

MAGIC MIRROR

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

JOHNNY, 32, wearing nothing but a loose fitting brown dressing gown shuffles into the small, cramped and messy kitchen. He carries a full length mirror along with him. It's tall, heavy and awkward, but he's determined to keep it with him.

He opens the fridge, almost empty he grabs out what's left of the milk. Then opening up the cupboards, these too are also nearly empty. Pulling down what's left of the breakfast cereal.

Makes himself up a bowl. Fetching out an already dirty spoon from the sink that's overflowing with dirty plates, bowls and cutlery.

INT. APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Johnny carries the full length mirror into the front room and sits down on the sofa. He props it up next to him then lays out across the sofa. Grabbing, opening and drinking a can of beer that he finds with a stack of others on the floor.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Like every other room in this apartment the bathroom is an absolute mess too.

Johnny sits down on the toilet, still holding onto the mirror. He's forced to listen to his doorbell ringing over and over again.

JOHNNY
(muttering)
Oh my god, go away.

The ringing doesn't stop.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(yelling out)
Come back tomorrow.

Ring. Ring. Ring. Who ever it is, they're determined to be seen.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Johnny opens the door to ILIZA, 29, dressed smart in an expensive looking navy blue suit.

She eyes up Johnny, and the full length mirror that he's carrying.

ILIZA

Johnny?

A pause. He considers her question carefully.

JOHNNY

Who are you and what do you want?

ILIZA

My name is Iliza, your case worker.
Here to help you find a better
future. Who knows, one could just
be around the corner?

JOHNNY

How about you come back tomorrow?

She eases him out of the way, forces her way inside the apartment.

ILIZA

(unimpressed)

How about you get out of my way?

INT. APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Iliza inspects the room, a deep frown.

ILIZA

You live like a pig.

He enters in behind her, slow for carrying the mirror. He sits back down on the sofa.

JOHNNY

I like the way I live.

ILIZA

Well, the government doesn't see it
that way.

JOHNNY

I can't work. I was in an accident.
A bad one. I shouldn't have to
work. This is a rich country isn't
it?

ILIZA

Well, again. The government doesn't see it that way. It thinks you can work and I'm here to help you.

JOHNNY

And what right do they have to tell me anything? I'm not breaking any laws. I don't even leave my apartment. I get everything delivered.

ILIZA

You're living in a government provided apartment, living off of unemployment benefits. So yeah, the government thinks it has every right to tell you what to do, and I sort of agree.

JOHNNY

But they're stopping the benefits. I've been getting letters for months telling me this. So what's the problem?

ILIZA

You do realize that me being here is very serious for you? You're facing becoming homeless if you don't find work and find it soon.

JOHNNY

I can't work.

ILIZA

Why not?

JOHNNY

Have you even read my case file?

ILIZA

Yes. And your injuries have healed. Your last visit to the hospital confirmed that.

JOHNNY

(hurt)

I lost both my parents in that car accident. We were only going to the park. For a Sunday family walk. Like we did at the end of every god damn week. Driving safely. Normally. Doing the speed limit.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

The other guy, was drunk and driving on the wrong side of the road. He's in prison now, but he's going to get out soon. Isn't he?

ILIZA

I'm sorry about that, but you need to find a job.

JOHNNY

I can't work.

ILIZA

Why not?

He gestures to the mirror he leans beside him.

JOHNNY

I can't leave this here. Others know about it. If I leave it, they'll come for it.

ILIZA

A mirror?

He shakes his head.

JOHNNY

(serious)
A magic mirror.

She lets out a long deep breath, groaning.

ILIZA

So, you can't get a job because you need to carry a full length mirror around with you at all times. Is that right? Just so I understand?

JOHNNY

Right. So you tell me, what job will allow me to carry this around with me all day?

She shrugs.

ILIZA

(guessing)
A mirror salesman?

JOHNNY

Get serious.

ILIZA

Me get serious, but you're the one talking about a magic mirror?

JOHNNY

You want to see? You don't even know what it does.

She rolls her eyes.

ILIZA

Why don't you tell me?

JOHNNY

(smiling)

It shows me the happiest moments of my childhood.

Johnny kneels down on the floor in front of the propped up mirror.

ILIZA

Oh good lord.

Johnny puts his hands together as if in prayer, bowing his head to the mirror.

