

"MIRROR, MIRROR"
by Bruce Kane

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"MIRROR, MIRROR"

LOCATION: A land far, far away in the 90210 Zip Code

CHARACTERS:

STEPMOTHER – A self involved woman of a certain age.

NARRATOR: Well spoken and very formal

THE MIRROR: Put upon, smart ass man in the mirror

STEPDAUGHTER – Young and very hot

PRINCE CHARMING – Young and pompous

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 there lived a woman of a certain age...

STEPMOTHER: Hold on there, narrator boy. I am not a woman of a certain age. I have never been a woman of a certain age and I will never be a woman of a certain age.

NARRATOR: 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: Beauty, madame, is, after all, only skin deep.

STEPMOTHER: And thank god for that.

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

STEPMOTHER: Mirror, mirror on the wall...

(A man appears in the frame of the mirror)

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

STEPMOTHER: Who's the fairest of them all?

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

MIRROR: Before or after the nose bob, 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 when it 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: Leaving his widow with jewels, cars, clothes and castles on which she lavished her attention and a stepdaughter whom she completely ignored 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. Martin and Bernard Grimm.

STEPMOTHER: Marty and Bernie Grimm?

NARRATOR: You knew the Brothers Grimm, madame?

STEPMOTHER: Knew them? I dated them.

NARRATOR: Day after day... Month after month... Year after year the woman would stand in front of her mirror and ask...

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

MIRROR: Why couldn't I have been Cameron Diaz's mirror? Talk about a great gig.

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

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. You're not the fairest in the land.

STEPMOTHER: Don't be ridiculous. Of course, I am. Who on earth could be fairer, more attractive, more beautiful than... moi?

MIRROR: Your stepdaughter.

STEPMOTHER: My stepdaughter? My stepdaughter??? That pimply faced, frizzied hair, no hiped, flat chested...

(To the accompaniment of drum beats The Stepdaughter enters. She's all shoulders, legs and hips. She strides along the edge of stage like a modern pop star and strikes a pose, hand on hip)

STEPDAUGHTER: Hiya... Mom.

STEPMOTHER: *(her jaw dropping to her knees)* I told you never to call me that.

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 *(getting turned on)* very, very, very hot stepdaughter.

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

MIRROR: Face facts, mistress. Time and gravity march on.

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)

NARRATOR: Within seconds the stepdaughter was fast asleep.

STEPMOTHER: *(to Mirror)* Okay pal... Let's try this one more time. Who's the fairest in the land?

MIRROR: *(frightened)* Whatever you say, lady... Whatever you say.

NARRATOR: Over the years the legend grew of the beautiful maiden who could only be awakened by the kiss of a handsome prince. Many tried. All failed. But still they came. *(calls out)* Prince two hundred and three.

(PRINCE CHARMING enters)

PRINCE CHARMING: Dear madame.

STEPMOTHER: *(flirtatiously)* Yes? Can I help you?

PRINCE CHARMING: May I present myself?

STEPMOTHER: I certainly hope so.

PRINCE CHARMING: I am a prince. Prince Charming to be exact.

STEPMOTHER: (*girlishly*) And a very handsome prince, indeed.

NARRATOR: She said flirtatiously.

STEPMOTHER: I prefer girlishly.

MIRROR: In your dreams.

PRINCE CHARMING: I have come to lay a kiss upon the cheek of Sleeping Beauty and claim her for my bride.

STEPMOTHER: Of course you have. She's upstairs. Second door on the right. Just listen for the snoring. Oh, and when you're done... Stop by... We can have a glass of wine and ..."talk."

(The Prince crosses to Sleeping Beauty.)

MIRROR: For God's sake... You're old enough to be his....

STEPMOTHER: (*threateningly*) One more word and I'll have you cut up into rearview mirrors... You'll spend the rest of your sorry days looking backwards in traffic. (*Begins to touch up her make-up in mirror*) A little mascara... A little lip gloss...

MIRROR: How about some plaster of paris?

STEPMOTHER: I always wanted to be a princess.

MIRROR: When haven't you been a princess?

STEPMOTHER: And when his father is stricken with food poisoning, I'll be queen... Queen Evelyn... Has a nice ring to it, don't you think? The ring... The ring. I never even thought about the ring. It's gotta be big... Huge... Humungous.

(Meanwhile, Prince Charming has kissed Sleeping Beauty's cheek, awakening her. They talk and then cross to the Stepmother, arm in arm)

MIRROR: Equal only in size to your delusions. Uh...oh.

STEPMOTHER: What is it? Too much blush? Is that it?

MIRROR: If I were you Queen Evelyn, I wouldn't turn around.

STEPMOTHER: Why not?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Hi mom.

STEPMOTHER: *(turns around; stunned)* It's you. You're up.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Princey asked me to marry him.

STEPMOTHER: Marry? You?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Isn't that the ginchiest?

MIRROR: Ginchiest? You have been asleep a long time.

