

Fast Forward

By
Terry J. Fisher

Current
Revisions by
(Terry J.
Fisher 2025)

118 Cottage St.
Buffalo, New York
14201
(716) 983-7421

"Fast Forward"

FADE IN:

INT. WIDE SHOT. THE CONCOURSE OF A LARGE SHOPPING MALL

There are many people walking about in the usual "mall haze" some with packages, some with children, and some with both.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE SHOPPERS

Amongst the crowd we see CLARE and her mother walking along window shopping. Clare is a girl of 12 years. She is very attractive in that pre-teen gangly sort of way. She is dressed very much as a young girl who has been dressed by her mother.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

She sees something in a window and stops to look further.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE CLOTHING STORE WINDOW

There are several mannikins with the latest young teen's fashions. They are right out of the Britney Spears collection.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE FROM INSIDE THE STORE WINDOW

Clare approaches the window staring at the clothes. She is absolutely sure that she wants these clothes and she is absolutely sure her mother will never buy them for her. Her mother joins her at the window.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TWO SHOT. CLARE AND HER MOTHER

Clare gazes at the clothes. Her mother looks at her with a slight degree of sympathy. Then she looks at the mannikins.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MANNIKINS

The camera pans over the rather sexy outfits.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TWO SHOT. CLARE AND HER MOTHER

Clare's mother looks aghast at the outfits, then looks back at Clare even more sympathetically.

Clare turns and looks to see if there is any chance of buying these clothes. Her mother dashes any such hope.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. HIGH ANGLE. THE MALL CORRIDOR

Clare's mother moves away from the window and down the corridor. Clare continues to look for a moment and then dutifully follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAY. WIDE SHOT. A PLEASANT STREET LINED WITH HOUSES

A typical neighborhood in a typical city. The houses are older, on narrow lots, close together. All are neat, well landscaped, and well-kept.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. A KITCHEN

This is the kitchen of Clare's house. Clare's mother is busy putting things away and preparing dinner in a flurry of activity. Also present is Clare's father, who is working with a large pile of papers on the kitchen table.

CLARE'S MOTHER

You wouldn't believe the outfits they're marketing to pre-teen girls. I mean maybe at sixteen or seventeen, but eleven or twelve!?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE'S FATHER

CLARE'S FATHER

Just a little too much for you?

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE'S MOTHER

She stops working and looks at him.

CLARE'S MOTHER
Actually much too little for me.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE'S FATHER

He laughs.

CLARE'S FATHER
Now you sound like a good, old-fashioned
mom.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE'S MOTHER

CLARE'S MOTHER
(sarcastically) Thank you. I don't *want*
to be a drag about this, God knows my
mother complained about everything I wore
that didn't stretch from my knees to my
neck, but these outfits! I mean...I just
think it's inappropriate at her age.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE KITCHEN

Clare's father gets up from the table and moves to her. He
takes the stuff from her hands and then embraces her. They
kiss.

CLARE'S FATHER
It's not going to get any easier is it?

CLARE'S MOTHER
No way. We can look forward to intense
discussions about make-up, piercings,
curfews, boys...

CLARE'S FATHER
She's a good kid.

CLARE'S MOTHER
I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARE'S FATHER

And you're a great mom. You have such a great relationship. She really cares about what you think.

CLARE'S MOTHER

But I don't want that to change. She's going to grow up, but I just wish she didn't want to grow up so fast.

They kiss again and smile, ruefully, at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUSK. MEDIUM SHOT. THE BACKYARD OF CLARE'S HOUSE

Clare is looking at the swing set that has been a fixture of the yard for as long as she can remember. Her father has talked about removing it, now that she has outgrown it, but never seems to get around to it.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARE

She continues to walk around the swing set in a reverie. Then she startled by a voice behind her.

MRS. BETTMAN

(VO from off screen) You're a little too old for that, dear.

Clare turns sharply, but sees that it is her elderly neighbor MRS. BETTMANN, a cheerful, healthy woman of approximately sixty-five. She is watering some plants in the fading light.

CLARE

Oh, Mrs. Bettmann. You scared me.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MRS. BETTMANN

She smiles at Clare and continues watering.

MRS. BETTMAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

CLARE

What did you mean about being too old?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BETTMAN
You always used to come out and swing on
your swingset when you were bothered by
something.

CLARE
I did?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN
Oh, you used to swing for hours
sometimes. When your mother said you
couldn't walk to the library by
yourself...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

She is listening to Mrs. Bettmann with a sense of
embarrassment.

