

EXT. HOUSE OF MIRRORS - SUNNY DAY

Two sets of legs walk through a dirt path with bits of litter around them. The couple walk up to the doors of The House of Mirrors at a carnival. Their voices are muffled. They pause and they head to the building.

INT. HOUSE OF MIRRORS - CONTINUOUS

The couple is shown only in the reflection of the mirrors around them. At first, there is a multitude of the couple among all of the mirrors. One mirror shows them happy, holding hands. Another shows them yelling at each other in a screaming match, etc, etc.

There is one main mirror in front of them that shows how they really are. The WOMAN has her arms crossed over her chest and head downcast while the MAN has his fists balled tight and he is glaring off to the side.

Focus on the main mirror.

The man scoffs and looks around.

MAN

You can really tell the budget they
have here.

The woman hums in agreement or acknowledgment. It's not discernible. They start to walk through the house.

MAN

That's it? Just a 'hm'?

In the mirror the man grows in size and then goes back to normal size.

The woman pauses in front of a mirror that makes her look bleary, almost blending in with the rest of the colors shown. She says nothing and continues moving.

MAN

What? You're not going to say anything?
Nothing to add?

WOMAN

What do you want me to say?

The lights above them tint the mirrors as well. The man's mirror is tinted a light red, as the distortion makes his features look over exaggerated.

The woman's mirror is tinted blue and her situation makes her reflection skewed and unsteady, not able to read her features.

MAN

Anything. I want you to say anything.

WOMAN

I can't.

The woman pulls herself tighter with the cross of her arms. The man smiles and slightly laughs.

MAN

Why not? We both have to contribute to the conversation. We both have to make decisions on things. I would like to know what you're thinking.

WOMAN

Even if it's different from what you think?

In the reflection of the woman, she turns more to the man and opens her posture. Her face is still skewed.

MAN

I can always just explain why what I think is the right thing.

WOMAN

Right.

MAN

What? What's wrong with that?

He is smiling and slightly laughing but in the mirror. It highlights the way his hands tighten into fists and how tense his stature is.

WOMAN

(softly, almost to herself)
I can't say anything to you without setting you off.

MAN

Speak up. I can't hear you when you're just mumbling to yourself, you know that.

In the reflection, the man is very tall while in the mirror next to it, the woman is shrunken in.

WOMAN

(snapping)

Oh my god, stop it. Just stop.

The light over her mirror flickers red and blue.

MAN

What are you getting so upset over?

WOMAN

You! With your comments, with you constantly breathing down my neck.

MAN

(raising his voice)

Just explain things! Just explain things! There is no reason why we can't have a civil conversation. There is no reason for you to get so worked up over nothing.

The light flickers with growing intensity until it is just the same dark shade of red on both sides.

WOMAN

It's not 'nothing'. Not to me. And that's the problem. It's 'nothing' to you.

MAN

Then what is this? This is the kind of conversation you wanted to have?

The man gestures to the House of Mirrors, the place they found themselves in with nothing to face but each other.

WOMAN

Of course not! But it's gotten to the point where this is the type of conversation we need to have.

Her reflection is taller for a few seconds but then it gets shorter the next second. However, her face is the clearest at this moment.

MAN

What's that supposed to mean?

WOMAN

What I mean is that I can't say anything to you without having you say something against it, always finding something to nitpick at.

MAN

Am I not allowed to add my own opinion?

As they are going back and forth, whoever is talking is the taller one is making bigger gestures.

WOMAN

That's not adding your own opinion, it's just- It's just- It's just you trying to prove that you're always right.

MAN

It's not my fault that you never speak up! You're a grown woman, I shouldn't have to hold your hand and bend down for you to whisper how you're feeling.

He takes steps towards her waving his arms, and his reflection only exaggerates it more.

WOMAN

This is why I can't talk to you-

MAN

No, this is you refusing to talk to me-

There is a sharp ringing from a speaker signals that it's turning on. It cuts the couple off sharply.

SPEAKER

To the couple in the House of Mirrors,
we have received multiple complaints of
your arguing. If you would kindly move
your conversation to a different
location or time, that would be much
appreciated.

The couple look at each other, the woman crossing her arms and hanging her head low and the man balling his fists and glaring at the speaker.

They walk out of the House of Mirrors but we only see their feet. They walk calmly back to their car and they get in. As their car doors close.