

The Mirror

Supernatural · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A bathroom at night. She avoids looking at the mirror straight on.)

MOI

It started on Tuesday. A wave of the hand, and in the mirror, the hand follows. A touch too late. Half a second. The kind of detail it takes you three days to admit to yourself.

MOI

So I ran tests. Like a scientist. Raise the arm. Smile. Switch the light off and back on, very fast.

MOI

At first, the delay waited for me politely. Now... now, sometimes, she has finished smiling before I have.

MOI

This morning I stepped closer without moving. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. I didn't. My hair was tied back.

(She turns slowly towards the mirror.)

MOI

I know what they'll say. Exhaustion. Grief. "The brain fills in what's missing." Maybe.

MOI

But then explain to me why, since Monday, when I cry... she looks relieved.

What you can do with it

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