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
... or when you wanted to stay up later
than your nine o'clock bedtime...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
... you used to swing so fast and so
high, sometimes I thought you'd go so
high that you would fly away and we'd
never see you again.

She smiles at Clare. Clare reluctantly smiles back.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. MRS. BETTMANN'S BACKYARD

The old lady begins to pick up her gardening stuff as she
talks. Clare helps her.

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
Do you want to talk about it?

CLARE
About what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. BETTMAN
About what's bothering you.

CLARE
Nothing new.

MRS. BETTMAN
You're still in just too much of a hurry,
aren't you?

CLARE
Hurry?

Mrs. Bettmann stops and looks straight into Clare's eyes.

MRS. BETTMAN
Too much of a hurry to grow up.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

CLARE
I'm twelve years old! I'm not a little
kid anymore. But they still treat me like
I am.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

They approach a potting shed with the gardening tools.

MRS. BETTMAN
Your parents are just looking out for
your own good. That's what parents are
supposed to do.

CLARE
Well, they need to relax a little.

MRS. BETTMAN
I saw you and your mother come back from
shopping earlier, could that be the
source of the dispute?

CLARE
They had the cutest outfits for back to
school. Everyone will be wearing them.
Everyone but me.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MEDIUM CU. MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN
The other girls don't have mothers?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

CLARE
Their moms are just cooler.

MRS. BETTMAN
Ah! I see.

They finish arranging the gardening stuff in the shed.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. MRS. BETTMANN'S BACKYARD

Mrs. Bettmann closes the shed door.

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
There. Thank you for your help. Have you
had your dinner?

CLARE
Not yet. We got back late.

MRS. BETTMAN
Do you think a couple of cookies would
ruin your dinner?

CLARE
They never have.

They approach the door to the house. Mrs. Bettmann opens it
and they both enter.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. A KITCHEN

This is the kitchen of Mrs. Bettmann. It is not as old-
fashioned as one might expect. Mrs. Bettmann sets about
putting on the tea kettle. Clare reaches into a large cookie
jar and takes out two big raisin-oatmeal cookies.

MRS. BETTMAN
You know, I wonder just what you'd do if
you were a little older?

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

CLARE
What do you mean?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN
Well, say you were thirteen. Just what
would you do that you can't do now?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

CLARE
Well, it's not about being thirteen.
It's...

MRS. BETTMAN
(interrupting) Then how about fourteen?
Or fifteen?

CLARE
I just want to be able to make decisions
for myself.

MRS. BETTMAN
Decisions like buying those clothes at
the mall?

CLARE
Yes.

MRS. BETTMAN
But those are decisions some magazine or
advertising people are making for you.
They put such pressure on girls, to be
pretty, to look older, to be more *mature*.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
I mean think about that little girl who
was killed. All made-up like some kind of
Las Vegas showgirl so she could win a
beauty contest at age six. Disgusting.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE KITCHEN

There is a short awkward pause.

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
I'm sorry, dear. But it makes me quite
angry to see young people rushed into
things.

CLARE
Well, it doesn't matter anyway. I'm
twelve and I'll just have to wait. Won't
I?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE TEMPERATURE CONTROLS ON THE STOVE

Mrs. Bettmann turns the knob to off. The camera swings up to
a MED. CU.

MRS. BETTMAN
Maybe not as long as you think.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

She looks puzzled.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
I've got something I think might interest
you. Come with me.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE STAIRCASE OF MRS. BETTMANN'S HOUSE

Clare and Mrs. Bettmann walk out of the kitchen and to the
stairs.

MRS. BETTMAN
Right this way, dear.

She pauses at the bottom of the stairs and thinks.

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
Now where did I put that? Sorry, I must
be having a...what do they call it today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARE
(reluctantly) A senior moment?

MRS. BETTMANN
(laughs) Yes, exactly. Ah, of course!
It's upstairs in the spare bedroom.
Follow me.

They both start up the stairs.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE STAIRCASE OF MRS. BETTMANN'S HOUSE FROM THE SECOND LANDING

The two reach the top of the stairs.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE INTERIOR OF THE SPARE BEDROOM DOOR

It is very dark in the room. The door opens. Mrs. Bettmann reaches in and turns on the overhead light. The camera tracks back to reveal a room stuffed with ornate, exotic, strange, and, quite possibly, valuable objects. Mrs. Bettmann and Clare enter. Clare looks around in wonder at all the stuff.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. A TABLE WITH MANY FRAMED PICTURES

The camera pushes in on the pictures. They seem to represent a long history of the Bettmann family. Clare reaches into shot and picks up one of the old photos.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

Clare looks at the old photo with interest.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE PHOTO

The photo is of a woman in her late teens apparently at a dance in the 1930's. She is beautiful and very vibrant.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

Clare is smiling at the picture. The camera tracks back to form a two shot with Mrs. Bettmann.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BETTMAN
Ancient history.

