

LOVE, LOSS, AND WHAT I WORE – by Nora Ephron (Reader’s Theater)

A play of monologues and ensemble pieces about women, clothes and memory covering all the important subjects—mothers, prom dresses, mothers, buying bras, mothers, hating purses and why we only wear black. Based on the bestselling book by Ilene Beckerman.

5 Women of any age to play multiple roles that are touching, comic and dramatic.

Sides for: LOVE, LOSS AND WHAT I WORE:

PAM. Last summer I lost my favorite shirt. Or to be more accurate, my favorite shirt vanished into thin air. When I got home from being away for the summer and I unpacked my bags, the shirt simply never materialized. I have replayed the sequence of events in my mind several times, and I have theories about what happened to it, but the fact remains that the shirt just ceased to be. The really sad part was that this came at the end of a summer when that shirt gradually revealed itself to be the perfect shirt. It was flattering (I always felt pretty in it), I liked the color and the cut, it went with all my favorite pants, it was casual and dressed down but not crappy and falling apart, it was comfortable. It was one of those shirts you have to make yourself NOT wear, because it seems every day’s outfit would be improved by it. And as silly as it may sound, I am generally happier when I have clothes like this in my life, when there’s something I know I can put on and feel good in. Something to fall back on. When I realized the shirt was gone, I couldn’t think of anything else I owned that served remotely the same function, and I felt cheated out of something truly rare and precious. I realize that I sound like I am talking about death, or about lost love – and maybe I am. It’s probably worth noting that my relationship with my boyfriend was ending just at the same time I lost the shirt. But I could have sworn to you at the time that I was not transferring my feelings about the loss of my boyfriend onto the shirt, but was actually mourning the loss of the shirt itself. The main lesson to be learned from this experience came from the purchase of eight different shirts, which each had some likeness to the lost shirt, whether it be in color, cut, material, casualness. But none of them in any way replaced it, and I eventually had to resolve to be thankful for the time I had with the shirt and move on. At least I know what I’m looking for.

STEPHANIE. My junior prom dress was powder blue and white. It was ribbed, with tiny ribs and a white waistband, and a white band around the bottom kind of like Cinderella, with a big powder blue bow. The problem was my date. He rang the bell, and I opened the door, and there he was, in a powder blue tuxedo with a white frilly shirt and a powder blue bow tie. We matched. It was totally mortifying. I didn’t rally like him, but I was sort of the last to be asked to the prom – not the very last but one of the last, so I didn’t really have a choice in the date or what he wore, and I had a really horrible time at the prom, and afterwards we went into a field

and tipped cows. (*Beat*) My senior prom was completely different. My prom dress was black and short, it was in that sort of Madonna 1980s style, her “Like a Virgin” phase, tight on top and then it went out in a black net pouf and black lace gloves. My date was also short, but dark and handsome, and we ended up drinking champagne and making out in his car, and it was great. But here’s the thing – I’ve never really known for sure which of those two people I am – the girl who almost doesn’t get asked to prom at all or the girl who gets to go with a really cute guy. Every time I thought I knew which one I was, I turned out to be the other. Which is one reason why I think I got married, to, like, end the confusion.