EVIL QUEEN

A short one-woman comedy

By Jenna Jane

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Summary

The Evil Queen tells her side of the story for the first time. Good guys and bad guys are all guys; for women, it’s never that simple.

Cast of characters

A note from the playwright on gender reference, below: This is only a suggestion. Gender is just a performative social construct, anyway. Do whatever feels right to you.

EVIL QUEEN: Female, 30s to 50s. Always the smartest person in the room and she knows it. Dry wit. Imposing presence. Authoritative.

Setting

A dungeon.

Lights up on a dungeon.

EVIL QUEEN

I know what you're thinking: Why poison an apple? Why not something more tempting, like a papaya or a chocolate eclair? Look, Snow White is a red delicious apple kind of basic bitch. And, really, can we re-think using the word "poison" here? It's not like I killed her. Think of it like slipping her an extra strength Ambien. Whether you want to admit it or not, I think we all enjoyed having a little less soprano warbling in our lives. Why does no one seem to appreciate a solid alto? Not femme enough?

You ever notice how we talk about "good guys" and "bad guys?" It leaves women out of the picture entirely. And maybe that's a good thing. Maybe it's an unconscious recognition that, at least for women, it's never that simple. I know, what a revelation: Women are complicated.

Let's take a look at the criticisms against me, here. I'm vain. Mirror, mirror, on the wall, and all that jazz. First of all, if you had a magic mirror, I bet you'd ask it all kinds of weird shit. And how is it really that different from those thirst trap selfies you post on Instagram? Hashtag Saturday vibes! Hashtag Throwback Thursday to a time when I looked hotter than I do

right now! You're fishing for compliments, too. You think you're better than me? You, with your Botox? Your lip fillers?

And what's wrong with wanting to be the fairest one of all, anyway? I mean, Snow White takes it literally. It's one thing to have fair skin, it's another to go around insisting people address you with a reference to your pallor. Frankly, if you don't think that's a racist dog whistle, maybe you need to look inward.

Anyway, my point is that beauty is power. Beauty is the price of admission for women. And I'm a woman in politics. I'm a fucking queen. Maybe instead of criticizing my vanity, you should take a second to think about the sociopolitical reasons we got here in the first place. I didn't write the rules. Now you want to punish me for playing the game.

When you were little, I bet you dreamed of being Snow White. You wanted to be the victim because you were fed the storyline over and over again that being a victim is attractive to men. But I bet you grew up into me. Someone who knows the victim fairytale is just a narrative the patriarchy forces down our throats to keep women from going after what we want.

And don't even get me started on the "Some Day My Prince Will Come" crap. Snow White never tries to do anything to better her circumstances. She doesn't make things happen. She lets things