CLARE
Is this you?

MRS. BETTMAN
Hard to believe isn't it?

CLARE
No. Not really.

MRS. BETTMAN
Thank you, dear. But that's not why we're
here.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE ROOM

Clare replaces the photo. Mrs. Bettmann moves to a dresser.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DRESSER

There is a large mirror attached to the dresser. Mrs. Bettmann is seen moving towards the dresser. She starts to open a drawer, but stops and looks at her reflection in the mirror. As she looks sadly at herself, Clare is seen reflected in the mirror as she moves closer.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DRAWER

Mrs. Bettmann opens the drawer and takes out a jewel case. She puts the case on the dresser and closes the drawer.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

Clare looks at the case with interest.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE CASE

Mrs. Bettmann opens the case. There are many items of jewelry inside.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. SIDE ANGLE (BERGMANESQUE). CLARE AND
MRS. BETTMANN

Clare is transfixed by the sight.

CLARE
They're beautiful!

MRS. BETTMANN
Accumulated over generations and handed
down to the eldest female in the family.
Which is, of course, me.

CLARE
May I?

She reaches towards the case.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE CASE

Clare touches a set of pearls and holds them up to appreciate
them.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. A LARGE MIRROR ON THE WALL

In the mirror we see Mrs. Bettmann watching Clare admire the
pearls. Clare holds them up to herself.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARE

She holds up the pearls and looks into the mirror.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DRESSER

Unseen until now is another smaller mirror standing on the
dresser. We can see Clare modeling the pearls in both
mirrored surfaces.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. SIDE ANGLE (BERGMANESQUE). CLARE AND
MRS. BETTMANN

Clare returns the pearls to the case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. BETTMAN

Now...this is what I wanted you to see.

She reaches into the case and pulls out a large, ornate, and old-fashioned ring.

CLARE

That's really *something*.

MRS. BETTMAN

It's certainly one-of-a-kind.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE RING

It is elegant, but slightly over-done. The large jewel at the center is a little too big in scale.

CLARE

Looks like something a princess might wear to the ball.

MRS. BETTMAN

I'm sure it has been...on more than one occasion.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

CLARE

Can I try it on?

MRS. BETTMAN

Certainly...

She starts to put the ring on Clare's finger.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TRACKING. CLARE'S HAND

Mrs. Bettmann starts to slip the ring on Clare's finger, then abruptly stops. The camera swings up to a tight two shot.

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)

Oh, my! What am I thinking! I nearly forgot. You can't wear this ring.

She starts to return it to the case.

CLARE

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MRS. BETTMAN
Because it's magic.

CLARE
(disbelieving) Magic?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN
Why yes. Very powerful magic.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

CLARE
(intrigued but skeptical) What kind of
magic?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE ROOM

Mrs. Bettmann moves about considering the ring and Clare.

MRS. BETTMAN
This ring can give you something you've
wanted for a long time now. Sort of make
your wish come true, in a way.

CLARE
My wish?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN
What would be your fondest wish? Riches?
Fame? Anything you want.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

CLARE
(playing along) I don't know. I think I'd
like to be rich, live in a big mansion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MRS. BETTMAN
No...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
...that's *not* want you want!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. OTS. CLARE

She is a little startled by Mrs. Bettmann's sharp tone.

CLARE
I don't understand.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. OTS. MRS. BETTMANN

MRS. BETTMAN
You know exactly what you'd wish for.

As she speaks she crosses to Clare and composes a two shot.

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)
You been aching for it. There hasn't been
a moment that it wasn't on your mind. If
only...if only...

CLARE
If only I was older.

Mrs. Bettmann smiles mysteriously.

MRS. BETTMAN
Is that truly what you desire?

Clare seems to be in something of a trance. She speaks
dreamily.

CLARE
Yes. I want to be grown up. I want to
be...

CUT TO:

CU. CLARE

CLARE (cont'd)
...a woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Her eyes suddenly widen. Her face is marked with surprise and pain.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

Clare raises her hand and looks at the ring, which has not changed in any way. She looks frightened. She looks at Mrs. Bettmann for aid. Mrs. Bettmann is strangely not forthcoming with assistance.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARE

She looks at the ring in increasing terror. Mrs. Bettmann then takes the ring off her finger.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. TRACKING. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

Clare is relieved, but still shaken. Mrs. Bettmann smiles and looks at her intently.

