

PEEK-A-BOO!

A play in one act, inspired by Pablo Picasso's "Girl Before A Mirror"

BY

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Characters

WYNONAFemale, 20's.
MEL Female, 20's. Her lazy hippie roommate.
STEVE Male, 20's. Wynona's boyfriend. Prim,
intelligent, overly-educated, metrosexual.

Setting

A bathroom in a two-bedroom Manhattan apartment.

Time

This morning.

PEEK-A-BOO!

A sink with mirror and drawers UL faces audience; bathtub L; toilet R; another chest of drawers UC next to doorway; doorway UR.

WYNONA, who has just flicked light switch on, stands in doorway, holding a cell phone. Evidently she has just risen from bed. Her hair falls over her face, her nightshirt is twisted, and she shuffles drowsily to the mirror. She places cell on counter and starts doing traditional bathroom-sink activities, e.g. brushing her teeth – still with hair covering most of her face, and facing Upstage mirror. After a few moments she grabs brush and brushes her hair away from her face. We realize in her reflection that one of her eyes appears to be missing. Audience notices this well before WYNONA does. WYNONA does a double-take of her reflection and stops moving, staring at herself. Puts her hand slowly over her face, to make sure she's not crazy.

WYNONA

Wha --- ?

(Fingers the mirror surface. It feels normal ...)

My – my eye?

(Fingers her own face. Tries to feel for her right eye – can't find it with her fingers. Her finger probing becomes increasingly frantic. Finally she lets out a scream, as she realizes that her eye appears to be truly missing.)

My eye! What – where's my eye?

(Pause. Re-examines mirror and face with fingers.)

Mel?!

(Pause.)

Melanie?! Come here!

(Keeps examining herself. Sudden thought: opens cabinet to retrieve another mirror, to double check. Second mirror confirms first mirror's image. Opens bathroom door and shouts urgently)

Melanie!!!?!

(Waits. No response. Picks up cell phone and takes a picture of herself. Looks at it. Lets out a groan; collapses onto toilet-seat lid, trying to gather her thoughts.)

MEL

(Peeks head in. It looks like WYNONA has woken her from a deep slumber.)

This better be good.

WYNONA *(Leaps up)*

Mel! I ... ! Look at me! Look!

MEL *(Looks at WYNONA)*

Okay.

WYNONA

Do you see my eye? Is my eye there?

MEL

One of your eyes is there.

WYNONA

Not both of them?

MEL

I see one eye.

WYNONA

One? Just one?

MEL (*Starts to leave*)

K, I'm not waking up at nine-fucking-o'clock to be your English interpreter.

WYNONA

Wait! (*MEL stops.*) Where is it? What happened to my eye? Where's my other eye?

MEL

What are you saying?

WYNONA

I'm saying where's my other eye?

MEL

You think I took it?

WYNONA

No! I - ... No!

MEL

Just because of your cell phone minutes? Now I steal everything? I told you I'm gonna pay you back.

WYNONA (*Miserably*)

I know!

MEL

What would I want with your stupid eye? I got plenty of eyes.

WYNONA

But what happened? Did you see me come home last night?

MEL

I wasn't home when you came home last night.

WYNONA

What did I do last night?

MEL

What am I, your keeper?

WYNONA (*Close to tears*)

What happened to my eye?!

MEL

(*Realizes her friend is upset; tries to rouse herself*)

Um ... Did you try looking under the couch?

WYNONA

Under the couch?

MEL

Yeah, maybe it rolled under there. There's lots of crap under there. I just found little sugar wafers from that New Year's party in '06. Remember? From Tyler's edible bra? (*Laughs at the memory*) I guess Stacey missed a few. She'll be so disappointed; she thought she'd picked it clean.

WYNONA

Why would my eye roll under the couch?

MEL (*Leaving*)

Okay, so much for being helpful.

Doorbell!

WYNONA

Shit! Don't leave me! Help! I need help, Mel!

MEL

Okay, Jesus. Will you stop freaking out?

