FROM THE MIRROR

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT: UNFURNISHED ROOM - DAY

An unfurnished room. Totally bare and devoid of any furniture. It measures about twenty by thirty feet.

The door opens.

PAUL, 25, bright, a little nerdy looking, comes in with a couple of travel bags (Or gym bags) and a laptop bag.

He thanks someone who is outside the door and steps in. Surveys the room.

Throws the bag down and goes to the windows. Peers out. Goes to the bathroom and checks things out. Everything seems decent.

But the room isn't completely unfurnished. There's a full length mirror with an ornate frame in the room. Paul checks himself out in the mirror. Then examines the frame closely.

It looks weird. With gargoyles and snakes and the like.

He walks to the wall and switches on a fan. Digs into one of the bags and comes up with a packet of Lays. Digs in some more and comes up with a can of diet coke.

He opens the coke and the lays and sits down cross legged on the floor, his back to the mirror. He takes out his laptop from the laptop bag.

Powers it up. He connects a USB dongle. Connects to the internet.

He opens a chat window. Sees a list of his contacts. Opens a chat window for someone named Angeldread.

He types in the chat window.

Hi Baby. You there?

A reply comes almost instantaneously.

Hi babes. Am here. Found a place yet?

Found a cheap dig. No furn. Only an ugly mirror.

Video chat?

Give me a minute. Copyright © 2014 Maurice Samuel Devaraj. All rights reserved. Paul turns on the webcam. He can be seen centered in the webcam. The mirror can be seen behind him.

He calls the other person.

There is a ringing sound and the call is accepted. We see the video of the other person. A girl we'll know as SHARON. Early twenties. As nerdy as Paul. Wears glasses.

PAUL

Hi baby.

SHARON (ON CAM) Hi baby. You're looking tired.

PAUL I am feeling tired.

SHARON (ON CAM) Why don't you catch some sleep? We can talk later.

PAUL I need to take a shower.

SHARON (ON CAM) (Teasing) Yeah. I can smell you here.

PAUL OK. I'm logging out. Smoochies.

SHARON (ON CAM) Smoochies. Wait.

Her expression seems puzzled. Almost concerned.

PAUL

What?

SHARON (ON VIDEO CHAT) Oh my God! There's a man in the room. He's got this huge knife. Can't you see him? I can see him in the mirror.

She looks terrified.

PAUL

What? Where?

He turns around, looking scared. He looks at the mirror and then in the opposite direction, the door.

There's a tinkle of laughter from the laptop speakers.

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SHARON (ON CAM)

Gotcha!

Paul is relieved.

PAUL

Ass. (Beat) I'm going to have my bath.

SHARON (ON CAM) OK. Leave the cam on.

PAUL Sure. Bye for now.

Puckers his lips at the cam. He receives one back.

INT: SHARON'S ROOM - DAY

A neat and tidy room. Everything spotless. Sharon's sitting on her bed.

Sharon watches as Paul stands up. Takes off his clothes, rummages (Off-screen maybe) in his bags, comes up with a towel and a bar/bottle of soap.

She gets up, goes to the toilet. A few minutes later, there's a sound of flushing. She comes out. As she closes the door, we get a peek inside the toilet/bathroom. There's a mirror on the wall opposite to the door.

Sharon takes off her Tee, obviously getting ready to tease Paul.

She falls onto the bed. The laptop's screen has gone blank in the power saving mode.

She runs her finger on the touchpad and the screen comes back to life. On the screen, the video page shows the room and the mirror.

And a man standing in the mirror. He has a gothic look about him, his hair in spikes, bar and ring piercings everywhere. He is bare chested with tattoos of skulls, grotesques and gargoyles, anti-Christ images, serpents and weird beasts all over his smooth skin. He seems to wear something like a breechcloth.

Sharon gasps.

The man inside the mirror grins, baring his teeth, which are filed to sharp points.

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SHARON

Oh my god.

In the video, the man climbs out of the mirror and steps into the room. He has a wicked looking dagger in his hand.

And it's no ordinary dagger. The blades open and close like a pair of scissors. It is a gutting dagger, which after stabbing, is opened and pulled out so that it pulls out the victim's guts.

The man peers into the webcam.

Sharon shrieks. She jerks away from the laptop. The man disappears from the screen.

SHARON Paul! Paul! Can you hear me? There's a man in your room. Paul? Paul?

Paul comes into the cam's view. He is dripping wet and wrapped in a towel. He peers into the cam.

PAUL (ON CAM)

What is it?

SHARON

(Sobbing hysterically) Paul, there's a crazy looking man in your room.

PAUL (ON CAM) Come on. That joke's stale.

He gets up to do.

SHARON

(Even more hysterical, rapidly speaking that it is almost impossible to understand) Paul I swear. I'm not joking. He came out of that mirror. He's got these piercings and tattoos and a dagger.

PAUL (ON CAM) (Pissed off) That's it. I'm turning off the cam.

He reaches out to turn off the cam. There's a sudden splash of red (Blood) on the video window before the video and chat windows disappear. Copyright © 2014 Maurice Samuel Devaraj. All rights reserved. Sharon closes her mouth with her hands at the horror she's possibly just witnessed.

SHARON

Oh my god!

She is immobile for a second before she scrambles back out of the bed and rummages on the table, finds her cellphone and starts dialing.

A set of heart stopping thuds can be heard from the toilet bathroom door.

Sharon watches the toilet door in horror.

In Sharon's hand, the 911 operator's voice can be heard. Tinny and small.

911 OPERATOR (PHONE VOICE) This is emergency services. What is the nature of your emergency? (Pause) Hello? (Pause) Are you there? Hello?

Sharon drops the phone.

More thuds.

And then the same dagger that we saw in Paul's room pierces the door, this time, covered in blood.

FADE OUT.

THE END