STEPMOTHER: Why don't we have a little talk. Just us... One terribly attractive, woman at the peak of her sexual allure and... you. *(The Stepmother and Sleeping Beauty move downstage)* Far be it from me to interfere... but marriage? What do you know about him?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: He's rich... He's a prince... He's rich... He's crazy about me. And he's rich. What else do I need to know?

STEPMOTHER: Can't argue with that.

(The two women move back upstage. Sleeping Beauty takes the Prince's arm)

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Aren't you going to wish us good luck... stepmother?

STEPMOTHER: *(grimacing)* Good... luck.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Thank you, stepmother. *(Sleeping Beauty and Prince Charming start to exit)*

STEPMOTHER: Damn.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(to Prince Charming)* You are rich, aren't you? *(They exit)*

NARRATOR: And so Sleeping Beauty and The Prince were married. Depressed that the Mirror would only be a reminder of her fading beauty, the Stepmother gave it to her stepdaughter as a wedding gift. .

STEPMOTHER: *(sadly)* Goodbye, Mirror. *(runs her hand over the mirror's frame caressingly)*

MIRROR: That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me.

(The Stepmother exits; Sleeping Beauty returns. She's a little older now but still self obsessed.)

NARRATOR: And now it was Sleeping Beauty's turn to stand in front of the mirror and ask...

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Mirror, mirror on the wall... Who's the fairest of them all?

NARRATOR: And each day the mirror would reply...

MIRROR: You are, princess... You are by far the hottest chick in the kingdom.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: And who's got the cutest butt in the kingdom?

MIRROR: The princess has got some serious back.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: And who's got the perkier boobs in the kingdom?

MIRROR: Great rack, your highness. First rate.

NARRATOR: Each day of each month of each passing year, the Princess would stand in front of the mirror and ask.....

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Who's the fairest of them all?

NARRATOR: Then one day the mirror hesitated.

MIRROR: Thanks a lot for pointing that out. *(under his breath)* Big mouth.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I asked you a question. Am I the fairest in the land?

MIRROR: In a word?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Yes.

MIRROR: No.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Now, that wasn't so... No????

MIRROR: Yes... No.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: No?

MIRROR: Yes.

NARRATOR: *(a la Jack Benny)* Now cut that out.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(becoming hysterical)* Stepmommy!!! Stepmommy!!!
(Sleeping Beauty crosses to the entering Stepmother)

STEPMOTHER: What is it dear?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oh, Stepmommy, I'm not the fairest in the land.

STEPMOTHER: Who told you that?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: The Mirror told me.

STEPMOTHER: That mean old mirror... I should have sold him on Ebay years ago.

MIRROR: *(finally letting out all the frustration)* Yeah... Sure... Everybody blames it on the mirror. You find a gray hair, it's the mirror's fault. You get one lousy wrinkle... It's the mirror's fault. Your ass grows to the size of a Buick and it's the mirror's fault. It's always the mirror's fault.

ENTIRE CAST AND CREW: Oh, shut up!!!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: What am I going to do? What will happen when the Prince finds out?

STEPMOTHER: He won't find out. First, we'll mix up a nice little potion. Completely undetectable. No charges will ever be filed. You didn't sign a pre-nup, did you?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: No.

STEPMOTHER: Good...Next we'll make an appointment for you with Doctor Waldman... You'll love him... *(continues as they exit)* He's the Titian of the Tummy Tuck... the Botticelli of the boob job. The Bellini of the butt lift. The Caravaggio of collagen and the Brunelleschi of botox.

(They exit.)

(MUSIC: A funereal organ)

(Sleeping Beauty enters wearing a long black cape and carrying a bouquet of flowers)

NARRATOR: Tragedy soon entered the life of Sleeping Beauty when Prince Charming was struck with a sudden case of food poisoning and expired on the spot. No charges were filed. But soon, darkness turned to sunlight ...

(MUSIC: organ music turns into "The Wedding March.")

NARRATOR: ...when Sleeping Beauty married Dr. Marvin Waldman...*(Sleeping Beauty doffs the black cape)* with offices in Beverly Hills, New York and Miami Beach.

(Sleeping Beauty waves happily to her well wishers and tosses her bouquet over her shoulder where it is caught by the entering Stepmother. Sleeping Beauty keeps waving and smiling to her well wishers throughout.)

NARRATOR: As for the woman of a certain... *(The Stepmother shoots him a look and points her finger)*... undeniable youthfulness... *(The Stepmother smiles as she slinks over to the Narrator and begins suggestively stroking his tie)* She married the handsome narrator.

STEPMOTHER: The very, very handsome narrator.

NARRATOR: And they all lived happily ever after.

MIRROR: *(sarcastically)* Talk about your fairy tales. What about the Mirror? Did he live happily ever after? Did you ever ask yourself that? Having to feed the over inflated egos of this self deluded bunch of liposuctioned, silicon injected, botox addled...

CAST AND CREW: Oh, shut up.

(Stepmother and Sleeping Beauty turn back to the audience, flash their frozen botox smiles and strike their red carpet poses. Flashbulbs pop.)

LIGHTS DOWN

THE END