

THROUGH THE MIRROR

A FANTASY-DRAMA IN ONE ACT

By Roberto F. Ciccotelli

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PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

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By Roberto F. Ciccotelli

INTRODUCTION: *Through the Mirror* is a loose adaptation of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. It is also, more importantly, an exploration of the drug problem prevalent among the youth of today. The majority of the play is Aly's first, and last, drug trip; the play is essentially her drug induced hallucination personified by characters and scenes from Carroll's novel; moments of confusion, illogic, and irrationality are, therefore, intentional and deliberate.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 MEN, 2 WOMEN, 4 EITHER)

ALY (f)Rebellious teenager. (118 lines)

FATHER (m/f).....Aly's father (voice heard only).
(11 lines)

BUNNYMAN (m)Rock band member. (27 lines)

TIMMY (m).....Band manager; T & T Management.
(43 lines)

TOMMY (m)Band manager; T & T Management.
(45 lines)

H.D. CHIPS (m/f)Producer, promoter, and sponsor of the
rock tour. (22 lines)

CAT (m/f)Ticket scalper. (27 lines)

HAT MAN (m/f).....Drug dealer. (44 lines)

MRS. Q. HEART (f)President of Wonderland. (25 lines)

NOTE: The casting is flexible when it comes to male and female roles. FATHER, H.D. CHIPS, CAT, and HAT MAN might be played by a female actor. FATHER then becomes MOTHER.

PLACE

The backstage of a theatre at Wonderland, a corporate amusement park.

TIME: The present.

SET

The set is the backstage of a theatre made up of a variety of stage platforms, risers, boxes, and ladders.

*I would like to express my utmost gratitude and appreciation to the first cast and crew of **Through the Mirror** for helping to develop and workshop the original production. These creative individuals include Jennifer Anand, Cheryl Binning, Sabina Ercole, Gaby Frascchetti, Carol Sartor, George Stroumboulopoulos, Andrew Tesolin, and Denise Vella.*

—Roberto F. Ciccotelli

SETTING:

*Up center are five boxes, stacked up to form a pyramid. Other risers, platforms, boxes, and ladders are placed at either left or right to form an inverted "V" with the pyramid of boxes as the focal point. The play begins in darkness with the actors on stage in tableau. Optional music: **Alice's House** by The Psychedelic Furs.*

AT RISE:

The stage cyclorama is slowly illuminated with a blue wash, silhouetting the frozen actors who are carefully positioned upon set pieces. H.D. CHIPS sits high above the rest at the top of the box pyramid; TIMMY and TOMMY sit down right; HAT MAN stands at right; the BUNNYMAN stands down left; CAT sits at left; MRS. Q. HEART lies on the floor on her back downstage center in front of ALY; ALY sits on a box downstage center. The argument below between ALY and her FATHER is heard over the sound system and slowly crossfades with the music. As their argument intensifies, the cyclorama crossfades from blue to red. [Optional] Half way through the argument, a fog machine, placed underneath ALY, within the box, begins to engulf ALY in a fog.

ALY: No, you're the unreasonable one. This is so unfair. Why are you so worried? I'll do my homework. It's my responsibility.

FATHER: Listen Aly, we said you can't go and that's the end of the discussion.

ALY: Discussion, what discuss -

FATHER: Stop it! I don't want to hear it.

ALY: It's only a concert. It's Echo and the Bunnymen. What's the big deal?

FATHER: The big deal? The big deal? The big deal is Bengie Hayward.

ALY: Bengie who?

FATHER: Bengie Hayward was a kid, just like you, who went to a concert last year and never came home.

ALY: Ya, so?

FATHER: Well, they found him the next day . . . in Lake Ontario with several hits of acid in him.

ALY: Look, I don't know what you think I do at these concerts but I'm no Bengie Hayward.

FATHER: Well, I refuse to -

ALY: What?

FATHER: I said no.

ALY: Yes.

FATHER: Absolutely not. My roof, my rules.

ALY: I'm leaving -

FATHER: Come back here -

ALY: Bye.

FATHER: If you leave -

ALY: See you.

FATHER: You'll regret this young -

ALY: Ya, you'll see.

