

Mirrors

BFI - Cinemagic

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1

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

1

EMILY stands in front of a mirror in her bedroom. She wears an overly large t-shirt and shorts, finishing her makeup and touching up her hair. Clothes litter the floor, hanging unorthodoxly over everything - creating a sense of chaos.

She finishes off her makeup, admiring herself in the mirror. She glances over to look at her clock to check the time - a calendar sits on the desk behind it with the days date highlighted with the words "Party" doodled all over it.

Her phone buzzes on her dresser and lights up to reveal a text from JAKE reading "*On my way to pick you up x*". She lifts the phone to examine the text, smiling with a small nervous laugh.

She clicks her phone off and picks up a nice, sultry-looking dress on a hanger, pressing it against her to visualize what it would look like on.

2

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK

2

EMILY sits with her FRIEND in class. She talks quietly with her friend and the people behind them. They describe their dresses quietly avoiding the eye of the teacher. Jake sits at the desk next to Emily's, glancing at her once or twice.

SCHOOL GIRL

...And it's got this laced up back which I think will be perfect.

SCHOOL GIRL 2

Oh that'll look great on you.

SCHOOL GIRL

What about you Emily?

EMILY

I don't even know if-

TEACHER

Quiet.

Emily quickly turns back around to her notes to begin working again. Jake glances over at her, and tosses a note on her desk. She glances to the girls behind her as they giggle and she opens the note to read "*Formal on Saturday...fancy joining me? Yes No*". Her friend looks over her shoulder as she circles yes.

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND

He's only asking you as a joke you know?

Emily pulls a snack out of her bag, passing the note back to Jake.

EMILY

What do you mean?

FRIEND

I mean come on, as if he really likes you like that.

Emily looks over to Jake as he opens the note to see that she has circled yes, he looks over and smiles at her. She smiles back and begins to eat a bit of her snack.

FRIEND

(CONT'D)

If you've already said yes you might wanna lay off the food. You really don't need the calories, especially if you wanna fit into a dress.

3

INT. DRESS SHOP DRESSING ROOM - FLASHBACK

3

Emily stands in front of a mirror trying on the "nice, sultry-looking dress" from before, the price tag still on it as she looks at it in the mirror. Her friend sits in the corner of the dressing room, watching Emily.

EMILY

I love it. What do you think?

FRIEND

Honestly?

EMILY

Are you ever not honest?

FRIEND

I mean, do you really like it?

EMILY

Yeah?

FRIEND

I mean, I can't stop you, it's your life.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I dunno, I actually thought it made
me look...skinnier.

FRIEND

I mean, it's your choice.

Emily turns back to look at the dress in the mirror, she
smooths it out, uncertain about it but clearly still
enjoying seeing the dress on.

FRIEND

(sing-song voice)

Slut.

Emily doesn't even look back at her friend, she keeps
staring at herself in the mirror, as her emotions go from
joy to confused and heart broken.

4

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

4

Emily stands in front of her bedroom mirror, back to real
time, now in her party dress with tears in her eyes; she is
clearly about to break. She drops her head in her hands.

FRIEND

You're gonna ruin your make up.

EMILY

(shakily, without lifting her
head up)

Shut up.

FRIEND

I'm only being honest, isn't that
what you want from me.

Emily lifts her head up out of her hands to look in the
mirror, her friend stands at her shoulder whispering to her.

FRIEND

(CONT'D)

Ugh are you really keeping your
hair like that?

Emily moves a hand up to her hair, near tears.

FRIEND

(CONT'D)

And don't even get me started on
that dress.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY
(directed to her reflection)
Stop.

FRIEND
You're showing too much,
everyone'll think you really are a
slut.

EMILY
(growing angry, directed to
her reflection)
Stop.

FRIEND
"Stop. Stop." I'm just telling you
the truth, cause apparently you
need to hear it.

EMILY
(directed to her reflection,
begging)
Please.

FRIEND
I mean you're ugly and theres
nothing you can do about it...

Emily furiously blinks back tears.

FRIEND
(CONT'D)
But showing your nonexistent figure
like that definitely isn't helping.

EMILY
You're wrong.

FRIEND
Stop lying to yourself.

EMILY
I-

FRIEND
You think you're so great and all
that - come on. Be realistic.
You're the girl with no friends, no
social life, and you don't even
have the looks to make up for it.

EMILY

What about-

FRIEND

(Crudely mocking)

"What about Jake? He's taking me to formal! We're in love." Wake up. Don't be so naive - living in this dumb fantasy when in reality you could disappear and no one cares.

Emily sobs and screams.

EMILY

SHUT UP.

Emily turns around to scream at her friend on this line. She turns around to reveal no one is there. She breathes heavily, breaking down crying.

She steps back against the mirror, sliding down, knees weak, to hit the floor.

She sobs. Not caring about her makeup, or hair, just completely and utterly broken.

It is hard to watch, her shoulders heave with raw emotion as she experiences what is the equivalent of a panic attack. This goes on for long enough to make the audience uncomfortable - there is a line between too little and too much: FIND IT.

The doorbell rings. Emily chokes and gasps for breath. She cries harder as she tries unsuccessfully to compose herself.

The doorbell rings again. Emily stands in a hurry, she turns to face the mirror. She haphazardly wipes her tears from her face, attempting to fix her makeup and hair. Emily's phone buzzes on her dresser. Breathing heavily, she snuffles as she goes to pick up her phone, revealing another text from Jake reading 'Everything okay?'. She looks up from the phone to her reflection in the mirror.

END.