

FADE IN:

INT. THEATER STUDIO - EVENING

A small stage is lit by just two dimmed stage lights. A group of eleven kids is standing in a circle in silence. One of the boys, NOAH, starts making buzzing noise: suddenly everyone's attention is on him. He turns his head around, trying to find the "invisible fly", reaches his arm and misses. The others laugh.

The invisible fly reaches the other side of the circle: one of the girls, LAYLA, starts making same annoying buzzing sound, watches the fly making circles around her. Then the fly lands on her neighbor's shoulder, and --

SLAP!

SAMUEL

Ouchy!

Some of the kids burst out laughing. The teacher, who's sitting in the audience, leans forward.

TEACHER

(claps her hands)

Guys, concentrate!

Everyone's trying to put their serious face on, but in vain.

Now the fly is bothering a funny-looking kid named ROGER. He is delivering the best performance out of all: the fly has gotten under his shirt and is now tickling him. Roger falls down and dramatically rolls on the floor.

ROGER

Help! Help me!

The kids run up to him and try to get the fly, but one kid is standing apart. It is AARON. The teacher notices that. She walks up to the kids and grabs something in her fist. She looks at Aaron and throws "the fly" at him.

Aaron is standing awkwardly. The rest of the kids are waiting in total silence.

TEACHER

Come on, Aaron. Last time you did great.

Quietly, Aaron starts buzzing so no one can really hear him, glances at the teacher and goes silent. She nods.

Aaron tries not to look at his audience, as the fly starts swirling above his head. It descends and descends, Aaron walks forward slowly with his hand prepared to catch it. His muscles are all tight, his eyes are glued to "the fly".

Suddenly, he breaks the forth wall and peaks at the kids. They are now completely occupied with something else. He looks at the teacher, she's the only one still looking at him.

AARON
(almost whispering)
I lost it..

The teacher looks back at the kids, then at Aaron and stands up.

TEACHER
Okay, let's do one more and then
we'll make a break.

The kids stand up.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Find yourself a partner. It's
eleven of you, so someone will have
to be alone, but we'll be taking
turns.

Everyone starts rushing around. Aaron ends up with Samuel.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
We're going to play "Mirror". We
did it two weeks ago, remember?

Some of the kids say something in agreement.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
One of you is going to be doing
something and the other one has to
replicate exactly what this person
does, okay?

Kids nod. Samuel looks at Aaron.

SAMUEL
Who do you wanna be? I wanna be the
mirror!

AARON
I guess, you can be the mirror
then.

TEACHER

When I clap my hands, you must
change. Try to take it seriously,
please. Let's go!

Everyone around Aaron and Samuel start immediately. Samuel is standing in anticipation and looking at Aaron.

SAMUEL

Well, do something!

Aaron's slightly panicking. Glances around looking for ideas, then turns back to Samuel. Wipes tiny sweat drops from his forehead. Samuel instantly copies him. Slowly, Aaron starts turning around but keeping his eyes on Samuel, then rapidly turns his head and gets into the initial position.

He continues with doing weird hand movements; it is clear he has no idea how to proceed. Samuel looks incredibly bored, but he keeps repeating after Aaron, although his movements become more and more lousy. He takes a quick look at the teacher, waiting for her to clap already.

The teacher, who's been walking and checking on every pair, finally claps her hands. Silence is interrupted by children fuss. Samuel hurries to go away.

Aaron is now facing Layla, a pretty girl with quite arrogant manners.

LAYLA

I was the mirror last time, I find
it boring. I hope you don't mind.

Aaron cannot say no, fascinated by her presence. That's the closest he could ever get to this girl. He suddenly overhears Samuel complaining about him to other kid. He misses the start, being late for a couple of seconds.

Layla sits down on the floor and starts putting imaginary shoes on. She carefully ties the laces, polishes the shoes with some cloth, and jumps up. Then she rocks back and forth on her feet, walks from left to right, checking the shoes out, and starts tap dancing.

She notices that Aaron is only staring at her feet, unsuccessfully trying to replicate her dance moves.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

You have to look exactly at what
I'm looking at! Otherwise, you're
not my reflection.

Aaron is too busy to reply. Layla stops dancing and crosses her arms over her chest in slight anger. Aaron does the same.

AARON

I will never do things exactly as you do, that's impossible.

LAYLA

Weird, 'cause I can.

The teacher overhears someone talking.

TEACHER

I don't remember saying talking was a part of this exercise.

Aaron lowers his voice.

AARON

You just think you can.

LAYLA

I know it!

AARON

You never see yourself like I can see you!

LAYLA

Well, you're lucky you cannot see yourself like I can see you, then.

The teacher claps again, pairs change. Layla leaves content with her small victory. Aaron is waiting for someone to approach him. Everyone around him starts the exercise. As the teacher walks by, Aaron quickly puts his hands in front of him as if he was touching a glass wall.

He's almost not looking at his partner, whom we don't get to see. He turns around, touching the glass walls, which appear to be making up a cube around him. As we get farther from the stage, it is revealed that Aaron doesn't have a partner in this round.

Title card.

TWO-DIMENSIONAL IMAGE OF A THREE-DIMENSIONAL MAN