

MIROIR, MIROIR

by

R5e

FADE IN:

**INT. GAMESHOW THEATER**

The place is a zoo. The audience is loud and obnoxious as they scream wildly.

**STAGE**

Bright lights strobe around two large curtains that conceal whatever grand prize, or lesser shit prize, lies in wait for our contestant, JESSE (17), a gangly kid with a mouth full of braces.

The HOST (50s), a debonair Bob Barker-looking gent, eyeballs Jesse with a suave grin. He shoves a long skinny microphone into his face.

HOST

What's it gonna be Jesse? Curtain number one, or curtain number two?

Jesse looks to the crowd for help.

CROWD

TWO!/ ONE!/ TWO-ONE-TWO-ONE-TWO!

JESSE

I don't know, I don't know! It's all so... confusing!

HOST

It's not trigonometry, kid. Pick one.

JESSE

(conspiratorial)

Pick one? Are you saying it's... behind curtain one?

HOST

What --? No. Pick a fucking curtain, Jesse, PICK ONE!

A long drawn out moment of tension, before --

JESSE

One. I pick curtain number one.

HOST

Wow, that was tense.

Jesse snickers.

HOST  
But... you got it, kid! Let's show  
Jesse what he's won!

The curtain glides open to show a big dump truck with about  
twenty bikini-clad women standing inside the dump bin.

An overhead ANNOUNCER chimes in --

ANNOUNCER  
It's a dump truck full of pussy!

The crowd loses their shit.

CROWD  
Whooooooooo!

Jesse is literally in tears.

JESSE  
Awesome!

The truck backs up -- BEEP BEEP BEEP

HOST  
Jesse?

The dump bin engages, forcing the women to slide towards the  
tailgate. Most hang on for dear life -- BEEP BEEP BEEP

JESSE  
Awesome, man, totally awesome!

HOST  
JESSE! WAKE THE FUCK UP!

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Jesse opens his eyes to see his brother, BOBBY (10), beside  
his bed. An alarm clock blares -- BEEP BEEP BEEP.

BOBBY  
Mom says to get your lazy ass out  
of bed and get to school!

JESSE  
Get out of here, Bobby! I didn't  
hear you knock!

Jess grabs the alarm clock off the side table and whips it at Bobby. It gets about two feet away before it's torqued back by the power cord and slams him in the mouth.

BOBBY  
Ha ha! Pizza-face!

**INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER**

Jesse pulls a few books from his locker and slams it shut. He turns and almost runs face-first into CANDY MCLEAN (18), the archetypal high-school babe... and bitch.

JESSE  
Oh! Hi, Candy!

She sneers at him.

CANDY  
Eww! Don't talk to me, toad!

He ogles her ass as she struts away.

JESSE  
(sotto)  
Y'want fries with that shake?

**INT. SCHOOL - LIBRARY - LATER**

Jesse sits at a computer. He has a browser open to a search engine.

He covertly looks over his shoulder, then types *"what does dreaming about a dump truck full of women mean?"*

He hits enter, clicks one of the suggested links, and is inundated with a full screen of hobo dumpster porn.

WINDY (O.S.)  
Whatcha' looking at?

Jesse turns to see WINDY (17), a cute nerdy girl with messy crooked hair. She leans in for a closer look.

WINDY  
Dump truck full of...?

He tries to clear the browser.

JESSE  
Oh, shit! No, I just --!

WINDY  
Relax, stud. I had the same dream.

JESSE  
Really?

WINDY  
Kidding, but I have studied dream symbolism. It's a premonition of abundance. The Universe will almost always provide you what you need, but sometimes it throws you a bone and gives you what you want.

Jesse, embarrassed, gets up to leave.

JESSE  
I'm not a pervert, I don't *actually* want a truck full of --

WINDY  
No. What you *don't need*, but *want*.

He looks her over, confused.

JESSE  
Who are you?

WINDY  
I'm Windy. We've been taking the same history class all year.

JESSE  
Wendy?

WINDY  
No, Windy.

JESSE  
Your parents named you... Windy?

WINDY  
Yes. Legend says that on the day I was born, it was so windy that my parents named me after the wind.

JESSE  
Is that why your hair's so messy?