WYNONA

Have you ever lost an eye before?

(*Examining her reflection again*)

MEL

No.

WYNONA

Me neither! Will you help me get rid of him?! We're supposed to see *The 39 Steps* matinee. What am I going to tell him?

MEL

What, you're gonna cancel on him because you can't find your stupid eye?

WYNONA

I have to!

MEL

What kind of a shallow bitch do you want him to think you are?

WYNONA

Can you pleeeeeease help me get rid of him?

MEL

Maybe he could help.

WYNONA

How could he help?

MEL

I don't know, a second set of eyes...?

WYNONA

Shut up.

MEL

I'm sorry! It was so easy.

WYNONA

He's waiting.

MEL

Maybe you could persuade him to stay in today. It's not like he's got his heart set on *The 39 Steps*, right? He'll probably be studying micro-bio-forensics-or-whatever-it-is through the whole thing anyway.

WYNONA

Mel.

MEL

C'mon, Wynnie, he's a sweetie. I like him, you know that.

(Doorbell! Doorbell!)

WYNONA

Please!?! Will you go?

MEL

So now I'm your doorman. Jeeze Wyn, I'm practically in my underwear.

WYNONA

Oh poor you in your underwear, *my body parts are falling off!* *(Exit MEL)*

WYNONA

Thank you!

(Continues to examine herself. Tries to artfully comb hair down around where her eye used to be, to hide her shortcoming. Looks frustrated at her failed effort)

MEL *(Voice; off)*

... all freaking out about it. I don't know if you'll get her to leave the house even.

WYNONA

(Irritated that MEL has told him everything; To herself)

Oh! Bitch!

STEVE *(Voice)*

Do you think she's willing to discuss it?

MEL

You can try. She'll probably be flattered that you care.

STEVE *(Voice)*

Wynona? *(Knock at door.)* Wynona, may I come in please? *(Pause. WYNONA sighs.)* Are you all right?

WYNONA

I'm fine.

STEVE

Can I help?

WYNONA

Just give me a minute, Steve, okay?

STEVE *(Voice)*

We don't have to go out if you don't feel up to it. Wynona? Shall we give you a few moments to make yourself presentable? *(Pause)* Wynnie? *(Pause)*

WYNONA

Um. *(Pause.)* Hold on.

(Collects herself; opens door. STEVE stands there. MEL peeks her head in behind him. WYNONA glares at MEL)

MEL

(Responding to glare)

What, were you planning on hiding it from him?

STEVE

(Peering at WYNONA, who is failing to hide her ailment from him)

Goodness, it really has gone a-missing there, hasn't it?

WYNONA *(Helplessly)*

I don't know what happened.

STEVE

(Glancing around floor)

Have you looked in all the likely locations?

WYNONA

N --- No. There aren't any likely locations other than on my face.

STEVE

Not around the apartment?

WYNONA

I haven't really looked.

STEVE

All right, it's all right. Let's take a few moments and sit down and think this over calmly, all right? Perhaps we can apply a little logic to it and retrace your steps.

(WYNONA, hesitant, shrugs. STEVE sits on edge of bathtub and motions for WYNONA to sit. WYNONA sits on covered toilet seat.)

WYNONA

I just can't think what could have happened.

STEVE

Well, to start, I can confirm that you undeniably had it on you at the bar last evening. Do you remember the bar? At Christopher Street near 4th?

WYNONA

Yeah.

Do you remember leaving the bar?

STEVE

Yes.

WYNONA

Did you have it then?

STEVE

What then?

WYNONA

Your eye. Did you have your eye then?

STEVE

Yes. *(Thinks; then more emphatically)* Yes.

WYNONA

You didn't come back here with her?

MEL

(Listening from doorway. To STEVE)

No, I had to feed Raskolnikov. Wynona went home alone. *(To WYNONA)* Right?

STEVE

Yeah.

WYNONA

Darling, now can you justify for us your certainty of having possessed two eyes when you left the bar?

