

PERFECT MATCH

By Marika Barnett

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PERFECT MATCH

A Ten Minute Comedy

By Marika Barnett

SYNOPSIS: David's mom got tired of meeting all the silly, empty headed girls he has introduced to her in the past. Well, tonight David is bringing home a new girl who has two heads on her shoulders. Let's see how his mom will react to this one!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 1 male)

ERMA (f) 25 years older than David.
David's mother. *(34 lines)*

DAVID (m) Around 40, Erma's son, who's
dating Mitzy. *(23 lines)*

MITZY/MARY ELIZABETH (f) 30 something, conjoined twins
with two heads. *(16 lines)*

TIME: The present.

SETTING: Dining room of Erma's city apartment.

PROPS

- ☐ Cell Phone (Cordless Phone)
- ☐ 1 Handbag "Elegant Looking" (MARY ELIZABETH)
- ☐ 1 Handbag "Cheap Looking" (MITZY)
- ☐ Tray
- ☐ Mirror
- ☐ 4 Glasses
- ☐ 4 Forks
- ☐ 4 Spoons
- ☐ 4 Napkins
- ☐ 4 Coffee Cups and Plates
- ☐ 1 Bottle with "Wine"
- ☐ 1 Serving Plate with Sliced Tart

SOUND EFFECTS

- ☐ Doorbell Ring

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Mitzy and Mary Elizabeth are just one female person, with two heads. Mary-Elizabeth speaks, Mitzy (the fake head) is just cuddled by David, who is madly in love with her. David speaks for her. When performed at the 2010 Playwrights' Platform Festival in Boston, staging turned out to be no problem at all.

AT RISE: *ERMA is on the phone with her friend Mabel.*

ERMA: *(On the phone.)* I heard you, I heard you! Most of Boston heard you by now, Mabel! I know. I know, I have always disapproved his choices in the past. You told me... *(Pause.)* ...a thousand times. *(Brief pause.)* Come to think of it Mabel, perhaps you should have interfered a few times when your Steven got married. How is he doing by the way? With his third or fourth? I can't keep up with it... *(Listens for a few seconds then screams.)* Whaaaaat? You must be joking! He is getting divorced again? What's the matter with your son? Nobody is good enough for him? What was wrong this time? *(Sarcastically.)* Sure, sure! Of course! That's what you told me the last time. I just don't buy it! Something is wrong with that young man... Young man? He is not even that young anymore. Your son, - the famous brain surgeon - needs to have his head examined. *(Shakes her head, then in a more agreeable tone.)* All right, all right. Forget it! But your Steven's future is just as important to me as my own son's. Which reminds me, David invited a new girl tonight. I expect them to any minute. Oh Mabel, I hope this one is better than the last one, Veronica. *(Pause.)* Don't you remember? Yes, that's the one! The mortician. Every time she touched the food, I wondered where her hands had been before. That girl gave me the creeps! *(Impatiently.)* I heard you Mabel! I said, I heard you! *(Pause.)* I'll behave myself! *(With strong feeling.)* I promise that this time I won't interfere. I don't care what she looks like, what she does for a living, where she comes from. She can have two heads for all I care! I will not interfere! Never again! I promise!

SFX: *Doorbell rings.*

ERMA: Here they are! Gotta go Mabel! Yes. Of course I'll call you later. Bye! *(Slams down the phone and exits running. Offstage.)* Hi darling!

DAVID: *(Offstage.)* Hi Mom! I hope we are not too early. I didn't have to take the T. The girls gave me a ride. This is Mitzy and her sister, Mary Elizabeth.

ERMA: *(Offstage.)* Hello! Hello! Welcome!

MARY ELIZABETH: (*Offstage.*) May I use your Powder Room for a moment, Mrs. Gordon?

ERMA: (*Offstage.*) Yes, of course! The powder room is the second door on the left. There are clean towels on the shelf dear...

ERMA and DAVID enter.

DAVID: Mom, I could hardly wait to introduce Mitzy to you.

ERMA: What about...

