

REFLECT

Written by

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LEMMY'S POV --

INT. CAR - DAY

Black. The world comes into focus, as LEMMY, 10, rubs his eyes and sits upright. He sits in the backseat of the car.

Lemmy looks at his reflection in the rearview mirror. He tousles his hair then rubs his eyes again.

DAVID, late 30s, drives the car.

MARCIA, late 30s, traces her finger along a map in the front seat. She turns around and smiles at Lemmy.

MARCIA
Morning, sleepy head.

Lemmy grumbles.

MARCIA (CONT'D)
You've been out for a few hours.

DAVID
Marcia! Will you pay attention?

Marcia winks at Lemmy, then looks back at her map.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Dammit, Marcia. We're gonna miss
the God damn turn!

MARCIA
No we're not. It's not for another
fifteen miles!

DAVID
Well if you would tell me these
things --

MARCIA
-- I told you that we should've
bought that GPS on Black Friday,
David, so don't you even start --

DAVID
-- God damn it! You know we can't
afford to --

LEMMY (O.S.)
-- Are we almost there?

Marcia and David look at each other and exhale. Marcia turns around to look at Lemmy.

MARCIA

Almost, sweetie. Why don't just
rest your eyes for a while longer?

LEMMY (O.S.)

But I'm not tired.

Marcia flashes a glare at Lemmy. It contorts into a smile. She hands him a bottle.

MARCIA

Here. Drink this. We'll be there
when you wake up, little sweetie.

Lemmy nods and takes the bottle. He drinks from it.

The world fades into darkness.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lemmy flips on the ceiling light of the car.

Everything about the car is flipped. The steering wheel mounts on the right side of the car. The seat belts fasten on the opposite side.

The front seats are both empty.

LEMMY (O.S.)

Mom?

Lemmy looks out the window. Darkness.

LEMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dad?

Lemmy looks around the inside of the car. Pieces of the map scatter across the passenger side seat. Three rips streak across the driver's seat.

Lemmy gasps.

LEMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mom? Dad?

The light goes out.

LEMMY (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Mom?

Lemmy breathes heavy.

A shadow rushes past outside the window.

Lemmy looks towards the shadow and backs up against the opposite door of the backseat.

Another shadow rushes past the window.

Lemmy's breathing quickens. Without moving, he looks out the other windows of the car.

He turns to look out the window behind him...

Another Lemmy creeps towards the car. His head tilts to the side as a sinister smile spreads across his face.

Lemmy screams.

Backwards, he stumbles to the other side of the car. He puts his hands up to shield him from the sight.

Blood drips from his red-stained hands.

He sobs.

MARCIA (PRE-LAP)
Sweetie. Wake up. We're here.

INT. CAR - DAY

Brightness overwhelms Lemmy's vision. He covers his eyes while the world comes into focus.

LEMMY (O.S.)
Mom?

Marcia unbuckles her seat belt. She grabs her purse and gets out of the car.

She opens the back door and smiles at Lemmy.

MARCIA
Come on, sleepy head. We'll get the luggage later.

Lemmy unbuckles his seat belt. He gets out of the car.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lemmy follows Marcia up the driveway to the door of a brick house. Marcia knocks.

She looks at Lemmy and smiles.

She knocks again.

DAVID (O.S.)
Ring the bell, woman!

Lemmy turns around. David struggles with the luggage from the trunk of the car.

The door opens. Lemmy turns around.

GRANDMA, early 70s, stands in the door way, arms wide. She smiles at Lemmy. She hugs him.

GRANDMA
Ohh! Lemerick, honey! You look so tired! Has your mother been keeping you up this whole trip?

LEMMY (O.S.)
No, ma'am.

GRANDMA
Are you feeling well? You look fatigued!

Grandma stands erect. She puts her hands on her hips.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Marcia! Didn't the doctor tell you specifically to let the boy sleep --

MARCIA
-- And he did.

GRANDMA
And has he been taking his med --

MARCIA
-- Yes.

GRANDMA
And what about the side effects, Marcia? Have you been documenting --

MARCIA
-- Mother. Can we not right now?

Marcia raises her eye brows and nods towards Lemmy.

Grandma looks from Lemmy to Marcia then back to Lemmy.

Grandma smiles at Lemmy. She hugs him again.

GRANDMA

Why don't you go on upstairs and
get some rest.

LEMMY (O.S.)

But I'm not even ti --

Marcia grabs Lemmy's arm and pulls him inside.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Marcia leads Lemmy to the grand staircase.

MARCIA

Sweetie. Mommy and Daddy need to
talk to Grandma for a minute.

She leans down to be eye-level with Lemmy.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

You do look exhausted, sweetie. Are
you feeling okay?

