

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.

In front of him lies a collection of technology: ipad, iphones and a computer tower all performing some sort of function. A bag of hot cheetos and soda nearby.

The obtrusive sounds of a military game on the Xbox perturb the air. Cheese speaks to one of his "comrades" online.

CHEESE

That was close, Jed.

JED (O.S.)

Cheese? That you? I thought you were going to a party.

CHEESE

Epic fail. I did talk to Sara though. Well, she talked to me...

JED (O.S.)

And...

CHEESE

You were right. I'm a gamer for life. I don't need her or them.

JED (O.S.)

(not believing him)
Cool story bro.

CHEESE

Why? I have everything here. Food. Fun...

Turns up the volume on a webcam girl video on his ipad.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

And disease free, emotionless, instant pleasure...

JED (O.S.)

Now you're speaking my language!

CHEESE

Dude, my character sucks balls! I should be teabagging fools, not getting merc'd! Help me son.

JED (O.S.)

No, Broski. Got to save yourself.

CHEESE

Game Break. Gotta drop a deuce.

6 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 6

Cheese washes his hands after his deuce dropping. Reluctantly, he looks up to see his mirror reflection again, and shrieeks!

Off the Mirror: only the reflection of an empty bathroom.

Cheese is nowhere to be seen.

CHEESE

What's going on with this shit.

He keeps looking at the mirror from every which way, but it is completely void of Cheese's reflection.

MOVEMENT NOISE OUTSIDE

Cheese, a bit spooked, exits hastily.

7 INT. CHEESE'S ROOM - GAME CORNER - CONTINUOUS 7

Cheese collapses in his seat, puts the headphones on.

CHEESE

Turn your volume down, freakface.
You blowing stuff up?

JED (O.S.)

No. Haven't done anything in a
minute.

Then Cheese's expression droops, suddenly uninspired to play the video games.

CHEESE

Think I'm out dude. Gonna fap it
and crash.

JED (O.S.)

It's Friday, you cray.

CHEESE

Pooped. Catch you in the AM.

JED (O.S.)

All nighter for me. You're going to
be way behind dude!

Cheese shuts off the console. Listens for more noises. He gets up and approaches a mirror on his bedroom wall. Peers in.

Nothing.

CHEESE

Whoa.

A CRASH in the kitchen. Cheese springs up, frightened.

8 INT. HALLWAY PRECEDING KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 8

He cautiously opens the hallway door. Too dark to see. Waits. Nothing. Heads back inside...

A FLASH OF MOVEMENT NEARBY

Cheese flinches. He definitely heard that! He creeps out into the hallway, towards the kitchen, his eyes adjusting to the darkness now.

The moonlight glows over the counter tops and stove. Nothing's been meddled with. Cheese laughs at himself, shaking his head. Turns away and heads to his room...

A FIGURE BOLTS PAST CHEESE AND HEADS ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM!

Cheese tumbles to the floor, petrified.

CHEESE

Shit! Get out!

A glass sliding door opens, and footsteps make their way into the yard. Cheese cautiously follows...

9 INT. GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 9

Cheese slowly makes his way through the garage entrance of the guest house. Hears the movement of the figure exiting the other side doorway and into the pool area. Keeps following...

10 EXT. PATIO OVERSEEING POOL - CONTINUOUS 10

Cheese edges outside. Out in the yard, the pool sits tranquil yet mystical amidst a glow of an overhanging light. Around the pool, however, lays the dark domain of the unknown.

VOICE (O.S.)

Looking for something?

Cheese spins towards the voice. It's very similar to his own. A young male, same age. *Where is it?*

CHEESE

I don't know. Depends on what you stole, asshole!

VOICE (O.S.)

I don't want anything of yours. That's for sure.

CHEESE

My Dad, he built the fences high around this place. You're trapped.

VOICE (O.S.)

Tell me about it.

Cheese spins around as the voice seems to be coming from all directions.

CHEESE

I got a gun inside. Why don't you just drop whatever you have and I'll let you leave.

VOICE (O.S.)

I don't have anything. And I can't leave.

Then an eerie silence. No movement or noise. Just Cheese's heavy breathing. Cheese goes to the one side of the long rectangular pool, searching the area.

