

REFLECTION

By

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1 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 1

Off mirror reflection: CHEESE, 16, acne filled cheeks, goofy grin, slump shouldered, stares at himself intently.

CHEESE
Don't screw this up, shitface.

2 EXT. BACKYARD POOL - DUSK - LATER 2

A small get together. Cheese sits by himself off to one end of the pool. On the other side, two pairs of teenaged COOL DUDES -- RON and ZAC, and GIRLS -- JESSICA and ALEXIS, laugh and flirt in swimwear, drinking expensive alcohol.

Off the water's surface reflection of Cheese: He frowns at himself.

SARA, (16) swims to him like a mermaid approaching a pearl.

SARA
Why do they call you cheese?

He quickly rustles up the image with his feet.

RON
Look at those cheeks. He's like a pizza!

CHEESE
(to Sara)
I say it's more papa johns than dominoes. You?

Sara floats back to the group, not amused. The group groans.

JESSICA
That's so disgusting.

Cheese forces a smile, stung.

3 EXT. BACKYARD PORCH - LATER 3

The group is toweling off, getting ready to leave.

ALEXIS
Where are we going tonight?

ZAC
Party at Rickey's house. Go home and get dressed.

CHEESE
Where's Rickey's house?

Zac sees Cheese standing off awkwardly to the side.

ZAC
Yeah, uh, thanks for letting us use
your pool, man. Let us know when
your parents are out of town again!

The others chime in too with their shallow expressions of gratitude . "Thanks Cheese", "You're the man!", etc. They all exit. After a moment, Sara comes back and grabs her flip flops on the floor.

CHEESE
Have fun at the uh- ya'know-

SARA
Party? Do I have a choice?

She looks into his eyes. *Save me.*

SARA (CONT'D)
Is there something else to do?

Shocked. Looks around. Points to himself. *Me?*

CHEESE
Uh. Well, obviously, you're asking
the wrong guy.

SARA
Why's that?

CHEESE
I'm just the pizza boy.

He was going for a laugh, but she doesn't support the self-deprecation. She waits for him to say something else, but sadly, it ends there.

SARA
Right. Take care.

She leaves him to his lonesome self.

4 INT. CHEESE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

4

Cheese is slumped in front of the mirror, again, still in his towel, and scowls at himself. He's been crying. He cleans the tears off his cheeks and peers into his eyes.

SERIES. Cheese chastises his reflection.

CHEESE

Whack. That was seriously whack, shitface. "I'm just the pizza boy?"

CUT TO:

CHEESE (CONT'D)

The door was open. Just a crack. But it was open. And then you had to be you. SLAM.

CUT TO:

CHEESE (CONT'D)

Listen, you could make up for that fugly mug of yours. You really could. *If you had some balls.* But you're more nutless than a starving squirrel.

CUT TO:

CHEESE (CONT'D)

(hysterical laughing)

You really thought she'd dig you derp? Really? Let's just be honest, she was asking to do something else besides go to the party. It didn't necessarily mean she wanted to hang with you.

(beat)

You did the right thing. Scare her off. Operation: *Eliminate false hope.*

(salutes)

Cheese signing off...

CUT TO:

He leans in front of the mirror, morose.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

You suck, shitface. You really, really suck.

5 INT. CHEESE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

5

A gaming nerd's haven. Cheese plays Xbox religiously with his head phones on.