

Reflections

by

Dakota Silvey

DakotaSilvey@Gmail.com

(208) 403-5936

CAST of CHARACTERS

BARON WILLIAMS, Late 20's, male. Doorman and aspiring novelist.

ROSLYN HAGAN, Late 20's, female. Tenant.

ANGELINA LEMON, 60's, female. Italian born, retired opera singer. Married to Bernard.

LOUISE HALLOWAY, 40's, female. Landlord.

FRANKIE, Late 20's, male. Native New Yorker, Baron's best friend.

BERNARD WATTS, 60's, male. A businessman and curmudgeon. ANGELINA's husband.

DANNY RECLO/EMT 2, Mid 20's, male. Roslyn's boyfriend, full of himself.

NATHAN WOLSTON, 70's, male. Accomplished author.

WINDOW CLEANER/EMT 1/COURIER, any gender. Can be played by one person.

SETTING

Present-day, New York City. The play takes place over one 12 hour shift beginning at 7 P.M. The set is a Manhattan apartment lobby. The back wall is formed by ugly, antiquated, turquoise tiling. Stage right, there is an entryway with two large glass doors. Just inside the doorway is an umbrella bin and upstage center is a lobby desk with a wired telephone. Centered above the desk is a large analog clock that spins rapidly to show progression of time between scenes. Stage left there is a dark leather bench and an elevator. The elevator has an art-deco arrow corresponding with the floor that the lift is on. The "fourth wall" is an imagined floor to ceiling mirror. The audience is looking into the world created as if it were the one-way mirror of an interview room.

and moves from her seat. BERNARD notices the mirror and begins to assess his fading hairline with distaste.)

Did they clean the mirrors?

BARON

Yes sir.

BERNARD

I like it better dirty! It looks much better in here when there's only one of me. God, just what I needed. Another fat, glaring reminder of my hair is falling out. As if my wino of a wife doesn't mention it every few minutes.

BARON

You hair looks fine to me, sir.

BERNARD

Nobody asked you, boy.

ROSLYN

They cleaned the mirror? I try not to look at mirrors too closely. Big mirrors creep me out.

BERNARD

Heh, what's the matter? Don't like what you see?

ROSLYN

No, it's not that.

BERNARD

What's your deal then?

ROSLYN

It's a long story.

BERNARD

I'm in no hurry and that slacker isn't going anywhere. Let's hear it, *sweetie*.

ROSLYN

Um. Well- My Na'an passed away when I was a little girl. And I remember that night my mother covered all the mirrors in the house, she said it was to keep her soul from being trapped. She told me that if a person dies and the mirror turns black, then their soul will be trapped in purgatory forever. That night, I peaked under the cloth covering my vanity to see if anything was in the mirror. Suddenly, I saw her face and I let go of the cloth and screamed. I was

(MORE)

ROSLYN (cont'd)

terrified, I was afraid that I trapped her in there forever. I had to set her free. So I grabbed my jewelry box and bashed it in.

BARON

Did it work?

ROSLYN

I don't know. My mom heard the noise and came into my room. I was crying, trying to gather the pieces. She made me stop. I told her what happened and she told me covering the glass was just an old wives' tale. That nobody really believes in it anymore. Just a silly old tradition.

BARON

That's traumatizing! I don't know how I would even begin covering a mirror this big...

(Everyone gazes silently into the audience for a few moments. BERNARD takes out a handkerchief and wipes his brow.)

BERNARD

Great- glad I asked, now I'll be seeing dead people in my dreams tonight. What a bullshit superstition.

(As BERNARD takes another long swig he notices that the elevator button has not been pushed.)

BERNARD

Doorman! Are you gonna call the elevator or are we just gonna keep yammering on and on about nonsense superstitions?

ROSLYN

His name isn't doorman. It's Baron! Don't bother getting up, Bernard. I'll press the button for you.

(ROSLYN pushes the button and the door opens. BERNARD steps inside and puts his hand up, he takes a swig of his flask and stows it.)

BERNARD

Get the next one. I don't ride elevators with people who go around shattering mirrors. Bad luck and elevators don't mix.

ROSLYN

Wait- what?

(The door closes in ROSLYN's face.)

BARON

So apparently there are *some* superstitions he does believe in.

ROSLYN

(Nods) Oh, but he believes in that dumb superstition! Asshole! That was forever ago! Last I checked the sentence for breaking a mirror was only seven years of bad luck. You know what though? I don't feel much luckier now that I'm an adult. Does he always talk to you like that?

BARON

Like what?

ROSLYN

Like you're some guy who opens doors.

BARON

I mean, he's not wrong. I open the lobby door and I press the elevator button. It's in the name "door man." You know? Doorman, window washer, fireman-

ROSLYN

Firefighter.

BARON

Right, firefighter. Doorfighter. Job description in the title. You're an accountant, right?

ROSLYN

Right.

BARON

So you account... for things...

ROSLYN

I guess so. But you're so much more than a doorman. You're a writer too, aren't you!

BARON

Well, I'm trying to be at least.

ROSLYN

And I don't want to be an accountant forever.