WINDY  
Yes.

Beat.



JESSE  
I haven't the foggiest what all  
this means.

WINDY  
The Universe.

JESSE  
Right... and throwing you a bone.  
So, where's the bone?

She haphazardly points around the room.

WINDY  
Mirrors. The first mirrors used  
were just pools of dark still  
water.

Jesse follows a line of yarn tacked to a motivational poster:

*"Whatever you do, always give 100%.  
Unless you're donating blood."  
-Bill Murray*

Windy rambles on...

WINDY  
However, the evolution of glass-  
making during the Renaissance  
period had serious improvements in  
mirror technology.

He picks up a scented candle, smells it, and draws a sour  
face.

JESSE  
Is there a point to all of this?

WINDY  
Okay. Basically, there were two  
rival glass-makers during that  
time, the French and the Venetians.  
French manufacturers produced the  
glass for the Hall of Mirrors at  
the Palace of Versailles.

JESSE  
A big funhouse.

WINDY  
No. Now, it's believed the  
Venetians sent a glass alchemist to  
infiltrate the production of those  
mirrors.

JESSE  
Because...?

WINDY  
To spy on the French and gather  
secrets of their mirror craft.

JESSE  
That's some cold war shit right  
there.

She traces a larger string assembly.

WINDY  
Anyway, the Hall consists of twenty-  
one mirrors.

The strings lead to a postcard of the 'Hall of Mirrors'  
pinned to a corkboard.

WINDY  
However, legend states that there  
were actually *twenty-two* mirrors  
created.

Jesse flops down in a ratty armchair, less than amused.

JESSE  
So... where'd the last one go?

WINDY  
The whereabouts of the final mirror  
commissioned by the Venetian is  
unknown, however, its instruction  
of use *is* detailed within an  
alchemical text he penned called:  
the Water Stone of the Wise.

She points to a stack of pages on a stand.

JESSE  
Water stone?

WINDY  
Water reflects, glass is stone.

JESSE  
Makes sense, except... why would  
you need instructions to use a  
freakin' mirror? Were people  
that stupid back in the day?



WINDY

No, it's because he created more than just a mirror, it's a portal gate.

She pulls a dusty tarp off a cheap stand-up mirror.

WINDY

A doorway that grants entry through every other mirror in existence.

Jesse jumps to his feet.

JESSE

Holy shit! Is... is *that* the mirror!?

WINDY

What --? No, I got this one on sale at Kmart. I told you, no one knows where the original mirror is.

JESSE

Kmart?!

He heads towards the door.

JESSE

This was a huge waste of time.

WINDY

Wait!

She picks up the text from the stand.

WINDY

The Venetian buried the secret to opening the doorway in these pages.

JESSE

Where'd you get that?

WINDY

Ebay. It's a reprint.

He shrugs... and?

WINDY

It's supposed to work on *any* mirror, if deciphered correctly.

He checks the time on his cell phone. Ho-hums a bit...

JESSE  
Fine, how do we use it?

She claps all giddy.

WINDY  
I'll put on a pot of cocoa. It's  
gonna be a long night.

**MONTAGE**

The CAMERA does a few loops around the room while the duo sits at an old kitchen table deciphering the text.

A moment of youthful devotion as Jesse drops little marshmallows into his and Windy's cocoa mug.

She smiles affectionately and tries to preen herself by brushing her hair... using the smooth backside of the brush.

**END MONTAGE**

WINDY  
I got it!

JESSE  
You're wicked smart. Where'd you learn all this?

WINDY  
My Dad's an Air Refrigeration Specialist.

JESSE  
What?

**MOMENTS LATER**

They stand in front of the Kmart mirror as Windy reads aloud from the text.

WINDY  
Miroir, miroir, ouvert pour le voyant!

JESSE  
That sounded scary.

WINDY  
It's French; mirror, mirror, open for the seer.

JESSE

That's it?

Suddenly, the mirror gurgles and flushes like a toilet, turning into a black vortex.

JESSE

Gross!

Windy scans the ancient text.

WINDY

Now, it says once the portal is activated, you have to think of somewhere you want to go for it to open the gateway.