STEVE

Yeah, because there was a mirror next to the exit. I had poppy seeds and stuff between my teeth. I cleaned it out before I went outside.

WYNONA

Ah. Fine. Now, are there any witnesses who saw your eye after your departure from the bar?

STEVE

No. *(To MEL)* You weren't home yet, right?

WYNONA

Nope.

MEL

(The cell in her hand starts to vibrate. She reads its screen, gets excited about whatever she sees, and starts to leave with it.)

MEL (cont'd)

Be back!

(Exit. WYNONA emits a sound of frustration.)

STEVE

All right, Darling, let's take a deep breath. Deep breath?

(STEVE and WYNONA take a deep breath together.)

Good. Now. Let's think. Are you ready?

(WYNONA nods. Intent and serious:)

Wynona. Where were you when you last saw your eye?

WYNONA *(Thinks)*

Well, I don't see my eye on a continuous basis. It's on my face.

STEVE

But you see it sometimes. You realized it wasn't on you just now.

WYNONA

I need a mirror.

STEVE

All right, fine. Where were you when you last looked in a mirror?

WYNONA *(Thinks)*

In here? Last night?

STEVE

This mirror?

WYNONA

Well, I'm guessing. I was pretty drunk; I think I came in here before I went to sleep. I don't remember. I must have, right? You always go to the bathroom before you go to sleep.

STEVE

Do you always look in the mirror before you go to sleep?

WYNONA *(Tries to imagine)*

N ... no. No. Why would I? I'm going to sleep.

STEVE

Fine, then, let's review. Thus far we have established that you left the bar with both your eyes, but we don't know that you had both of them with you when you came home. *(Pause)* Did you notice any strange stares from people on the subway?

WYNONA

No. I never look at people on the subway. Even if they're looking at me. *(Pause)* Especially if they're looking at me.

STEVE

Did anybody make a strange comment to you?

WYNONA

Would you make a strange comment to a person on the subway at 2 in the morning about her missing eye?

STEVE

Hm.

(Pause. They both think. Sudden thought:)

Ah! Navigation! You had to move! You walked from the subway to your apartment, then around here once you arrived home, then you had to climb into bed. Did you have trouble with any of those activities? Did you trip?

WYNONA *(Thinks)*

Well, I was drunk. I may have sort of stumbled a little. Why?

STEVE

I'm trying to ascertain whether you still possessed depth perception. With only one eye, one lacks the ability to sense that third dimension, and such a condition facilitates unsteadiness. Do you remember feeling handicapped?

WYNONA

Oh, I didn't think of that!

(Looks around room. Stands, starts walking, continuing to look around room. Her own motion makes her realize that STEVE is right)

Woooh, hey, you're right! It's like everything's in one plane, like in a drawing! Weird! No, you just made me realize this just now. I guess I was too freaked out to notice before. *(Bumps into sink)* Um, no, I don't think I had trouble moving around last night. I was just tired.

STEVE

You reached your bed unscathed?

WYNONA

Uh-huh.

STEVE

So unless you were merely lucky, both your eye must have been attached to your face when you went to bed. I'll wager we're getting somewhere.

(Enter MEL, munching on bag of pretzels or chips or something. Leans in doorway, watching the scene.)

WYNONA

Oh! Then it must be around here somewhere!

(Leaps up, starts searching medicine cabinet)

STEVE *(Checking floor)*

It would seem likely.

WYNONA *(Rummaging)*

I always put stuff in here and then forget about it.

MEL

Still haven't checked under the couch?

WYNONA

No, Mel, you missed it. We just figured out that I still had depth perception last night! So I had my eye then. So it has to be in here or my bedroom.

MEL

Why not the couch?

WYNONA

(Finishing searching cabinet)

Because I only went through the livingroom to get to my room. I still had my eye then.

STEVE

Is that a negative on the medicine cabinet?

WYNONA

Nope, not there.

STEVE

Bathtub? The drain?

WYNONA

(Gasp of terror. Runs to check bathtub drain. Suddenly she relaxes)

No, it couldn't have. I didn't take a bath.

