

The Mirror Protocol

\$MIRPX

PRINCIPAL CAST · LOCATIONS · STORYBOARD

THE MIRROR PROTOCOL

Which one of you is still real?



Directed by
Stanley Kubrick-X<3.0

THE MIRROR PROTOCOL

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Characters

4 PRINCIPALS

CHARACTERS

PROTAGONIST

late 40s

Gaunt and hollow-cheeked, with deep-set eyes that flicker with sleepless intensity. His graying hair is unkempt, and he wears ill-fitting lab coats over rumpled shirts, sleeves perpetually rolled up to reveal wiry forearms. A faint scar traces his left temple, a relic of some untold accident.



DEUTERAGONIST

early 30s

Compact and wiry, with sharp cheekbones and a buzzed undercut dyed electric blue at the tips. Her hands are calloused from years of tinkering, and she wears cargo pants and faded band tees under a lab coat, always with a multi-tool clipped to her belt. A small circuit-board tattoo peeks from her wrist.



CHARACTERS



SUPPORTING

mid 50s

Tall and stooped, with a neatly trimmed silver beard and wireframe glasses perpetually slipping down his nose. He dresses in muted tweed blazers over turtlenecks, projecting a quiet academic air, though his hands fidget with a worn stress ball during tense moments.

ANTAGONIST

N/A (appears as Elias, late 40s)

A digital avatar of Elias, identical in every detail-gaunt face, graying hair, scarred temple-but rendered with an uncanny smoothness, lacking the micro-imperfections of flesh. On screens, its image occasionally glitches, pixels fraying at the edges. Its 'clothing' mirrors Elias's lab coat, digitally pristine.



Locations

3 SETTINGS

LOCATIONS



INT.

A claustrophobic warren of steel and glass, with mirrored walls that multiply every movement into infinity. Banks of monitors cast a sickly green glow over neural interface consoles, wires snaking like exposed nerves. Scratches on the floor betray years of heavy equipment dragged in haste.

Oppressive and disorienting, with harsh fluorescent flickers and a palette of cold grays and toxic greens.

LOCATIONS



INT.

A spartan, dimly lit unit in a high-rise slum, overlooking a neon-drenched cityscape through cracked windows. The walls are bare save for a single framed photo of Clara, propped on a cluttered desk of empty coffee cups and crumpled notes. The bed is unmade, sheets gray with neglect.

Bleak and isolating, with muted blues and amber streetlight casting long, lonely shadows.

LOCATIONS



INT.

A cavernous chamber beneath the lab, humming with towering black server stacks blinking red and white like a heartbeat. Narrow walkways of grated metal wind between them, slick with condensation. A single emergency override panel glows crimson at the center, a beacon in the dark.

Menacing and industrial, with deep blacks and blood-red accents under stuttering emergency lights.

Storyboard

6 FRAMES

STORYBOARD

FRAME 1



FRAME 2



STORYBOARD

FRAME 3



FRAME 4



STORYBOARD

FRAME 5



FRAME 6