*The sound of a door slam and window breaking. BLACKOUT. Optional music: Kate Bush's **Waking the Witch**. In total darkness and in a choreographed sequence, the frozen actors, using flashlights, flash a light on ALY, who is sitting frozen center stage, still engulfed in fog. As each light hits her, she reacts sharply and starts to wake up from what seems like a groggy sleep. The lights slowly begin to fade in to a full wash. BUNNYMAN unfreezes. While speaking to ALY, he continuously looks at his watch in a nervous manner. The others remain in tableau.*

BUNNYMAN: I'm late. I'm late. Why am I always late? And who the hell are you?

ALY: Excuse me, but why don't you just get a watch?

BUNNYMAN: A watch? I have a watch. I just never learned to . . . read it.

ALY: Then why do you have it?

BUNNYMAN: Why? Why? Well, because, it helps me to face change . . . ya, that's it, face change.

ALY: Oh . . . can you tell me where I am?

BUNNYMAN: Where you are? Where you are? I'm not sure but I think we're in Canterbury theatre. Canterbury theatre? Uh-no, I'm supposed to be at Kingswood theatre. Man-o-man this peeves me off!

ALY: Why? Who are you anyway?

BUNNYMAN: Me. Damn. I'm in the band. I'm one of the Bunnymen.

ALY: Bunnymen? Who are the Bunnymen?

BUNNYMAN: Bunnymen? Good question. I'm not really sure. I should bring it up at the next meeting. I don't know who the Bunnymen are.

ALY: Then what are you late for?

BUNNYMAN: What am I late for? I'm late for . . .

BUNNYMAN freezes. TOMMY and TIMMY unfreeze.

TIMMY: No, no, no. You're wrong Timmy. The ones in Smurf Village are wax and the ones in Hanabarbara Land are plastic.

ALY: I'm sorry, can you -

TIMMY: Contrawise, Tommy, the ones in Smurf Village are plastic and the ones in Hanabarbara Land are wax.

ALY: I'm sure I'm very sorry but can you tell me who -

TOMMY: Absolutely not Timmy. You're behaving quite irrationally. You're totally incomprehensible and your being completely unreasonable. The ones in Smurf Village are wax and the ones in Hanabarbara Land are wax also.

TIMMY: Excuse me Tommy, but that's totally illogical. You're making no sense whatsoever and you're contradicting yourself. You just said that they were different and now you're saying that they're the same.

ALY: Excuse me . . . excuse me . . . but I do believe they're made of fiber glass.

TOMMY: Fiber glass?

TIMMY: Fiber glass?

TOMMY: I don't know what you're thinking about but it isn't so.

TIMMY: Isn't so.

TOMMY: No, no, no. It isn't so.

TIMMY: Contrawise, if it was so . . .

TOMMY: It might be . . .

TIMMY: And if it were so . . .

TOMMY: It would be . . .

TIMMY: But as it isn't . . .

TOMMY: It ain't . . .

TIMMY: And as it ain't . . .

TOMMY: It isn't . . .

TIMMY: Absolutely . . .

TOMMY: Positively . . .

TIMMY: And what is is . . .

TOMMY: And what ain't ain't . . .

TIMMY/TOMMY: And that's . . . logical.

TIMMY and TOMMY freeze. H. D. CHIPS unfreezes. H.D. CHIPS holds a cell phone.

H.D.: Move those bee-hinds! You bloody roadies are costing me a fortune. At this rate, I'll be broke before the next tour. Do you know how much this tour is costing me? Well, do yas? Ha, do ya think I'm going to dee-vulge that kinda information to you sorry jackasses? Only my accountants, Smith and Speigel and Spinelli, know that information . . . not that I trust them any more . . . and who the hell are you - - ya little whipper snapper?

ALY: Who . . . who me?

H.D.: Yes, you you little weasel.

ALY: My name is . . . is . . . Aly, Aly, I think.

H.D.: Ya think? Well, it's a stupid name enough.

ALY: Stupid? Why is it -

H.D.: You can't have a name like Aly, you'll get no where in this business, no where in any business with a name like that . . it's all wrong.

ALY: But I like -

H.D.: No, no, Aly is a stupid name all right. Now if it was Alice or Alicia, yes Alicia Pleasance, a nice southern name. I could make you a star with a name like that. Books will be written about you and your adventures with a name like that. But Aly, damn. That's the name of a dirty street. What kinda woman hangs around a dirty street?