JOHNNY

Mirror, mirror, show me when I was happy.

The mirror changes, the glass fogs up and suddenly we see a home video of a happy child playing on it. Johnny watches the scene play, smiling happily. This is like for a drug for him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Look, do you see? This is when I was just a boy.

Iliza shakes her head, gestures to the mirror desperately.

ILIZA

I don't see anything. If this is a joke I don't get it?

JOHNNY

When you look at this mirror, what do you see.

ILIZA

(tired)

Your reflection. Nothing magical about it.

JOHNNY

You just can't see it. But I can.

ILIZA

What I see is a man smiling at his own reflection. Which I've got to say, is very worrying.

JOHNNY

You can go. I've got everything I need right here.

ILIZA

I can't go until I've got you to at least agree to go to some job interviews.

JOHNNY

Come back tomorrow.

ILIZA

I don't want to be your case worker, but I need to impress my superiors. You're a notoriously difficult case. No one else wanted to deal with you, but I put myself forwards. I promised I'd sort you out.

Johnny is watching more childhood 'home video's' playing out on the mirror. Iliza can't see them.

Johnny laughs happily.

ILIZA (CONT'D)

But you're crazy.

JOHNNY

I'm happy. Leave me alone.

ILIZA

You're living in squalor. You have no money and if you don't do something soon, this time next week you'll be out on the streets.

JOHNNY

As long as I have my mirror.

ILIZA

You think you'll survive on the street carrying that mirror around with you?

JOHNNY

Yes.

ILIZA

You're just staring at your own reflection. You need help. You need to wake up.

JOHNNY

No. I see it.

ILIZA

And what are you seeing?

JOHNNY

A version of myself who's happy. I'll never get bored of this. I'm really happy here. Don't you hear me laughing?

She's furious.

ILIZA

I'm not going to let some bum drunk stand in the way of my career. You're not going to railroad me. I said I'll fix you, and a solution is just around the corner.

JOHNNY

Please just go away.

Iliza looks around the front room, she spots the now empty bowl that Johnny had poured his cereal into.

She picks it up, takes aim and slings it as hard as she can at the mirror, bullseye. Slamming against the glass, she causes it to break and shatter. Shards of glass spilling across the floor.

Johnny lets out an anguished scream.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

No!

ILIZA

Oh stop. It's just a god damn mirror.

JOHNNY

What have you done!

He grabs at the different shards of glass with his bare hands. Cutting them, blood spilling out.

He tries to rebuild the mirror by hand. Cutting himself badly. Making a real mess, blood is getting everywhere.

Iliza staggers away from him, horrified.

ILIZA

What are you doing!

Johnny continues to grab fistfuls of the glass shards, doesn't seem to care that he's cutting his hands to ribbons.

JOHNNY

My mirror. My beautiful magical mirror. What have you done!?

ILIZA

You're destroying your hands. Stop!
It's glass. Stop it!

Johnny gives up on trying to rebuild the destroyed mirror. He looks down at his hands, filled with large and small shards of glass. Embedded into his flesh. Blood continues to ooze out of him, pooling onto the floor around him.

Iliza looks like she's going to be sick.

ILIZA (CONT'D)

I'm going to get help.

He jumps. He's smiling again.

JOHNNY

(happy)
No, it's fine.

ILIZA

You need an ambulance. My phone is in my car. I'll be right back.

Johnny with blood all down the front of him runs to the door, the only one out of the room and blocks Iliza off. Not allowing her to leave.

He looks down at the glass sticking out of his hands, in them he's able to see those childhood movies playing. All different scenes of when he was a happy little boy.

JOHNNY

Look!

He holds his hands out, the pieces of glass just milliameters away from Iliza's face.

She backs away.

ILIZA
Jesus Christ, stay away from me.

JOHNNY
You must see. I'll make you see.
Just look.

ILIZA
No, please.

He chases her around the front room, she's trying to get away. She's terrified, staggering and tripping up over her feet. He's fast, stays right on top of her.

JOHNNY
You must see.

He backs her into a corner and pushes those shards of glass sticking out of his hands right into her face.

She lets out a horrible scream. He yells out over the top of her.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(determined)
I will make you see! See my life!
This is what happiness looks like!
See!

FADE TO BLACK

THE END