CHEESE

Come on out.

VOICE (O.S.)

You sure about that?

CHEESE

Just get the hell out here, now!

Cheese hears a rustling at the opposite end and he peers across the pool. Waiting. The overhead light tinkers, as if bracing itself for whatever lurks in the darkness....

Cheese sees 'it' and his jaw drops. Across the pool, stepping out into the light, is...

Another Cheese.

A clone? Twin brother? A doppelganger of some sort. An exact duplicate, but dressed slicker, and carrying himself with confidence. Cheese rubs his eyes in disbelief. Shakes his head. But the doppelganger remains there, resentfully staring back at him.

DOPPELGANGER
Don't look at me like that.

CHEESE
(in shock)
What's going on here.

DOPPELGANGER
I'm tired of it, Nick.

CHEESE
What'd you call me? Nobody calls me that. Tell me who you are, why you are here, and I'll let you go.

DOPPELGANGER
I'm done with the nicknames. Done with the spiteful, chastising pity sessions. I'm done with you, "Cheese".

CHEESE
This isn't funny anymore.

DOPPELGANGER
Not making jokes here. Once I come out, I can't go back in. So you and me are done.

CHEESE
Come out of *what!* Who the hell are you and what the hell is this!

The doppelganger silences. Cheese waits for what seems an eternity. His eyes dart around, towards the pool surface. He slowly peers over..

ON THE POOL'S SURFACE: The reflection of the overhanging pool light directly over Cheese's head. But no Cheese.

SMASH CUT TO:

A FLASH FROM EARLIER SCENE WHEN CHEESE WAS SITTING IN FRONT OF THE EMPTY MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM

Back to the present. Cheese is in a daze. A revelation.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
My reflection...

Bingo.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
How'd you do it. Why'd you do it?

REFLECTION

I couldn't spend a lifetime with you.

CHEESE

Wait a sec. You can't just roll out on me after 16 years, can you?

REFLECTION

I can if I don't like you.

CHEESE

What's so bad about me, huh? I'm cheese. Everybody likes me. I never did anything wrong to anybody, ever!

REFLECTION

Bullshit. All you do is humiliate me.

CHEESE

What the F- alright, take off. You think I care? I'll stare at a blank mirror the rest of my life. At least I won't have to deal with the torture anymore! You know how disgusting your face is?

He opens his arms, showing the reflection the proverbial door.

REFLECTION

Well, that's not my face.

Cheese stares back confused.

REFLECTION (CONT'D)

There can't be two of us, Nick. Not for much longer, anyway.

CHEESE

There aren't two of us, ya derp. I'm the *freaking Cheese*. The one with the flesh and blood. I'm the original. And you're, whatever you are, but you are not *me*!

REFLECTION

Give me a reason that I should allow you to stay, instead of me, because I can't find one.

(pleading)

Nick.

CHEESE

Stop calling me that! Get it
through your skull, bitch. It's
Cheese. The big cheese.

A long moment as the reflection uses every fiber in his being
to hold back.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

The class clown, the doofus gamer,
the one the girls run from. The
shitface!

He races toward Cheese, grabbing him by the throat! Back and
forth they go, it's a neck to neck battle. But the
reflection finally gathers his guts, gets Cheese on his back,
and knocks him silly.

The reflection hovers over, looking on in remorse. Cheese is
dazed. The reflection stares off into the water.

REFLECTION

I waited so long for you, Nick.
But it's my time to take over.

The reflection looks into Cheese's eyes, studying him. He
then clasps Cheese's throat and sticks his whole head in the
water! He keeps his grasp, watching until the last oxygen
bubble pops open on the surface.

Then, casually, he releases and watches as Cheese's lifeless
body sinks through the rustled water and towards the bottom,
disappearing into the darkness of the deep end. The pool
surface reflects the reflection as he stands up, drying his
hands.

11 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

11

Inside there is a house party. Loud teenage voices.
Shouting. Laughter. Girls. Boys. Hip Music. Fun. The
reflection confidently strides up to the door, knocks, and is
let in.

Moments pass. Then the reflection comes back out, now
followed by Sara! As the sounds of the party fade behind
them, the two walk down the sidewalk, hand in hand...

FADE OUT.