DAVID: Her sister, Mary Elizabeth? I am sorry Mom! Mary Elizabeth can be difficult sometimes. She is so different from Mitzy... (*Sighs, twirls around.*) Mom, what I am trying to tell you is that I am the happiest man on earth! I am in love! This-is-it! I found the nicest girl in the world. I hope you'll love her. She is just wonderful, she is so...

ERMA: ...but Mary Eliza-

DAVID: Don't worry about her, Mom! I am not marrying Mary Elizabeth! I am marrying the girl of my dreams, Mitzy!

MITZY/MARY ELIZABETH enter. MITZY holds a large mirror in front of her face and she is still arranging her hair.

MARY ELIZABETH: Thank you for inviting us, Mrs. Gordon! David told us so much about you!

ERMA: I wish he told me a little about you...

DAVID takes out the mirror from MITZY'S hand as he tries to cuddle with her.

DAVID: Darling, you can call my Mom, Erma, can't she?

ERMA: Of course, of course dear... (*Short pause.*) ...dears! (*Longer pause.*) So... so, how did the two of you... I mean the three of you... (*Looks around helplessly.*) How did you meet?

DAVID constantly cuddles up with MITZY.

DAVID: In a nightclub Mom! Mitzy is a professional Belly Dancer. You should see her! She is amazing! Absolutely amazing!

MITZY shakes and rotates her hips.

DAVID: You always did tell me to look for an athletic girl. Do you remember?

ERMA: Oh yes, oh yes! This is exactly what I had in mind... *(Looks at MITZY and MARY ELIZABETH, looking them up and down.)* A Belly Dancer? You are a Belly Dancer?

MARY ELIZABETH: Mitzy is the Belly Dancer Mrs. Gordon. I am a psycho-analyst.

ERMA: A psychoanalyst? *(Catches on.)* A psychoanalyst and a belly dancer? How do you do it?

MARY ELIZABETH: Very simply, a good psychoanalyst can always put herself into the mind and body of another person... Even if that person is not her patient.

ERMA: You mean you never analyzed your...

MARY ELIZABETH: I can't see more patients Mrs. Gordon. I have a very tight schedule as it is. I've mentioned it several times to my secretary, but we simply can't fit her in.

ERMA: Yes, yes, I can see that... Well, let's have something to drink!

MARY ELIZABETH: Coffee for me please!

ERMA: Why don't you sit down children?

DAVID, MITZY/MARY ELIZABETH sit down around the coffee table. ERMA goes to a sideboard. She is quietly gesticulating with her hands as she is thinking. Puts another glass and napkin on the tray, removes them, puts them back. Takes away the napkin. Stands there for a moment then puts it back. Puts an extra fork on the tray, then takes it away. Shrugs her shoulders, waves, then picks up the tray and approaches the table.

ERMA: Here we are...I made your favorite tart, David.

DAVID: Mom, next time we have to have your famous Chicken Soup. That is Mitzy's favorite. She also loves to cook. Her specialty is Lobster Thermidor. Isn't it my little Micky-Mucky? My sweetest Kookie-Nookie?

MARY ELIZABETH looks at them with contempt.

ERMA: So you love to cook?

MARY ELIZABETH: I can't cook, Mrs. Gordon. I never bothered to learn. I prefer to eat out. Let's face it, I can afford it. I eat at the finest restaurants.

DAVID keeps putting food into MITZY'S mouth.

MARY ELIZABETH: *(In a severe tone of voice toward MITZY.)* Hey, try not to eat like a pig this time, will you? I don't want to get heartburn again. I have to get up early tomorrow morning. I am the Keynote Speaker at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Psychoanalytical Society. Since I am also on the Board, it is important that I show up on time. Excuse me! *(Switches the fork from one hand to the other.)* I am sorry, but I am left handed. Mitzy is right handed.

DAVID: *(While cuddling MITZY.)* Mom, we want to talk tonight about the wedding.

ERMA: Wedding?

DAVID: Yes, Mitzy and I have been discussing it for weeks. We are dying to hear what you think.

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