MRS. BETTMANN

There, how does it feel?

CLARE

What happened...I felt so strange...

MRS. BETTMANN

No, I mean how does it feel to be older?

The camera pulls back to a medium wide shot of the two of them. The effect on Clare must seem to be imperceptible. Perhaps her height has been increased by a half-inch, or her clothes are now a half-size too small. Perhaps a mole or birth mark on her face has moved as they will with time. There should be no obvious change.

CLARE

What do you mean *older*?

MRS. BETTMANN

You are now one year older than you were.
How does feel?

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE MIRROR ON THE DRESSER

Clare turns and sees her reflection in the mirror. She walks to the mirror and looks closely. She touches her face and looks carefully at herself.

She starts to laugh.

Mrs. Bettmann moves to Clare and puts her hand on her shoulder.

Mrs. Bettmann starts to laugh.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN

They both laugh.

CLARE

I can't believe I fell for that!

MRS. BETTMANN

We all want something so much that we will believe in anything to get it. For some it's the lottery, for others a prayer, and for some a magic ring...

CUT TO:

CU. TRACKING. THE RING IN MRS. BETTMANN'S HAND

MRS. BETTMANN (cont'd)

...that will grant your every wish.

She puts the ring back in the case and closes it.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. CLARE AND MRS. BETTMANN IN THE MIRROR

MRS. BETTMANN (cont'd)

Don't be in such a hurry, dear. Someday you'll find yourself wishing you had every one of your years back again.

Clare smiles ruefully.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE KITCHEN IN CLARE'S HOUSE

Clare's mother and father are in the kitchen. Her mom is finishing dinner preparations and her dad is setting the table. Clare enters from the outside door.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE'S MOTHER

CLARE'S MOTHER
Dinner in ten minutes.

She looks oddly at Clare.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

CLARE
What?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARE'S MOTHER

CLARE'S MOTHER
Did you grow an inch in the hour since I
last saw you?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARE

Clare is at first self-conscious, but then taken aback by this.

CLARE
What are you talking about?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARE'S MOTHER

CLARE'S MOTHER
It's like every time you come through the
door you're older, more grown up.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

CLARE
It's just your imagination. I'm still the same.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. CLARE AND HER MOTHER

Clare's mom moves to her and gently brushes the hair from her eyes.

CLARE'S MOTHER
No. You're never going to be the same.
But I know that...and I wouldn't want it any other way.

She kisses Clare on her forehead.

CLARE'S MOTHER (cont'd)
Now get ready for dinner.

CLARE
Okay.

Clare goes out.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARE'S MOTHER

She watches her daughter go with a real look of concern.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

She moves down the hallway outside the kitchen towards the stairs. She stops and looks into a mirror hanging on the wall.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE'S REFLECTION

She examines herself in the mirror. She wonders if she has indeed changed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIGHT. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. CRANE. HIGH ANGLE. CLARE'S ROOM

Clare is in bed in a restless sleep. She tosses and turns. The camera descends as she struggles with her dreams. As the camera frames a medium close-up, she awakes and stares off into middle distance.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE. CLARE DRESSING

Clare dresses in a series quick cuts.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE STAIRS IN CLARE'S HOUSE

Clare descends the stairs slowly. She cautiously listens for her parents. We hear the sounds of a tv set in the living room.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE LIVING ROOM

Clare's parents are watching the television, but are mostly asleep. They are together on the couch. We see Clare move past the doorway and out the back way.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE BACKYARD OF CLARE'S HOUSE

Clare comes out of the back door quietly. She cautiously closes the door and turns to look across at Mrs. Bettmann's house. The camera tracks left, descends, and tilts up as Clare contemplates the house.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. A DOORMAT

Clare lifts the doormat and finds a key there. She picks it up and replaces the mat.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE LOCK ON MRS. BETTMANN'S DOOR

Clare inserts the key and unlocks the door quietly.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. MEDIUM SHOT. MRS. BETTMANN'S KITCHEN

Clare enters quietly. She looks around and then closes the door carefully.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE STAIRCASE OF MRS. BETTMANN'S HOUSE FROM ABOVE

Clare comes quietly around the corner, and, not hearing anyone, she starts to ascend.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. HIGH ANGLE. THE HALLWAY AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Clare looks at the other doors all of which are slightly open and the rooms adjacent are dark. She turns to the room with the treasures.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE INTERIOR OF THE SPARE BEDROOM DOOR

The door swings open and Clare cautiously enters. She closes the door quietly. The room is almost pitch black.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DRESSER

