Excerpt from....

“MIRROR, MIRROR”
by Bruce Kane

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WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of these plays does not imply its availability for production.

“MIRROR, MIRROR”

CHARACTERS:
STEPMOTHER: Of a certain age… Slim, attractive, insecure, overly done up.
MIRROR: Put upon Male with attitude.
NARRATOR: Male, strong voiced.
SLEEPING BEAUTY: Young , hot, shallow.
PRINCE CHARMING: Young, handsome, polite, pompous.
PRINCE CHARMING’S DAUGHTER: Hot
PRINCES: Suitors for the hand of Sleeping Beauty. Could be played by one or two males doubling the parts.

TIME: Once upon a time.
PLACE: A land far, far away.
SETTING: An upholstered chaise, a lectern and the frame of a full length mirror.

LIGHTS UP:

(The STEPMOTHER stands in front of a full length mirror primping and admiring herself. The NARRATOR stands on the other side of the stage reading from a large book that sits on a lectern. Between them is an upholstered chaise.)

NARRATOR: Once upon a time in a land far, far away… lived a woman who was vain, self-centered, ego centric…

STEPMOTHER: Not to mention slim, firm and very, very attractive..

NARRATOR: A woman who was vain, self centered, ego centric, not to mention slim, firm and very, very attractive… who believed that the only thing in life that mattered was physical beauty.

STEPMOTHER: That's because it is the only thing in life that matters.

NARRATOR: Each day the woman would stand in front of her mirror and ask one question.

STEPMOTHER: Mirror, mirror on the wall…

(A man steps into the frame of the mirror)

MIRROR: That's me. The mirror on the wall. Talk about a lousy gig.

STEPMOTHER: Stop whining. You could be reflecting the image of some has-been with crow's feet and a chicken neck.

MIRROR: Lay it on me, honey.

STEPMOTHER: Mirror, mirror on the wall…

MIRROR: Here it comes.

STEPMOTHER: Who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: You've been asking me this same question everyday since you're last birthday when you turned…

STEPMOTHER: Thirty two.

MIRROR: Thirty two? Then why did you have fire marshals standing by when they lit the candles?

STEPMOTHER: Never mind.

NARRATOR: Consumed by her own physical appearance, each day she would ask the same question.

STEPMOTHER: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

NARRATOR: And each day she would get the same answer.

MIRROR: Before or after the nose job, the face lift, the tummy tuck and the boob job?

STEPMOTHER: (sternly) Just answer the damn question.

MIRROR: Fine… You are the fairest of them all.

STEPMOTHER: (sweetly) That's better.

MIRROR: (under his breath) At least in this zip code.

NARRATOR: It was hard to argue with her belief in beauty as the be all and end all for a woman of a certain age.

STEPMOTHER: Which I am not. A woman of a certain age.

NARRATOR: I'm just reading what's written here.

STEPMOTHER: Just setting the record straight.

NARRATOR: Beauty had brought her jewels, clothes, cars and castles. All provided by her second husband… a widower with a young daughter.

STEPMOTHER: Which he never mentioned until after the wedding, I might add.

NARRATOR: Within months of making her Mrs. Frederick Hogdkins, Mr. Frederick Hodgkins died of food poisoning.

STEPMOTHER: Allegedly died of food poisoning… No charges were ever filed.

NARRATOR: Allegedly died of food poisoning leaving his widow with jewels, cars, clothes and castles on which she lavished her attention and a stepdaughter whom she completely ignored.

STEPMOTHER: I wasn't the one who brought her into the world.

NARRATOR: And mistreated.

STEPMOTHER: If I was ignoring her how could I mistreat her? You can't have it both ways.

NARRATOR: The woman became the archetypical wicked stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: I became no such thing. I'm a busy woman. Ignoring children goes with the territory… It doesn't make me wicked. It makes me… modern.

NARRATOR: I'm only quoting the authors.

STEPMOTHER: The authors? You mean it took more than one to concoct that pack of lies.

NARRATOR: There were two authors, to be exact.

STEPMOTHER: They're names wouldn't happen to be Grimm, would they?

NARRATOR: As a matter of fact, yes… The Brothers Grimm.

STEPMOTHER: I thought so.

NARRATOR: Martin and Bernard Grimm.

STEPMOTHER: Marty and Bernie Grimm.

NARRATOR: You knew the Brothers Grimm, madame?

STEPMOTHER: Knew them? I dated them.

NARRATOR: Dated the Brothers Grimm. How fascinating. At different times, of course.

STEPMOTHER: At the same time.

NARRATOR: Oh my.

STEPMOTHER: They were inseparable. They did “everything” together. If you get my drift. They even proposed marriage together.

NARRATOR: They both wanted to marry you?

STEPMOTHER: You sound surprised. For your information I’ve had many proposals of marriage.

NARRATOR: I’m sure.

STEPMOTHER: I seriously considered it for a while… It was an arrangement that had its advantages… if you know what I mean.

NARRATOR: And what stopped you, besides the obvious?

STEPMOTHER: Liked him… Hated him.

NARRATOR: I see.

STEPMOTHER: But, they insisted on a package deal.

NARRATOR: If I may continue.

STEPMOTHER: By all means… Just watch the wicked stepmother references.

NARRATOR: As the years passed the step-daughter became more and more beautiful.

STEPMOTHER: Really? I hadn’t noticed.

NARRATOR: And with each year the woman became more and more insecure about her feminine appeal.

STEPMOTHER: Bull…

MIRROR: Uh,uh,uh… Feminine… Feminine. At all times, feminine

STEPMOTHER: I have never been more secure about myself as a woman than I am right now. As a matter of fact, my feminine appeal is stronger than it ever was.

