

# ***THE WOMAN*** (a short one-woman play)

**By Maia Isabel Frias**

Characters: 1W (and 1 offstage M voice)

Tone: Satirical

Setting: a small 1950 home in a suburban town

## THE VOICE

Long ago, in a time way before Tinder or Hinge, there lived a Woman in a little white house.

*(WOMAN rises from the audience, dressed in 1950s-style clothing, and turns on a record player. Afterward, she straightens out her dress and hair and then perhaps begins to do household chores. She does this for a minute before THE VOICE continues)*

She was much like the women of today, who use Tinder and Hinge because they long for a raw emotional connection. Or, a quickie. but this Woman, living in the 1950s of course, did not have the luxury of swiping right on men she wanted to make dinner for.

What this woman did have back then though, was a window.

*(a spotlight comes up on the window. WOMAN turns her head in the direction of the window.)*

Much like the windows of today, the Woman's window allowed her to see outside.

*(WOMAN prances over to the window and leans on it once she arrives. She is the happiest we have seen her so far.)*

Outside, thanks to her handy window, the Woman noticed the most handsome man she had ever seen. He wore navy blue pressed pants, a matching collared shirt, and a large blue hat.

*(WOMAN turns back to the window and giggles. She covers her face, flustered and embarrassed, and now leans on the window in the opposite direction.)*

The Woman tried to pull herself together.

*(WOMAN stands up straight and begins to fix herself)*

And go on with the rest of her day.

*(WOMAN begins doing household chores, but stopping every 30 seconds, or so, and thinking about the man she saw outside of her window)*

But it was hard. She could not stop thinking about the man in navy outside of her window.

**WOMAN**

Oh, well.

**THE VOICE**

The Woman thought.

**WOMAN**

I guess I'll never see him again.

**THE VOICE**

And so she went to sleep that night.

*(WOMAN goes over to the record player and stops it, signaling the end of the day, and sits back in the chair she started in)*

But even in her slumber, she could not stop thinking of the man wearing navy outside of her window. She dreamed of him in ways that were far too inappropriate to discuss in 1950. And even for today, for that matter. The woman awoke in such shock of her ability to have such vulgar thoughts.

*(WOMAN shoots up from her audience chair, startled that she could even have such dirty thoughts. She goes and starts the record player again, signaling a new day has begun.)*

She went on with her day doing her best to ignore the dream she had the night before. She was doing a rather splendid job until she noticed a figure outside of the window again.

*(WOMAN prances over to the window, in almost an identical way as she did the day before, as light comes up on it)*

Much to her delight, it was the same handsome man in the navy suit. And what exactly was he doing?

*(WOMAN leans in closer to the window, her face is basically pressed up against it)*

Leaving her a gift? She had to go investigate.

*(WOMAN prances out the door. The audience is left just with the jazz music from the record player for a moment while WOMAN grabs what the man left her.*

*WOMAN enters back through the door she left almost abruptly, holding what seems to be several coupons)*

**WOMAN**

Coupons!

*(WOMAN hugs the coupons close and rocks back and forth)*

**THE VOICE**

The woman exclaimed.

**WOMAN**

How sweet he left these for me!

*(WOMAN goes over to the bookcase and places them down for safekeeping)*

*(WOMAN shuts off the record player signaling the end of the day, and heads back over to her audience chair for the night)*

**THE VOICE**

And so that night, the Woman went to bed eager to see the handsome man the next day once again.

She woke up early the next morning with a pep in her step! She had a bright idea that night in her dreams and needed to get to work.

*(WOMAN turns on the record player, signally a new day. She grabs a pen and paper and goes to the table and sits down)*

**WOMAN**

Dear handsome man,

**THE VOICE**

The woman began to write.

**WOMAN**

Thank you for the thoughtful coupons. I shall use them to purchase the best food money can buy and cook you up a delicious meal. Please join me tomorrow afternoon. Perhaps after what seems to be your daily walk in my neighborhood.

Sincerely, the Woman inside the white house.

*(WOMAN licks the envelope shut)*

**THE VOICE**

And so the Woman brought her letter outside

*(WOMAN exists through the door)*

And placed it in the mailbox, where the handsome man in navy left his gift for her in hopes he'd find her invitation.

*(WOMAN reenters through the door)*

And then set off for sleep, as she had a very important day waiting for her tomorrow.

*(WOMAN turns off the record player, signaling the end of the day, and sits down in her audience chair to sleep)*

**THE VOICE**

The Woman got up bright and early the next morning.

*(WOMAN turns on the records player, signally a new day, and grabs her purse and the coupons)*

**THE VOICE**

and headed off to the store.

*(WOMAN left through the door to go shop offstage)*

**THE VOICE**

She bought the best food money could buy, with the coupons the man left her, just like she told him in her letter.

*(WOMAN reenters through the door holding a few shopping bags, she sets them down and begins to set the table)*

**WOMAN**

Oh, I hope he'll love it!

**THE VOICE**

The woman said to herself.,

*(WOMAN sets the food out on the made-up table)*

**THE VOICE**

Just as she began finishing up, she noticed the handsome man dressed in navy outside.

**WOMAN**

Just in time!

*(WOMAN begins cutting the food to serve to the man. She does this for a while, putting the finished touches on everything. She checks her watch)*

**WOMAN**

What is taking him so long?

*(WOMAN walks slowly and calmly towards the window, and doesn't seem to see him. She opens the window and leans her head outside of it looking further down the street. She spots him, placing a "gift" inside another woman's mailbox. WOMAN gasps and takes a step away from the window in shock)*

**WOMAN**

How dare he leave another woman a gift!

*(WOMAN takes a beat, and then rushes back towards the table, she grabs the knife she was using to cut the food and throws it out the window at him. We hear a squishing sound, one reminiscent of a stabbing. WOMAN takes a step back and brushes her hands back and forth like she just finished a hard task. She calmly walks back to the table, makes herself comfortable in her chair, and begins eating the meal she made)*

**THE VOICE**

Well, at least today you can read handsome men's professions on Tinder or Hinge.

"Mailman"

That probably would have cleared that up.

Oh well.

*(lights down on WOMAN unbothered, still eating her meal, jazz still playing)*

**THE END**