

THE MIRROR

Written by

Dan Lou

FADE IN:

INT. BALLET ROOM-DAY

8am in the Saturday morning, YOUNG LORRAINE, 8 year old, sat at the corner of the ballet room, finishing her sandwich before others came. Lorraine's eyes keeps opening up and close. The sweat beads is pouring down from her forehead. She places her leg on the barre to start stretching. However, she can't bend down her body. Slowly, Lorraine glances to the reflection of herself in the mirror: the stocking tightly wrapped around her round legs. As she tries to stretch, her stiff legs start to shake. Lorraine immediately looks down, avoiding the reflection in the mirror. She cannot breathe.

After a while, other girls come. THE TEACHER in front of the room guides them to practice the pointe technique.

TEACHER

Remember to focus on your central  
force of the body.

Lorraine finds a position in the corner. By the support of the barre, she slowly starts to tiptoe and put the whole body weight on fully vertical feet. When she tries to let go the support of the barre, her body starts to shake. She holds her breath and carefully points the toe to the ground.

1,2,3,4,5...She tries to align her body from hip through toes to hands. However, as Lorraine extends her arms straight gradually to the air, her body becomes unstable and is about to fall. Everyone else notices her falling, looking at her.

Lorraine leans against the barre and stares blankly at the mirror. The mirror in the ballet room covers three sides of the wall completely, capturing every details of the girls.

In the corner, Lorraine sees some girls already being able to twirl and spin; some girls achieve the perfect body alignment when pointe; their beautiful legs extending to the air with flexibility and stability; and finally looks at herself, a girl at the corner stared vacantly at the mirror, her tubby and clumsy body.

Lorraine looks deeply into the mirror. The mirror becomes a swirl, dragging her into it. Lorraine looks frightened and holds her head, slowing sitting on the ground.

EXT. THE ROAD TO LORRAINE'S NEXT CLASS

LORRAINE'S MOTHER drives her car on the road.

MOM

Teacher told me your situation today. Why didn't you put effort into it? I'm disappointed, Lorraine.

YOUNG LORRAINE

I really tried, mom. It's hard for me and I just don't like it...I think I will never do well if I don't like it.

Lorraine's mother stops the electromobile beside the road. She frowns and looks back to Lorraine.

MOM

Nothing is easy in this world. Mom has to face so many hard works every day. Did I complain anything about it? If such tiny obstacles can beat you down, how can you survive in a carnivorous world you will face in the future? Just bear with it and do your best work so you can be successful. The earlier you start to learn this, the better you will get in the future.

Silence. Lorraine looks away. Mom continues to drive.

MOM (CONT'D)

All the things I do for you now are beneficial for your future. Learning ballet can help you become graceful as a girl. Look at Fang Jie. She's your best friend and she's doing pretty well. So, why can't you? It's just a matter of efforts. Next week you should practice more at home...

FADE TO:

EXT. GRASSLAND IN MIDDLE SCHOOL-DAY

After class, TWEEN LORRAINE, 15 years old, lies on the grassland beside the lake, and looks up to the sky.

The sky is clear and tranquil, sometimes it's flowing like water.

Unlike normal schools in the city, this middle school is delicately built following the design of traditional Chinese garden. Embraced by the hills around and embedded with several beautiful lakes, the school creates a placid atmosphere.

When geese come beside Lorraine, she plays with them.

TWEEN LORRAINE

Hi, beauty, how's your day? I'm so happy today. I try to sketch a dress and I made it!

Geese flaps the wings around her, and snorts slightly.

INT. CLASSROOM-DAY

Lorraine sits at the back of the classroom, drawing her sketch down the desk. MRS. WANG comes in.

MRS. WANG

As normal, for the new semester, we need to rearrange the seats for all of you.

THE STUDENTS line up and sits one by one into the seat.

MRS.WANG

Zhan Hong sits next to Lorraine.

Lorraine looks up.

MRS.WANG (CONT'D)

Lorraine, I purposely arrange him here as his grade is very bad last semester. I hope you can help him to improve it. And he is excused today because some issues in home. Tomorrow you will see him.

Lorraine looks a bit shocked and nods to Mrs. Wang.

INT.CLASSROOM-THE NEXT DAY

Lorraine is sketching a new clothes. A tall and sweaty boy with a sport T-shirt comes into the classroom, carrying a basketball. He wanders around the classroom and stops at the desk beside Lorraine.

ZHAN HONG looks at Lorraine, revealing an authentic smile.

ZHAN HONG

Hi, Lorraine. Do you remember me? I sat there last semester, three lines before you.

Lorraine's eyes follow to the place he is pointing at.

TWEEN LORRAINE

Oh...yes.

ZHAN HONG

(delightfully)

Hi, my new deskmate.

Zhan Hong looks straight into Lorraine's eyes and smiles again. Lorraine unconsciously escapes from his sight and turns away.

ZHAN HONG (CONT'D)

What are you drawing?