MIRROR: And I’m a Louis the Fourteenth armoire.

NARRATOR: Day after day… Month after month… Year after year… Fighting time and gravity with every resource at her command, the woman would stand in front of her mirror and ask…

STEPMOTHER: Mirror, mirror on the wall…

MIRROR: Again? I just answered this question five minutes ago.

STEPMOTHER: Mirror, mirror on the wall…

MIRROR: You are.

STEPMOTHER: I haven’t asked the question.

MIRROR: I’ve got it memorized… Mirror, mirror on the wall… Who’s the fairest of them all?

STEPMOTHER: And?

MIRROR: You are… You are… You are… Now leave me alone.

STEPMOTHER: Tell me Mirror, do you think this dress makes me look fat?

MIRROR: Oh God… No it doesn't make you look fat.

STEPMOTHER: You're sure?

MIRROR: Positive.

STEPMOTHER: Maybe just a little broad in the hips?

MIRROR: Imposeeblay.

STEPMOTHER: You're absolutely sure.

MIRROR: (*annoyed and frustrated)* I'm sure. I'm sure. Why couldn't I have been Cameron Diaz's mirror. Talk about a great gig.

NARRATOR: Then one day, when the woman asked…

STEPMOTHER: Mirror, mirror on the wall…

MIRROR: Yadada…Yadada… Yadada…

NARRATOR: The mirror responded annoyedly.

MIRROR: Didn't know it showed.

STEPMOTHER: Who's the fairest of them all?

NARRATOR: But, this time the mirror hesitated.

MIRROR: Could we… uh…like maybe start with another question? Y'know, somethin' easy… Like what is a hundred and ninety eight to the fifteenth power.

NARRATOR: The woman repeated the question.

STEPMOTHER: Who is the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: I heard ya. I heard ya.

STEPMOTHER: Well,,?

NARRATOR: She demanded impatiently.

STEPMOTHER: Insistent… I'm insistent… Not impatient.

MIRROR: Ya sure you don't have another question?

STEPMOTHER: I'm positive… Even though I already know the answer, of course.

MIRROR: As long as you already know the answer, you don't need me.

STEPMOTHER: Just say it and we'll be done.

NARRATOR: Her insecurity showing.

STEPMOTHER: I told you before, I am not insecure. Okay, mirror… Spill it.

MIRROR: Okay… But you ain't gonna like it.

STEPMOTHER: Of course I will. One never tires of hearing that one is the fairest in the land.

MIRROR: Oh boy… Well, you see mistress, it's like this….

STEPMOTHER: It's like what?

MIRROR: You're not the fairest in the land. There, I said it.

STEPMOTHER: Don't be ridiculous. Of course, I am. I have always been and I will always be… the fairest in the land.

MIRROR: Not anymore. It's over. It was bound to happen. You can't be queen of the may all your life. Time and gravity march on.

STEPMOTHER: Who on earth could be fairer, more attractive, more beautiful than… moi?

MIRROR: Your stepdaughter.

STEPMOTHER: My stepdaughter? My stepdaughter???

NARRATOR: She bellowed.

STEPMOTHER: (*bellowing)* That wasn't bellowing… I know bellowing when I'm bellowing… Not that I have ever bellowed. (*to Mirror)* Now, one more time, mirror. Who is the fairest in the land?
MIRROR: Okay… One more time… Your stepdaughter.

STEPMOTHER: That's a lie.

MIRROR: Mirror's don't lie. Which is the worst part of being a mirror.

STEPMOTHER: Wait just one minute.

(She sprays the mirror with glass cleaner and wipes it down)

MIRROR: *(coughing)* Hey, easy with the Windex.

STEPMOTHER: Is that better?

MIRROR: Much.

STEPMOTHER: Good… Is everything clearer now?

MIRROR: Much clearer.

STEPMOTHER: Good… Now who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: Your stepdaughter… by a mile.

NARRATOR: Angered by the mirror's announcement that she had been replaced by her stepdaughter, the woman reached for the nearest hard object.

(She picks up a smooth rock)

MIRROR: Easy with the pet rock. It's seven years bad luck to break a mirror… Especially for the mirror.

STEPMOTHER: There is no way that my stepdaughter could be the fairest in the land… It's impossible.

MIRROR: Oh yeah… Take a look.

(The Stepdaughter enters. She's all shoulders, legs and hips. To the beat of drums she strides along the edge of stage like a modern pop star and strikes a pose)

STEPDAUGHTER: Hiya… Mom.

STEPMOTHER: I told you never to call me that. I have never been and never will be your…mom.

STEPDAUGHTER: What a great mirror.

STEPMOTHER: You stay away from my mirror.

STEPDAUGHTER: (*into mirror)* Hello, gorgeous.

MIRROR: Hello to you, too.

STEPDAUGHTER: I was talking to my reflection.

MIRROR: So was I.

STEPDAUGHTER: You're cute.

MIRROR: You ain't so bad yourself.

NARRATOR: The woman had not only been replaced but rudely and abruptly shoved aside. Her beauty paling in comparison to that of her younger, prettier, firmer, tighter and very, very, very hot stepdaughter.

STEPMOTHER: Oh yeah? No one replaces me. No one.

MIRROR: Face facts, mistress. The ball is over.

STEPMOTHER: You forget who you're dealing with.

NARRATOR: Pushed to the breaking point, the woman produced a large needle which she used to prick her stepdaughter's finger.

(The Stepmother produces the needle and pricks the girl's finger)

STEPDAUGHTER: Like… owwww.

(The girl passes out on the chaise)

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