Instantly, the portal displays a voyeuristic view into Candy's bedroom, as she admires her sexy-bunny Halloween costume in a full-length mirror.

Jesse's jaw hits the floor.

WINDY

Ahh... why did the portal suddenly just open up to a half-nude Candy McLean wearing bunny ears?

JESSE

Sorry, she's in my history class.

Windy rolls her eyes and stands in front of the portal.

WINDY

Yeah, I know. We're in the same class, goofy! Can we get serious here for a moment?!

She continues to read from the text.

WINDY

Okay, it says here the seer, or seers must be cautioned.

Jesse tries to peek over Windy's shoulder at the portal.

JESSE

If I stick my head in there, do you think she'd see me?

WINDY

Oh-oh!

JESSE

Oh-oh, what?

WINDY

It says the gateway must be closed  
between midnight and three a.m.

JESSE

Or else...?

WINDY

Or else, it'll curse the portal and  
inadvertently invite dark entities  
into the seer's world.

Jesse checks his cell phone.

JESSE

Oops.

He shows her the time: **12:03 a.m.**

WINDY

Wow, we've been at this forever!

A SOUND draws their attention to the portal.

Candy, still scantily dressed, but now more akin to a  
grotesque demonic rabbit, stands tall in the virtual image of  
the mirror holding a big hairbrush.

CANDY

Aaaaaaaah! I hate my fucking hair!

She smashes the brush end into the mirror, causing razor-  
sharp bits of glass to explode into the mind-map room.

Jesse and Windy fall back and cover themselves to avoid  
destruction. A moment of silence before they look up to see --

The mirror is now a black ominous rabbit hole. Slowly, the  
hideous demon crawls through the doorway, spasmodically.

Jesse and Windy get to their feet. Then, without warning --

CANDY

Aaaaahhg!

It lunges at Jesse, takes him to the ground, and tries  
desperately to feast on his face.

JESSE

Ahhh! Get it off, get it off!

From out of nowhere, an immense wind-storm kicks up, forcing Jesse and the demon to take notice --

There, in the center of the room is Windy, eyes like ice, with a long mane of well-manicured hair blowing seductively in the wind.

WINDY

Get away from him, you skank!

Jesse's freaked.

JESSE

Windy?! Your... your hair?!

Windy pulls the demon off Jesse and bitch slaps it with extreme prejudice.

After a long drawn-out brawl, the demon tries to escape back into the portal, but Windy grabs hold of it.

WINDY

Fuck you, you fugly rabbit!

She punches it in the face, then, takes a pair of craft scissors and hacks one of the demon's ears off before it's violently sucked back into the vortex --

CANDY

Noooooo!

The portal collapses back into a mirror, Windy's hair returns to messy and crooked, and her eyes go back to normal.

She runs over and cradles a limp Jesse in her arms.

WINDY

You alright?

JESSE

I think so. You saved my life.

WINDY

It's the least I could do for the only person I'll ever let  
marshmallow my cocoa cup.

Jesse ponders that for a moment...

JESSE

That an innuendo?

WINDY

No.

She tenderly rubs his head.

JESSE  
O... kay?

**INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASS - DAY**

Jesse enters. He approaches an empty desk, pauses a moment, then moves towards the back and sits at an empty desk beside Windy. They smile at each other.

Suddenly, strange hushed whispers erupt from the CLASS as Candy enters. She's no longer a demon but seriously disheveled.

CLASS  
The fuck happened to her?/She looks  
like microwaved shit!/Look at her  
hair!

She limps over and takes a seat in front of Jesse. She's got a black eye and there's a big tuft of hair missing from her scalp, suddenly --

Her head quickly spins around at an impossible angle to face Jesse and Windy. She growls --

CANDY  
This ain't over, fuckers!

Her head snaps back with a creepy bone CRUNCH.

Windy looks to Jesse, then looks upward, as --

TOP CORNER OF THE SCREEN: a soft dreamy inset of Jesse marshmallowing Windy's cocoa cup appears.

WINDY (V.O.)  
The Universe will almost always  
provide you with what you need, but  
sometimes it throws you a bone and  
actually gives you what you *want*.

Jess looks up and smiles, this time... he sees what she sees.

FADE TO BLACK.