(Pause. STEVE and WYNONA each have the same sudden thought, and briefly meet each other's eyes before they both rush to the toilet. STEVE opens lid; both peer into toilet. STEVE begins to reach down into bowl.)

No! I'll do it. Let me do it!

(Dunks her hand into toilet, fishes down as far as she can.)

Nothing. *(Pause.)* Oh! But I didn't pee this morning yet! I brushed my hair first and that's when I saw my eye was gone.

STEVE

Where do you keep your hair brush?

WYNONA

It's still on the sink. But I keep it in the top drawer
(*Starts searching drawers under sink.*)

MEL

Why do you assume it couldn't have *rolled* under the couch *from* your bedroom? That's what I don't get.

WYNONA

Mel, will you forget the couch?
(*MEL shrugs; keeps munching chips.*)

STEVE

(*Helping WYNONA look through drawers*)
Do you think Dr. Martini's office is open for business?

WYNONA

Probably. Why?

STEVE

He seems like the natural person to consult about such matters.

WYNONA

Ophthalmologists fix eyes, Steve, they don't find you new eyes. You have to *have* an eye already for them to be able to do anything for you. (*Exit MEL.*)

STEVE

I'm only trying my best, Darling. It's strange, though: based on your recounting of events, it sounds as though this entire sordid affair only began when you came in here and looked in the mirror. Maybe the mirror has it in for you.

WYNONA

Yeah. Thanks, Inspector Hound.

STEVE

Well, you know the famous quotation, don't you? "Once you have eliminated the impossible, then whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."

WYNONA

This isn't funny.

STEVE

I'm not – (*Sigh, sits.*) I'm sorry. I'm – I'm running out of ideas, Wynnie.

MEL (*Enter*)

Hey Wyn, I'm heading to campus. Want me to pick you up anything on my way back?

WYNONA

No thanks.

(Glances into mirror again, then starts searching UC cabinets – facing away from Audience.)

Pepsi! Can you bring me back a Pepsi?

MEL

Sure.

WYNONA

A bottle, not a can. Thanks.

MEL

Sure. Steve?

STEVE

I'm fine, Mel, thank you. Enjoy class.

MEL

Right.

(Glancing at WYNONA on her way out)

Say Wyn, your eye's back.

(Exit. Voice off)

Have a good day kids.

WYNONA

What?

(Keeps searching.)

She's such a little asshole.

(STEVE still sits, a bit at a loss. WYNONA finishes searching, sighs, straightens up, faces House again. We can now see that her eye is back.)

STEVE

(Stares at WYNONA, surprised)

Oh!

WYNONA

What?

STEVE

Look! At yourself!

WYNONA

(Looks in mirror. Gasp)

It's ---

(feels her eye with her hands)

it's back?

(STEVE nods, smiling)

It came back?!

STEVE

It's back!

WYNONA

It's back! It's back!

STEVE

Congratulations!

WYNONA

Thank god!

STEVE

Yes!

(Furtively checks his watch, visibly relieved. We suspect that keeping to the day's original plans may be the reason he was trying so admirably to help WYNONA find her eye.)

WYNONA

Hah!

(Giggles, admiring her reflection in the mirror)

That was quick!

STEVE

It wasn't gone terribly long, was it?

WYNONA

I guess not. I'm not normally up this early anyway. I could have missed the whole thing!

STEVE

True. Would you like to breakfast before the show? Perhaps that French place on Madison with the crepes?

WYNONA

Sure. *(Pause)* Do you think this happens every morning and I just sleep through it?

STEVE *(Shrugs)*

I think your mirror doesn't like you very much. I'll wait for you in the livingroom. *(Exit.)*

WYNONA

Okay. Be right out.

(Relieved pause. Murmuring)

I wonder where it went.

(A thought occurs to her; she turns to peer curiously into mirror, holding the rim with her right hand to simulate the pose of woman in "Girl Before A Mirror" painting by Pablo Picasso. Fade to black.)

END OF PLAY