

## **SCRIPT: Mirrors**

Age 6 she looks in the mirror.

She wears big hat and feathers with a dress and shoes that are owned by her mother that are very flamboyantly put together.

Age 10 she looks in the mirror.

Clothes are to her size and are fun and loud and colorful.

Age 16 she looks in the mirror.

She wears more sophisticated clothes but with a hint of quirkiness she had before.

Age 24 she looks in the mirror.

She wears more plain clothes and not as flamboyant, more professional.

Age 34 she looks in the mirror.

She just wears black, white, gray, more neutral colors but looks tired and unhappy.

Age 46 she looks in the mirror.

She is in front of the mirror sobbing. She is in raggedy sweats and a t-shirt. She gets up, wipes her tears, and walks to her closet. She throws all her clothes everywhere. All you see is the reflection of the clothes flying around the room from her throwing them. She puts on an outfit and it's the one she was wearing when she was 6 years old. She looks happier.

## **SCRIPT: LOVE**

It makes you crazy

The first thing I see is darkness. I hear my own breathing. It is heavy.  
Where am I?

I try to move. I cannot. Something like iron clamps are attached to my arms and legs, keeping me at a specific location. What is going on?

"Oh, you don't have to worry."

A voice? I look up to find that there is a light in the room. It shines upon a girl who looks upon me. In her hands, a sharp knife covered in dried blood lies.

"I'll protect you no matter what," she speaks, "Nobody can take you away from me."

Then I see, cast in the faint light, the bodies of three police officers, one gunman, a German shepherd, and my mom.

And then I wake up. Looking around, I saw that everything looked ordinary and not bloodied. No clamps. No girl. No dead bodies.

I was safe.

Wait. Was that girl in my dreams?

She is the girl in my dreams, and she is walking right past me. Please don't stop. Please don't stop.

"Hey, 'sup?"

NONONONONONONONO! IMGONNADIE IMGONNADIE IMGONNADIE!  
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

THE ENDING... right?

## **SCRIPT: RED SHIRT**

"Where is everyone? City's empty."

"I can see that, dumbass."

"Sure is quiet."

"And now it isn't. Way to go, dude."

"What did I do?"

"You've just pointed out how quiet it is. We're soldiers in a empty city, and you're going on exposition mode going on about how unsuspecting we are!"

"And... that troubles you?"

"If it didn't, I wouldn't be on edge and capable of defending myself! Seriously, the black people seem to attract the most fire, so I'm not risking a confrontation! Who are you, anyway? Just some random guy?!"

"I was part of the security division before being upgraded for combat. I still have my lucky red shirt under this armor."

"OH HELL NO! I AIN'T STICKING WITH YOUR ASS! ENJOY YOUR LAST MISSION!"

## **T-Rex Roar**

"AHHHHHHHHH!"

"Well, poor guy."

