

INT. Room of a Tower - Day

A beautiful room at the top of an impossibly tall tower. Sunlight streams through a narrow window. Dust particles float in the golden light. The air is still.

A large mirror leans against the wall. PERDITA, ethereal and regal, sits on a cushioned chair across from it. She wears a simple gown. Her hair is unkempt. Her eyes unfocused.

She stares at her REFLECTION.

PERDITA

I don't even know if it's morning
anymore.

Silence. She leans in.

PERDITA

Do you think they still remember me?

In an identical tone that echoes slightly.

REFLECTION

Do you?

PERDITA

I remember who I was supposed to be.
Who they wanted me to be.

REFLECTION

And who is that?

PERDITA

Beautiful. Graceful. Perfect.

REFLECTION

So... not you?

PERDITA

(exhales, frustrated)
No. I mean, yes. I don't know. I used
to look in this mirror and try to see
what they saw. But all I ever found
was... this.

She gestures vaguely to her face.

REFLECTION

And what is "this"?

PERDITA

Too much nose. Too little chin. Crooked smile. Empty eyes.

REFLECTION

Funny. I see something else.

PERDITA

You're a liar. You're only saying what I want to hear.

REFLECTION

Do I? Or do I say what you're afraid to believe?

Silence. Perdita looks away.

PERDITA

Do you remember the day I came here?

REFLECTION

Of course.

PERDITA

They think a witch cursed me. They say a dragon guards the tower. But it was me. I locked myself in.

REFLECTION

Why?

PERDITA

Because every time I stepped outside, I felt like my skin didn't fit. Like everyone was looking at me... judging, weighing, measuring.

REFLECTION

Did they say something?

PERDITA

No. They didn't have to. Every look felt like a whisper cutting through me, saying I'm not good enough.

She stands, paces.

PERDITA

So I climbed the stairs. One by one.
Closed the door. And I bolted it from
the inside.

She looks at the mirror.

PERDITA

And then it was just you and me.

REFLECTION

Did you think you'd feel safe?

PERDITA

I thought I'd disappear.

(Beat)

PERDITA

But I didn't. I'm still here. Still
looking. Still... broken.

REFLECTION

You're not broken. You're just...
hurting.

PERDITA

Same thing.

REFLECTION

Not at all.

Silence. The light shifts, the sun is finally setting.

PERDITA

What if I leave?

REFLECTION

Then you'll have to face them.

PERDITA

And if they still see me the same way?

REFLECTION

Then maybe... look at yourself again.
See yourself how you want to be seen,
then, who cares what they think.

She sits, eyes glassy.

PERDITA

I don't know how.

REFLECTION

Start small. One breath. One step. One
unlocked door.

A long silence. Then, quietly

PERDITA

Will you still be with me?

REFLECTION

Always. But not to hold you here. To
walk beside you.

She reaches toward the mirror, her hand hovers just above the
glass.

PERDITA

Okay.

She stands, walks slowly to the tower door. Her hand rests on
the doorknob.

REFLECTION

You are more than they see. More than
you see.

She unlocks the door. It creaks open slightly and a warm breeze
rushes in.

PERDITA

One step.

She takes a step.