

A SCRIPT FROM

YM360[®]

“Mirror”

By

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| What | This piece contains two fractured monologues from a man and a woman, both who has a distorted view of self. The concept of reflection, reflecting and what it means to be truly seen are themes throughout this piece. In the midst of the two monologues there is also the personification of Truth who speaks the text of Psalm 139 |
| Who | 3 Actors, One of which is a Man. |
| Why | Psalm 139 |
| Time | Approximately 5 minutes |

TRUTH is standing stage center
Purchase
Truth

I have searched you, and I know you.
I know when you sit and when you rise; I perceive your thoughts
from afar. I discern your going out and your lying down

WOMAN and MAN stare forward as if into a mirror.

Woman

Every morning I wake up

Man

I wake up

Woman

And I know exactly what the day ahead of me will be, but I have
no way of knowing what it will look like...

Man

It will be another day of having to look squarely into my-

Woman

It will be another day of being a

Both

Reflection

Truth

I am familiar with all your ways. Before a word is on your tongue
I know it completely

Woman

Another day of reflecting exactly what everyone else thinks I
should be

Man

Another day of staring, my feet frozen to the tile floor hating what
I see in front of me

Woman

My glassy exterior is nearly perfect; like a freshly Windex'd
mirror, it is streak free

Man

I go to turn away from my reflection but it doesn't help, what is
worse to me is what the image represents... a scared little boy.

Woman

I move from class to class, activity to activity

Man

I run to school, to the gym, to anywhere I might be able to out-
learn, out-lift, outgrow what I see in the mirror

Woman

I conquer each test, each game, each recital, each debate, all with
practiced precision. Because then when people look into my
reflection, maybe I can deceive them into saying
"Beautiful"

Man

Ugly

Woman

Worthy

Man

Stupid

Woman

Valuable

Man
Disposable
Truth
Purchase

Your frame was not hidden from me when I created you in the secret place when I wove you together before the beginning of time.

Both
Fill

But I can never stop, I can never rest...

Man
I can never be enough

Woman
It can never be enough
Script

At

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