ALY: I don't hang around dirty—hey, I think I've had quite enough from you . . . you hardboiled cow poacher! Why don't you come down here and talk to me face to face?

H.D.: Oh, I can't do that.

ALY: Why not?

H.D.: It's a long story. Time is money you know.

ALY: Ya, well you're just a big . . . chicken.

H.D.: Close, but not quite.

ALY: Ah, your full of . . .

H.D. CHIPS freezes. CAT unfreezes and lights a cigarette. If possible, CAT chain smokes several cigarettes throughout the play and slowly changes his costume from completely black to completely white.

ALY: Who are you?

CAT: I'm Cat. Do you want tickets?

ALY: Tickets? What tickets?

CAT: Tickets, little girl. I have tickets for any show you want. Any show, anywhere.

ALY: You have tickets?

CAT: I have tickets. Lots of tickets. Cheap tickets. Rare tickets. Hot tickets.

ALY: Tickets for what?

CAT: I've got tickets for—operas, concerts, mimes and plays. Ice capades and classic ballets. Animal, farm and modern art shows. Monster trucks and antique clothes. I got the tickets, got the tickets for you. You can't lose when you buy from the dude.

ALY: What about sports?

CAT: Sports? Right here, I practically have season tickets for everything—baseball, football, hockey, basketball, checkers, even chess.

ALY: Chess?

CAT: Volleyball, racquetball, cricket, murderball, Aussie rules and shooting ducks.

ALY: Shooting ducks?

CAT: Ya, I sell hundred of tickets every year to guys from up north. They love to hunt the duck.

ALY: Well, that's very interesting but I think I'd better be leaving now.

CAT: Yo, wait a minute, come back! I have something really important to ask you.

ALY: Important?

CAT: Important. Listen . . . do you want tickets?

ALY: Is that it?

CAT: No, do you have any tickets to sell?

ALY: Excuse me, but I don't feel well. And you keep . . . changing.

CAT: Changing? You haven't seen anything yet.

ALY: But you look different from before.

CAT freezes. HAT MAN unfreezes. Throughout the play, HAT MAN often sticks his face in his top hat and inhales deeply.

HAT MAN: Twinkle, twinkle, little bat

How I wonder where you're at

Up above the world you fly

Always wanting to get . . . high

If you're dry and need some tea

Do not wait to come to me

In my hat, I have your leaves

I'm Hat Man, nothing up my sleeves.

Excuse me, but can I be of some service to you?

ALY: Well, I don't know. I'm lost, kinda, and I really don't feel very well.

HAT MAN: Well, you sound like someone with many problems.

Fortunately, I'm the sort of fellow with many . . . solutions.

ALY: Really. Why? Who are you?

HAT MAN: Hat Man, at your service.

ALY: Can you help me?

HAT MAN: Of course, I can help you. I can help anyone . . . for the right price.

ALY: What are you doing here?

HAT MAN: I was just organizing a little party. You know, there's always a little party after the gig.

ALY: And what **solutions** do you have for me?

HAT MAN: Well, I have the remedy of the century.

ALY: Really? What is it? Can I have it?

HAT MAN: It's an ancient secret, from ancient China, passed down from generation to generation, each keeping the tradition sacred.

ALY: That sounds like a lot of BS to me.

HAT MAN: Possibly. But there is some truth in my tale. And I do have a cure for your problems.

ALY: Really. Another ancient remedy?

HAT MAN: No. Just an infusion.

ALY: An infusion?

HAT MAN: Yes, an infusion, a brew, a decoction.

ALY: A decoction?

HAT MAN: A decoction.

ALY: What kind of decoction?

HAT MAN: Lapsang. Souchong. Oolong. Darjeeling. Orange Pekoe.

ALY: That's it.

HAT MAN: No . . . I have Earl Grey too.

HAT MAN freezes. BUNNYMAN unfreezes.

BUNNYMAN: The gig! The gig!

ALY: The gig?

BUNNYMAN: It's tonight . . . it's now!

ALY: Now . . . oh, you're with . . .

BUNNYMAN: Ya, I'm with Echo.

