

Twin Fawns

By Jack Hall

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CHARACTERS

Gloria- A young maiden in love

Hazel- Gloria's friend

Gloria and Hazel enter in Biblical costumes.

HAZEL: Okay, tell me everything, and I mean everything. How was your date with Solomon?

GLORIA: Oh, it was magical, Hazel. He's just the most handsome and charming man I've ever met. He took me out in his chariot to his vineyard for dinner.

HAZEL: Wow.

GLORIA: He had his minstrels serenade me for hours.

HAZEL: Amazing.

GLORIA: And then we went for a moonlight stroll through the gardens.

HAZEL: I'm gonna die.

GLORIA: It was a perfect night, Hazel... Well, almost perfect.

HAZEL: Why? What happened?

GLORIA: It's not a huge deal, Hazel. I don't think.

HAZEL: Come on, out with it. No one like a friend to tell you if it's a big deal or not.

GLORIA: Well, he wrote me a poem.

HAZEL: He did??

GLORIA: But Hazel, it's not very good.

HAZEL: What's wrong with it?

GLORIA: Well, it's kind of... I don't know.

HAZEL: You brought it with you, right?

GLORIA: Sure.

HAZEL: Then let's hear it.

Gloria pulls out the poem.

GLORIA: Ready?

HAZEL: Am I ever.

GLORIA: How beautiful you are, my darling! Oh, how beautiful!

HAZEL: I love it.

GLORIA: Your eyes behind your veil are doves. Your hair is like a flock of goats descending from Mount Gilead.

HAZEL: Oh my gosh he's an angel!

GLORIA: Hazel, you don't find it a bit odd he says my hair is like goats?

HAZEL: Honey, it's King Solomon. He could say your hair is like a nappy mop, it would sound romantic.

GLORIA: Then what about this? Your teeth are like a flock of sheep just shorn, coming

up from the washing. Each has its twin; not one of them is alone.

HAZEL: Could you die??

GLORIA: Die? He said my teeth are like sheep. Sheep are fuzzy.

HAZEL: Have you seen your teeth? This is something-something BC, we don't have toothpaste. Read on.

GLORIA: Your lips are like a scarlet ribbon; your mouth is lovely.

HAZEL: Oh wow.

GLORIA: Your temples behind your veil are like the halves of a pomegranate.

HAZEL: Yeah, that's the stuff.

GLORIA: Your neck is like the tower of David, built with elegance; on it hang a thousand shields, all of them shields of warriors.

HAZEL: Oh my goodness, I'm going to faint.

GLORIA: Faint? He called my neck a tower.

HAZEL: He's a king. Kings are military men. They attack towers. Let him attack!

The two fawns enter.

GLORIA: Well how about this? Your two breasts are like two fawns.

HAZEL: Holy crap.

GLORIA: Like twin fawns of a gazelle that browse among the lilies.

HAZEL: Gloria, this guy is so into you.

GLORIA: Come on, Hazel, twin fawns of a gazelle?

HAZEL: Come on, Gloria. Fawns are cute and cuddly. It's a beautiful metaphor.

FAWN: Sure. For her it's a beautiful metaphor. Meanwhile, everybody looks at us like a couple of boobs.

The fawns exit. Blackout.