hands him a cup.

Natalie settles down on the ground; takes a notepad and pen out of her briefcase.

NATALIE

I just have a few questions.

John sits up to drink his coffee.

NATALIE

Now... what level of education do you have?

High school?

High school graduate.

College?

College graduate.

Graduate school.

CAESAR

You ain't said it yet.

CLEO

Put down... some high school.

NATALIE

Some high school. And for you, Caesar?

CLEO

For both of us.

NATALIE

Are you married?

CLEO

We're...

(looks at Caesar)

To each other?

CAESAR

Why does she wanna know all this?

NATALIE

It's part of my graduate studies. I'm a social worker.

I have a grant to study the habits of the homeless.

CAESAR

Who's she calling homeless?

NATALIE

(taken back)

Oh. I didn't mean to offend you. Do you have a home?

CAESAR

Well, of course, we have a home.

NATALIE

Where is it?

CAESAR

Right here.

NATALIE

This? You call this...

CAESAR

The living room.

NATALIE

This park is your living room?

CAESAR

Over there is our living room. This is our bedroom and you're sitting in it. You always walk into people's bedrooms unannounced?

NATALIE

Oh, I'm sorry. I should have... Wait a minute.

This is a city park.

CAESAR

And I am a city citizen. This is my park. And Marie's.

What's in the box?

NATALIE

Breakfast bars. Soy, wheat germ, flax, sunflower seeds,
canola oil, lecithin. Gluten-free or protein?

CAESAR

(looks at Marie)

No thanks, sis. You wouldn't have any Bailey's for the coffee,
would ya?

NATALIE

Tsk, tsk. Caesar. It's six thirty in the morning.

CAESAR

(rolls over)

Tsk, tsk. Come back at happy hour, will you Sis,
with some Bailey's.

Good night.

NATALIE

I have questions.

CAESAR

Cleo.

CLEO

How many more questions?

NATALIE

Just a few.

(takes out a thick questionnaire on legal paper)

Now... what do you eat?

CLEO

When?

NATALIE

When you get up? Breakfast. What do you eat?

CLEO

Whatever they're serving.

NATALIE

Whatever who's serving?

CLEO

The soup kitchen.

NATALIE

That's good, Marie. You get a hot breakfast.

What about lunch?

CLEO

Depends.

NATALIE

Upon what?

CLEO

How much money we got.

NATALIE

How much money do you have?

CAESAR

(facing away from the ladies)

That's personal.

NATALIE

Oh, sorry. How do you... earn money?

CAESAR

You from ICE?

NATALIE

Oh no. Of course not.

CAESAR

The IRS?

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