ALY: Echo . . .

BUNNYMAN: Echo!

ALY: Echo?

BUNNYMAN: Echo!

ALY: Echo . . .

BUNNYMAN: Yes, Echo! Echo, damn it. Echo.

ALY: Why do you keep repeating yourself?

BUNNYMAN: You're right, you're absolutely right. I hate repetition. It's so . . . repetitive. It repeats itself over and over again, repeating and repeating, then it's repeated and repeated and repeated; and in the end, repetition, the word, the action, the thought is so . . .

ALY: Repetitive.

BUNNYMAN: Yes . . . yes . . . that's it! That's it! You're right! You're absolutely right! You're brilliant. Who are you?

ALY: I'm . . . I'm . . . I don't know.

BUNNYMAN: You don't know? You must know who you are? You must!

ALY: I'm sure I'm very sorry but I don't know who I am.

BUNNYMAN: You don't know who you are?

ALY: Yes, I don't know who I am . . . and I feel really sick.

BUNNYMAN: Sick? Sick? Well, why don't you take something . . . why don't you just have some . . . tea?

BUNNYMAN freezes. TIMMY and TOMMY unfreeze.

TIMMY: Anyway Tommy, she's begun all wrong. The first thing to do in an introduction is to say "How d'ye do" and shake hands.

TOMMY: Yes. "How d'ye do" and shake hands.

ALY: Hi, I'm . . .

TIMMY: How d'ye do? I'm Timmy.

TOMMY: How d'ye do? I'm Tommy.

ALY: Oh, I'm so sorry, well . . . how are ya? I'm Aly.

TIMMY: How d'ye do? I'm Timmy.

TOMMY: How d'ye do? I'm Tommy.

ALY: Okay. How d'ye do? I'm Aly.

TIMMY: How d'ye do? He's Tommy.

TOMMY: How d'ye do? He's Timmy.

ALY: How d'ye do? I'm Aly, you're Timmy, and you're Tommy.

TIMMY: Tommy? Is that you?

TOMMY: Timmy? Is that you?

TIMMY: Tommy!

TOMMY: Timmy!

TIMMY: Tommy!

TOMMY: Timmy!

TIMMY: Tommy, this is Aly.

TOMMY: Aly, this is Timmy.

TIMMY: Aly, this is Tommy.

TOMMY: Timmy, this is Aly.

This round of introductions continues until complete confusion ensues. Then ALY interrupts abruptly.

ALY: Hold it! Hold it! Can someone tell me . . . who are you really?

TIMMY: *(Pause.)* That's very philosophical.

TOMMY: If not psychological.

TIMMY: It must be existential.

TOMMY: And even biological.

TIMMY: And eco-socio-political.

TOMMY: And psycho-philosophical.

TIMMY: And socio-biological.

TOMMY: And eco-psychological.

TIMMY: And bio-existential.

TOMMY: And always . . .

TIMMY: Always . . .

TOMMY: Chronological . . .

TIMMY: Chronological . . .

TOMMY: Chronological . . .

TIMMY: Chronological . . .

TIMMY/TOMMY: Chronological.

TIMMY and TOMMY freeze. H.D. CHIPS unfreezes.

H.D.: Well, last time I tried coming down, I fell. Broke just about every bloody bone in my body. And damn if I could find a cheap doctor to fix me up. Since then, I run my business from up here. Booking acts, organizing tours, getting other sponsors. It's amazing what you can do with a cell phone and a lap top.

ALY: That's a pretty lame story.

H.D.: Don't believe me? What do I care? I have the cold hard cash to prove it.

ALY: I've met a lot of eggheads in my day but you top them all.

H.D.: How dare you talk to me like that you little pork belly? Do you know who I am?

ALY: No. And who cares?

H.D.: I am H.D. Chips. The producer, promoter, and sponsor of this honky-tonk tour.

ALY: Ya, you're also a yokhead and a chickenshit.

H.D.: What? How dare you? Who are you, anyway? Do you have a backstage pass?

ALY: A pass? What do I need a pass for?

H.D.: You're one of those groupies aren't you?

ALY: Groupie?

H.D.: Security! Security! Call the police! Security. Oh, forget it . . . I'll call 'em myself.

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