She puts her hand to Lemmy's forehead.

LEMMY (O.S.)

I feel fine, Mom.

Marcia scowls.

MARCIA

Well, go upstairs and lay down.
Here...

She pulls out another bottle of medicine and hands it to him.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

Drink this. It'll help you sleep.

She smiles. She walks off.

Lemmy looks up to the top of the staircase. He holds onto the
banister and climbs the stairs.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lemmy looks down the hallway. Faded paintings of forestry
line the wall. The hallway contains three doors, but only one
of them opens up into the hallway.

Lemmy walks to the open door. He enters the room.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LEMMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room contains a full bed and a simple night stand with a small lamp on it. Mirrors cover the entire wall opposite of the bed.

Lemmy walks to the bed and sits on it.

He drinks the juice.

He lays down.

Black.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LEMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lemmy flips on the lamp. It casts a dim light in the room.

Lemmy looks around the room. He stares at the mirrors.

His REFLECTION in the largest mirror smiles back at him.

Lemmy wipes at his eyes. He slips off of the bed. He approaches the large mirror.

He touches the mirror. His reflection mirrors him.

The door creaks.

Lemmy looks at the door and steps back.

LEMMY (O.S.)

Mom?

A beat.

He looks back at the mirror.

Reflection, in the mirror, shakes its head and crosses its arms. It smirks.

Lemmy looks at his arms. Then back to Reflection.

Reflection smiles an evil smile at Lemmy. It walks towards Lemmy. It puts its hand against the mirror.

Lemmy looks at his hand. Then back at Reflection.

Reflection nods.

Lemmy puts his hand on the mirror.

The light goes out.

MARCIA (O.S.) (PRE-LAP)
Lemmy? Sweetie? Time for dinner!

Reflection smiles its evil smile.

INT. LEMMY'S ROOM - DAY

Lemmy sits up in the bed. He looks at his reflections in the mirrors. They stare back.

He slips out of bed. He approaches the large mirror.

He presses his hands to the mirror. The reflection does the same.

He turns his head to each side. The reflection does the same.

He covers his eyes and peers out at the mirror between his fingers. The reflection does the same.

LEMMY (O.S.)
Coming!

Lemmy exits the room.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lemmy walks down the hallway. He glances at the forest paintings along the way.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Lemmy walks down the stairs.

MARCIA (O.S.)
Oh, there you are, sweetie. Did you
have a good nap?

Lemmy stops.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
Come now, Marcia. We mustn't pester
the boy. Here, have a seat.

Lemmy takes a few more steps down the stairs.

DAVID (O.S.)
At least say 'Thank you' or
something, ungrateful son of a --

MARCIA (O.S.)

-- David!

Lemmy gets to the bottom of the stairs. He walks towards the kitchen.

In the kitchen, David, Marcia, Grandma, and another Lemmy (Reflection) sit at the dinner table.

DAVID

The kid needs to learn some manners, Marcia! If he were my kid, I would --

MARCIA

-- Manners? Ha! Because you're so well-mannered!

GRANDMA

Not at the dinner table, you two!

Reflection looks over at the actual Lemmy. It winks at him, then goes back to the plate of food.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Look at him! Do you ever feed him?

Lemmy backs away from the kitchen entrance. He stumbles backward on the stairs.

MARCIA (O.S.)

Of course we feed him!

DAVID (O.S.)

He just has the table manners of a damn bison.

Lemmy wipes at his eyes. He charges up the stairs.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lemmy rushes through the hallway to his bedroom. The forests in the paintings all appear to be on fire.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LEMMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lemmy runs to the large mirror.

Reflection, in the mirror, glares at him.

LEMMY (O.S.)

What are you?

Reflection laughs. It puts its hands against the glass.

Lemmy shakes his head.

LEMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No! Stop!

Reflection laughs.

Its hand starts to come out of the mirror. Shards of glass fall from the mirror as the hand reaches out.

Lemmy screams.

He grabs one of the shards. He stabs it into the mirror.

Reflection laughs.

The world begins to turn red.

Lemmy stabs at the mirror.

Reflection laughs.

Lemmy's hands drip blood.

The shards of glass rise off the floor. They fly toward Lemmy. Lemmy crashes into the bed, covered in glass shards and blood.

MARCIA (O.S.) (PRE-LAP)

Sweetie! Dinner!

Black.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LEMMY'S ROOM - DAY

Lemmy sits up in the bed.

He wipes at his eyes. His hands drip blood.

He scampers out of bed. He approaches the wall of mirrors.

None of the mirrors have his reflection.

His hands pat around his face, frantic. His eyes go wide as he stares at the empty mirror.

He cries.