

MIRROR, MIRROR IN MY HAND

Written by

Larisa Voedisch-Nikitina

Schuetzenmattstrasse 43
4051 Basel, Switzerland
Tel. + 41 774157997
Email: larisavoedisch@gmail.com

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FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - DAY

A middle-aged WOMAN sits in front of a window and looks out sadly.

EXT. SMALL GARDEN - DAY

Outside the window, spring is blooming, showcasing a vibrant display of colors.

INT. ROOM - DAY

The Woman's face is beautiful but shows worry; she is not smiling.

Then, as if remembering something, she grabs a small - magical - MIRROR from the table before her and gazes into it. Then, customarily, she turns to it:

WOMAN

Mirror, mirror in my hand, who is the fairest in the land?

MIRROR

(man's voice, V.O.)

Queen, thou are lovely still to see, but...

WOMAN

What?

MIRROR

(V.O.)

Your hair is very skinny...

She nervously runs her hand through her hair.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

The Woman wearing a wig speaks to the Mirror:

WOMAN

Mirror, mirror in my hand, am I the
most beautiful one in the land?

MIRROR

(V.O.)

Queen, thou are lovely still to see,
but...

WOMAN

(angrily)

But what?

MIRROR

Your lips are too thin...

She licks her lips, a look of concern on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

The Woman wearing a wig and heavily lined lips speaks to the
Mirror:

WOMAN

Mirror, mirror in my hand...

MIRROR

(V.O.)

Queen, thou are lovely still to see.
But...

WOMAN

(in a raised voice)

What's now?!

MIRROR

(V.O.)

Your cheeks look pale...

WOMAN

Oh!

She pinches her cheeks to give them a rosy hue.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

The Woman wearing a wig and with heavily lined lips and cheeks looks in the Mirror.

WOMAN
Mirror, mirror...

MIRROR
(V.O.)
You are lovely still to see.
(pause)
But...

WOMAN
(viciously, through
clenched teeth)
But??

MIRROR
(V.O.)
You have wrinkles under your eyes...

WOMAN
It can't be!

She looks intently at the circles under her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

The Woman looks excellent with all her skin and eye enhancements.

WOMAN
Mirror, mirror...

MIRROR
(V.O.)
But...

Her face arches with anger.

WOMAN
Looking for flaws??

MIRROR
(V.O.)
You are lovely still to see, but...
That's not YOU!

WOMAN
(surprised)
Not ME?

She waits for a response, but the Mirror remains silent.

WOMAN (cont'd)
Screw this! I'm done forcing myself
to fit the reflection in society's
twisted mirror!

She drops the Mirror, removes her wig, and smooths her hair.

At that moment, her HUSBAND enters the room with flowers,
making the Woman start to smile.

HUSBAND
How beautiful you are! Keep your
fantastic smile!

And they kiss.

FADE OUT.

THE END