Clare turns on a small light on the dresser. She checks the door.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MIRROR ON THE DRESSER

Clare opens the jewel box and picks up the ring. She again checks the door for any sign of Mrs. Bettmann.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARES HAND

She starts to slip the ring on, hesitates, then puts it on her finger.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE LOOKING AT HER REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR

She is at first disappointed that nothing happens. Then she realizes that something is happening.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARE

She has aged another year or so.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MIRROR ON THE WALL

In this reflection we see that Clare has aged about five or six years and is a very beautiful young woman.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MIRROR ON THE DRESSER

In this reflection we see Clare now ten to twelve years older as a more mature woman of twenty-five or so.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

She is captivated by the image of herself as a woman, but realizes that time is passing now too quickly. She starts to remove the ring.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. CLARES HAND

She struggles to remove the ring. She cannot.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

She is now struggling to remove the ring and beginning to panic. She appears to be about thirty.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MIRROR ON THE DRESSER

Clare is terrified now. She can't stop the process. She is now forty.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEDIUM SHOT. THE SMALL MIRROR ON THE DRESSER

Clare is now fifty years old.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE PICTURES ON THE TABLE

Reflected in the glass on the pictures is Clare aged sixty.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE

She stands in terror looking at the mirror on the dresser.
She is seventy.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. BOTH MIRRORS ON THE DRESSER

Clare is now eighty years old. She throws her hands up to her chest and tries to breathe.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. HIGH ANGLE. CRANE. THE ROOM

Clare falls to the floor and dies. The camera cranes down to see her collapsed on the floor aged eighty-something. Dead of coronary thrombosis.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE RING

We see the ring on Clare's withered finger.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. LOW ANGLE. CLARE

Clare lies face down on the floor in front of the dresser. The overhead light comes on in the room. We see Mrs. Bettmann's feet move over to Clare's body. She reaches down and takes the ring from Clare's finger.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE ROOM

Mrs. Bettmann rises into the shot with the ring. She looks down at Clare's body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. BETTMAN

Once you put this ring on, it cannot be
taken off until it has finished its work.

She starts to put the ring on her finger.

MRS. BETTMAN (cont'd)

Someone else can remove it, but not the
wearer.

She puts the ring on her finger.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MIRROR ON THE DRESSER

Mrs. Bettmann is seen now seventy years old.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MIRROR ON THE WALL

Mrs. Bettmann is now aged sixty.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE PICTURES ON THE TABLE

Mrs. Bettmann reflected at age fifty.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE SMALL MIRROR ON THE DRESSER

Mrs. Bettmann aged forty.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE ROOM

Mrs. Bettmann stands there beside Clare's body, gaining
strength and youth. She is now thirty.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MIRROR ON THE DRESSER

Mrs. Bettmann is now a strikingly beautiful woman of eighteen
or nineteen, just as she appeared in the old photo. She
realizes the ring is finished and removes it. She starts to
move to the dresser.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MEDIUM SHOT. CLARE'S BODY

Mrs. Bettmann steps over the shriveled form.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DRESSER

Mrs. Bettmann admires herself in the mirror. She puts the ring back in the box. Admires herself again. Puts the box back in the drawer. Admires herself closely. She smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAY. MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. CRANE. A FOR SALE SIGN

The camera pulls back and cranes up slightly to reveal a now contemporarily dressed and elegant Mrs. Bettmann coming out of her house with a suitcase and accompanied by a very lawyerly-looking fellow.

LAWYER

There shouldn't be any significant delay in probating your aunt's will. As there are no other relatives and the terms were quite explicit that you inherit everything. Can I give you a ride to the airport?

The camera tracks back and ascends as they walk to the curb.

MRS. BETTMAN

No, thank you. My cab is here already.

LAWYER

Then I'll send you the necessary papers to sign as soon as they're ready.

MRS. BETTMAN

Thank you for everything.

They shake hands and the lawyer walks off to his car. The camera continues tracking back and slightly right to show Clare's house in the shot. Mrs. Bettmann looks up at the house and turns to go to her cab when she looks at the house next door. We can see Clare's father sitting on the front steps forlornly smoking a cigarette. In the backyard, near the swingset, we see Clare's mother crying. Mrs. Bettman pauses only a moment and moves to the cab. The driver takes her suitcase and puts it in the trunk. She gets in the cab. The driver gets in. The cab pulls away. The camera hovers there surveying the scene for a second, then slowly descends and cranes left to move in on a light pole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The camera moves into a close-up on a missing child poster with a smiling picture of Clare, aged twelve, on it.

FADE TO BLACK.