

Mirror
Day 14

by
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Danielle enters. A two-way mirror near the front of the stage. It faces the audience so they can see Danielle through it. She stares at herself.

She sits on the ground, still looking at her reflection. She pulls out a dry erase marker from her pocket and pulls the cap off with her teeth.

She stands, goes to the mirror, takes a long, deep look at herself, putting her face close to the glass, closer and closer, turning her head from side to side.

DANIELLE

They're called smile lines.

She pulls at the corners of her eyes. Flattens out her cheeks with her hands.

DANIELLE

At least the women in my family don't go grey.

She pulls back her hair.

DANIELLE

They go bald. I think I'd prefer the white hair.

She looks at her watch.

DANIELLE

I'm late.

(Beat)

Screw it. What's she gonna do? Just rip my head off tomorrow. I'll have to plan my moves carefully. Stay on her good side.

She writes on the mirror. "Who R U?" She smiles big.

DANIELLE

Smile lines.

She draws a smile over the reflection of her real smile.

DANIELLE

All that's going to be left of me is my smile.

She writes on the mirror: "Where R U going?"

DANIELLE

Been down this path before. I wonder where I'll land this time. What am I doing?

Beat.

She writes "Where am I going?" Over and over and over again.

DANIELLE

I thought I was going to write a story here. But look at my face. I hate my face. It used to be a nice face. I almost don't recognize myself anymore. I only see what must be me. In the mirror. I'm backwards. And aging. Not aging backwards. Unfortunately. She's my opposite. Maybe mirror-me is fine with aging. Maybe she loves her face. Maybe. She still has smile lines, though.

She smiles. She frowns. She smiles.

DANIELLE

It takes more muscles to frown, right? If my mom was telling me the truth.

(Beat)

This mirror makes me look huge. I didn't even eat anything. I even avoided eating that cookie that was calling out to be eaten. Cookies. Look at me. I don't need cookies. I'm big enough already.

She puffs out her cheeks. She exhales.

DANIELLE

Mirror-me, I hope you're happy.

She sits. She stares.

Lights fade.