

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"

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 hipped, 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... owww.

*(The girl passes out on the chaise)*

*(The play continues...)*

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