Lorraine hides her sketch paper immediately.

TWEEN LORRAINE

Nothing.

ZHAN HONG

I just glanced it. Is it a dress?  
So cool!

Lorraine looks down. Her cheeks are burning.

Zhan Hong just comes back from playing basketball. He looks at Lorraine staring vacantly on the marked test paper, 85.

Zhan Hong sits beside Lorraine and pats on her shoulder.

Lorraine doesn't look up.

She walks towards the corner of the room with her math paper. She sits down and starts doing the math question she got wrong repetitively.

Zhan Hong grabs his paper and walks towards Lorraine.

ZHAN HONG (CONT'D)

Relax, Lorraine. Look, I just got 50. You're way better than me. It's just one test. No big deal. We can do better next time.

Lorraine doesn't look up.

ZHAN HONG (CONT'D)

Smile, please. You just look as serious as my mom. Just smile. Don't put on that pokey face. Look at me.

Zhan Hong keeps repeating it beside Lorraine. Eventually, Lorraine gives up the battle and looks at him. When she looks at his funny face, she tries to hold her smile and pretends to be expressionless. However, after 5 seconds, she can't help laughing out loud.

TWEEN LORRAINE

You're like a 3-year-old child. Why are you so annoying?

Lorraine runs away and hides her blush. Zhan Hong shouts at her back.

ZHAN HONG

So you're happy now, right?

A SERIES OF SHOT

1)Lorraine knocks Zhan Hong's head when he makes mistakes on practice questions.

2)Zhan Hong pats Lorraine from her back to scare her and runs away. Lorraine chases him out of the classroom.

3)Lorraine grabs Zhan Hong's homework to mark the wrong question.

4)Zhan Hong makes funny face in front of Lorraine when she examines the paper.

EXT. GRASSLAND BESIDE THE LAKE-NIGHT

Lorraine lies on the grassland and looks up to the sky.

POV

The color of the sky is not pure anymore. When Lorraine closes her eyes, she sees the Zhan Hong's face.

Lorraine opens her eyes and looks frightened.

TWEEN LORRAINE (V.O.)

I need to stop this. I don't deserve to be loved. I'm better to be alone.

Lorraine runs away from the grassland.

FADE TO:

INT.CLASSROOM-DAY

A SERIES OF SHOT

1)When Zhan Hong asks about difficult homework questions, Lorraine purposely turns away.

2)When Zhan Hong tells jokes to Lorraine as usual, Lorraine puts on her pokey face, saying "It's not funny."

3)When Zhan Hong gets a low grade on the test again, Lorraine teases on him by calling him "dumb".

4)Zhan Hong looks confused.

SUPER IN: ONE

WEEK LATER

INT.CLASSROOM-AFTERNOON

Lorraine is doing homework on her seat. Zhan Hong walks towards her.

ZHAN HONG  
(seriously)

Lorraine, if you're not happy with me being your deskmate, I can ask teacher to change my seat.

Lorraine doesn't look up. She nods firmly.

INT.CLASSROOM-THE LAST DAY OF MIDDLE SCHOOL-DAY

Students passes the yearbook to write on their blessings to each other.

When it passed on to Lorraine, Lorraine flips through all the pages.

When Lorraine is about to close the book, her eyes pause at a line written by a rough handwriting. She stares at it for a minute:"I hope you don't hate me. I just want to tell you that you're always my best deskmate."

Tears rain down Lorraine's cheeks. She pauses for a minute and add a line at the bottom of the page: "I will always miss you, my best deskmate."

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

10 p.m., LORRAINE, 19 years old, lies on the bed. Her phone lights, showing "STEVENSON calling". She picks up the phone delightedly.

STEVENSON (V.O.)

I just had a shower. What are you doing right now?

Lorraine puts on her earplugs.

LORRAINE

I was thinking of you.

Silence for a while.

STEVENSON (V.O.)

(calm and plain voice)

Me too. I was thinking that if you are happy today.

LORRAINE

I mean it, Steve. Do you ever thought about us being together?

There is another longest pause. Lorraine can't breathe.

STEVENSON (V.O.)

Lorraine...I always treat you as my special friend.

Lorraine is waiting him to finish the sentence but there is silence. She is shocked.

LORRAINE

What do you mean by "special friend"?

STEVENSON (V.O.)

Someone I will share everything with...And we can understand each other just like you and me...

Stevenson's voice becomes lower and lower. Lorraine looks at her reflection in the mirror.



She sees the same swirl in her 8 years old in that ballet room, dragging her into the abyss of hopelessness.

Lorraine sobs.

LORRAINE

I thought you like me...We share everything...You call me every night and we can talk three hours every time. Ok. Then we shall never contact again.

STEVENSON (V.O.)

Lorraine, actually we can still be friends. I like to talk to you...

Lorraine hangs up the phone and deletes Stevenson's contact. She sits in the corner of the darkness, holding herself.

After a minute, she wipes her tears and walks towards the mirror in her room.

Lorraine stands in front of the mirror. She examines her reflection.

POV

Lorraine's whole body looks like a round shape. Big belly. Short legs. And she stares at her face, like a big circle. When she looks down, she finds there are even marks on her inner thighs because of the extra fat.

Lorraine escapes from the reflection of the mirror after a few minutes.

Lorraine stares at the mirror again, looking firmly.

FADE OUT:

INT.SUDIO IN THE UNIVERSITY-MORNING

LORRAINE, 21 years old, is tailoring the fabric according to the her sketch. It's a black blazer.

She looks at how it suits on the model. She frowns and continues to adjust the line on the shoulder.

A SERIES OF SHOT

1)Lorraine stands on the scale "60kg.Nothing less."

2)Lorraine grabs a juice and breads on her way to the studio.

- 2)Lorraine cuts the fabric; rip casually in different shapes.
- 3)Lorraine orders pizza at night.
- 4)Lorraine draws new sketches in different silhouette until 2 a.m.
- 5)Lorraine eats up all the pizza and goes to sleep.
- 6)Lorraine stands on the scale "61kg."
- 7)Lorraine throws the scale in the bin and head to the studio.

INT.STUDIO-DAY TO NIGHT

The sketches finished by Lorraine piles higher and higher on the table. The clothes on the model becomes more and more complete.

Lorraine tries out her first dress made by her. She looks at the mirror. The big-size of this dress fits perfectly on her. The silhouette is fluid and elegant.

Her eyes brightens and finally smiles.

A SERIES OF SHOT

- 1)Lorraine pulls clothes, made by her, in same color theme out of the closet.
- 2)Lorraine matches clothes with different colors, patterns, designs to create a uniform and harmonious style in front of the mirror.
- 3)Lorraine photos her daily outfit.
- 4)Lorraine posts photos on her website and social media.
- 5)Lorraine walks confidently on the road.
- 6)The passengers walks by Lorraine compliments on her outfit:" Your outfit looks amazing!"

FADE OUT:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM OF FASHION PLATFORM "GLANCE"-DAY

Lorraine, 25, wearing an elegant white suit walks confidently into the room. She smiles to the INTERVIEWER and sits in front of him.

JACK

Hi, Lorraine. I'm Jack, the Chief Editor of Glance. Nice to meet you.

LORRAINE

Hi! Jack. So glad to be here.

JACK

Ok. Today we'll go through a quick interview. Last week I have looked at your resume, website, also your social platforms. They all look good to me. I want to more about your past experience. Tell me why your passion is fashion.

LORRAINE

Thanks so much. I appreciate your like to my fashion style. I think fashion to me is so important because I treat it as a way to express myself since I was in middle school. I remember drawing a new sketch is a relief to me at that stressful time. This passion lasts a long time. In college, I have more access to the design resources. So I start to make clothes for myself. Actually you can see, I do not have a good body shape. At first, I'm not very confident about wearing it. But after I post my daily outfit online, I found many people like me has the issue of body shame. I looked at their pages sometimes. I think they are all beautiful in different ways. Therefore, I decide to design clothes that is comfortable for us, clothes that we can wear confidently and feel good about ourselves in different occasions. I think people all need something to feel worth living. The confirmation by others did made me feel all the things were worth it. I could recognize my own self, my beauty.

Jack's eyes brighten when he listens to Lorraine talking.

JACK

Impressive. Actually I have read your post about the relationship between people and clothes. I think your insights are so unique and fresh to me. They are not disguise to people but a protection, a expression of every self.

LORRAINE

Yes, that's what I'm trying to deliver to the world. A way to know yourself, accept yourself, and love yourself.

Lorraine looks at Jack, giving an authentic smile.

JACK

I think you share the same vision with our platform. We want to create a distinct column specifically for you, to sparkle ideas, share lives, and inspire people. Hope you can join our family soon.

LORRAINE

Thanks so much for your appreciation. I'm fluttered regarding your invitation. I will carefully consider it.

Lorraine prepares to leave.

JACK

Lorraine, you didn't recognize me? I'm Zhan Hong. That naughty deskmate in your middle school. Do you still remember? hhhh

Lorraine looks shocked. She looks into his eyes. That authentic look reminds her.

Lorraine laughs into tears.

LORRAINE

Oh yes, yes you are. I will not forget you. Actually I had something to say in the middle school but I was too shy to say it. Sorry for what I did later. I was psycho hhhh.

Jack smiles.

JACK

You leaves very deep impression to me actually. I admires you at that time actually. I think you're so unique and talented, and funny, and cute. Maybe we can catch up some time if you have time.hhhh

Lorriane's cheeks are burning like a 15 years old girl.

LORRIANE

Of course! We can hang out sometimes.

On the first floor, Lorraine walks out of the elevator. She looks up, and sees the reflection of herself in the mirror. She smiles so happily. The last light from sunset through the building shines on her beautiful smily faces.

FADE OUT.